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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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December 10, 1958

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9



PRINCESS MARGARET  
SEES DIOR PARADE  
AT BLENHEIM PALACE



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 10, 1958

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### Our cover

● A French model shows one of the gowns in the recent fashion parade at Blenheim Palace to Princess Margaret, who is seated between the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The mannequin is wearing Yves Saint-Laurent's Empire-line blue wool dress with a brief matching jacket. See more pictures and story opposite.

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### The Weekly Round

● Father-and-son team Mr. A. C. Dibb and Keith Dibb, who own Sailor's Guide, winner of the Washington International (see story pages 8, 9), are both woolbuyers and race horses as a hobby.

MR. DIBB, sen., has owned a string of horses for years, but apart from a horse called Field Balloon, which was successful many years ago, Sailor's Guide is the only star of the turf he has raced.

"Sailor's Guide is one of those once-in-a-lifetime horses," said Mr. Dibb's daughter, Mrs. E. N. Goette, of Essendon.

"Father and Keith bought him five years ago, and the whole family has followed him wherever he has raced. This trip to America is the first time my husband and I have not been able to follow him."

Now the biggest stakewinner in Australian turf history since his 70,000-dollar win in the International, Sailor's Guide was trained at Bendigo by Mr. George Daniels.

"Mr. Daniels has trained all my father's horses, so naturally we sent Sailor's Guide to him," Mrs. Goette said.

Mr. Keith Dibb made the decision to take Sailor's Guide to America when Jim Shannon, his father's business representative in America, received an invitation to take the turf star over there.

"Without Mr. Shannon's help we would not have received an invitation to enter the race," Mrs. Goette said.

"He travelled to America with Sailor's Guide, and looked after all arrangements."

"If it hadn't been for his inspiration, I don't think my father and brother would have thought of entering Sailor's Guide for the race."

IN the two-hour fashion parade at Blenheim Palace (opposite page), for which tickets were £5/5/- each, the mannequins walked a total of two miles.

During the showing they modelled 136 dresses.

However, "The most hazardous part of the parade," according to one of the mannequins, "was the long sweep backwards from Princess Margaret."

### NEXT WEEK

● Charm, comfort, and character combine to make the Australian country home of today more attractive than ever before. In next week's issue, five of the loveliest country homes in Australia are pictured in a big all-color section. One of them, "Bond Springs," stands like an oasis in the great red centre near Alice Springs.



# Princess at Palace parade

● Princess Margaret was guest of honor at the most fabulous fashion parade of the season at Blenheim Palace when the House of Dior showed its winter collection in aid of International Red Cross. Young designer Yves Saint-Laurent, who created the clothes, brought his own mannequins from Paris for the parade, which raised £10,000.



*TWIRLING in front of Princess Margaret, Lia, who came to Australia last year, shows a gold satin cocktail dress, and trails behind her the matching brocade evening coat. The Princess wore an Empire-style green taffeta dress, a green feathered wig, and sables. The models were all presented to her.*



*LEFT: Famous Dior mannequin Alla, wearing a magnificent satin evening dress, poses against a statue of Queen Anne in the Palace. The models had to learn how to curtsy before the Princess.*

*"BLENHEIM" was Saint-Laurent's name for this magnificent ball gown, as a compliment to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who lent the Palace for the parade before 1650 guests.*



*PRINCESS MARGARET congratulates Saint-Laurent. She later presented him with the Red Cross Badge of Honor for bringing the collection and the mannequins to England at his own expense.*



# HOW DO YOU SEE

● Ask any woman how she sees herself — and you should get a quick answer. After all, there are mirrors unlimited into which she can gaze two dozen times a day. But what you think of yourself and the way your friends see you can be a very different kettle of fish — as you may find when you try the quiz on the opposite page.



**SAUCY**

SHE may consider herself "adventuresome," but her friends most likely think of her as "understanding."

**T**HE quiz is fun. You may think of yourself as the "striped orchid" type. Your friends may see you as a "field daisy."

In your friends' assessment of you, remember that clothes don't make the woman, but they do make important impressions.

People are influenced by the color of clothes, by their design, by their appropriateness — Bermuda shorts make one impression on the beach, another in a city street.

People should "judge" you by your clothes. They are valid clues to your personality; reveal your attitude to the

world and yourself as truly as your voice and gestures.

Fortunately there aren't any rules about the number of fashion impressions a woman can make. You can be demure in a blue suit one evening, a siren in a red dress the next.

The only trick is to know what kind of effect each outfit makes as well as the total effect of your complete wardrobe.

If you make too many fashion impressions you'll end up without a fashion type. If you never change — year in, year out — you'll bore friends (and yourself).

## Two "looks"

There aren't any strict rules, but here are a few suggestions:

If you are happiest staying with one fashion type — the wind-blown outdoor girl, say — make sure there is variation in your wardrobe.

If you feel that your life is divided neatly into two parts (city-life/country-life or job-life/home-life), you're free to cultivate two distinct "looks," each one right in its place.

If you feel secure in one special type of clothes but occasionally want to change roles, indulge in one or two outfits that don't "scream you" at all.

It's refreshing to create a surprising impression once in a while — as long as you know what you're up to.

Few things create a deeper impression than how much make-up you wear, how right it is for you.

Your voice and mannerisms also make up the woman. A strident voice or a soft lilt — you know the effect they have on your idea of the person to whom you are talking.

## Fold page

To do the quiz:

First, write your own answers to the questions in Column 1; then fold the page back along the line (just to hide the answers), and ask a friend to answer these same questions about you in Column 2; fold back again and ask another friend to fill in the question answers in Column 3.

Next, circle every answer your friends made that agrees with your own. Count up the number of circles; write total at bottom of page. An analysis of your score is beside the quiz.

Page 4

Whether you are pleased or disappointed at the result, here are some hints to improve your "impressions," via your wardrobe.

Your "best" impression should bear some relation to your true personality.

There's not much point in looking like a vamp if you pine for farm life or long evenings spent cleaning the kitchen cabinets.

On the other hand, if you're a pushover for violets, the ballet, and romantic dinners for two, no one's going to know it if you cling to tailored suits and "sensible shoes."

If you see yourself as "adventuresome," your clothes ought to show it . . . and if your friends all checked "understanding" in the quiz, they don't. (Better consider a bright rinse for your hair or a dashing trap-eze-line dress.)

Note: Your physical appearance — height, weight, bone structure, coloring — plays a large part in your fashion impressions.

No amount of pastel ruffles will make a handsome, big-boned woman look fragile and sweet.

Low-necked dresses don't make a siren of a small, round-faced girl.

Although your physical appearance should be a first consideration in choosing your clothes, you're still left with a lot of leeway.

Two tall, slim blondes can — with their choice of clothes, coiffures, and make-up — create completely different effects.

Don't ever let yourself be fooled into making wrong (for you) impressions because of "fashion." Any good fashion is flexible enough to allow for great individuality. It's a dull season when all the ladies look alike.

SHE may look the type who would prefer a romantic dinner for two, but could be happiest tackling a cocktail party for 200.



**SWEET**



**SERIOUS**

SHE seems the type who would like an art award, violets, and reading — and she probably does.



# YOURSELF?

## ASK TWO FRIENDS

1. *She would be most pleased to receive:*  
(A) a love letter (B) a big cheque (C) a literary or art award (D) a beauty contest prize

2. *At a cocktail party she would drink:*  
(A) lemonade (B) a Martini (C) Scotch and water (D) sherry

3. *She would rather listen to:*  
(A) Beethoven (B) Debussy  
(C) a "pop" song (D) jazz

4. *Ideally she should be married to:*  
(A) an artist (B) an advertising executive  
(C) a professional sports-car racer (D) a man on the land

5. *Given £2/10/- to spend on herself she would splurge on:*  
(A) a visit to a beauty salon (B) lunch and a matinee with a friend (C) a piece of costume jewellery (D) a book or record album

6. *On a quiet evening at home she will:*  
(A) wash her hair or give herself a pedicure (B) clean out the kitchen cabinets (C) read (D) pursue a hobby

7. *She would most enjoy giving:*  
(A) a cocktail party for 200 people (B) a buffet supper for 20 (C) a dinner for two (D) a baby shower

8. *Her favorite jewels would be:*  
(A) emeralds (B) diamonds (C) jade

9. *She would prefer to live in:*  
(A) the heart of a big city (B) a quiet residential section (C) a small town (D) the country

10. *She would most remind you of:*  
(A) lilies of the valley (B) long-stemmed red roses (C) field daisies (D) striped orchids

11. *She would prefer to read:*  
(A) a murder mystery (B) a best-seller novel (C) current non-fiction (D) a classic work

12. *She would bring home from the florist:*  
(A) a bunch of violets (B) some shiny green leaves (C) a dozen roses (D) a pot of geraniums

13. *She is:*  
(A) a short person (B) of average height (C) taller than average (D) very tall

14. *Given a choice, she would rather attend:*  
(A) the ballet (B) a football game (C) a political meeting (D) a musical comedy

15. *She is—more than anything else:*  
(A) understanding (B) intelligent (C) amusing (D) adventuresome

TOTAL SCORE

COLUMN 3  
(Another friend answers here)

COLUMN 2  
(A friend answers here)

COLUMN 1  
(You answer here)



SOPHISTICATED

SHE looks like a girl who would marry a business executive and prefer the gift of a cheque. Instead she may want a country life and be happiest with a love letter.

## WAY TO SCORE

AFTER two friends have filled in their answers, add up all the answers that agree with your own.

● 25-30 Very high score. Indicates you have an excellent idea of the impressions you create at all times. Your fashion type, your personality, and your looks all fit together to a remarkable degree. You are not full of surprises or interesting contradictions... you may be disappointed in the impression you so conclusively give.

● 16-24 High score. You have a good idea of how you impress other people, probably dress in a way that reveals your personality. In this category there is room for a few surprises, for example, a girl who is the "dia-

monds, red roses, beauty salon" type, but prefers to drink lemonade at a cocktail party.

● 8-15 Average score. Your personality and the way you dress are fair clues to your secret self-image, but some of the impressions you make come as surprises. (In our pre-testing of the quiz we discovered most of the surprises were pleasant—"Do I really impress you as a striped orchid?")

● 0-7 Low score. You do not see yourself as others see you. If this comes as a great surprise you will want to set about correcting your impressions.

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MOST GLAMOROUS GIFT BOXES





# Their happiness ended in death

● In this interview, the last given by Tyrone Power and his wife, Debbie, before Power's sudden death, a British writer paints a now poignant picture of a happy marriage.

By BILL WHARTON

THE day that Tyrone Power left London on his tragic trip to Spain for the filming of "Solomon and Sheba" was cold, wet, and miserable.

As I chatted with him and his wife, Debbie, about their plans, I was struck by the fact that they looked like brother and sister.

"Was it love at first sight?" I asked Debbie.

"It definitely was—on my side," she answered in a strong Southern drawl.

Ty looked at me quizzically from behind the beard he had grown for his role of King Solomon.

"You might say that we fell in love with each other's faces," he said. "We look so much alike."

The Powers, married for six months, spoke happily of the baby expected to be born in February.

Said Debbie: "Ty has two daughters by a previous marriage and I have one, so we are hoping that this one will be a boy."

If it is, the child undoubtedly will be named for his father, and thus become the fourth Tyrone Power.

The first was Ty's Irish great-grandfather, and the second was Ty's father, the matinee idol of the 'twenties.

Smiling at his wife, Ty told me: "Debbie is just an ordinary girl from Tennessee, and marrying a girl like her is a thousand times better than marrying a movie star."

## First wife's gift

Ty's first marriage was to Annabella, the French actress, and his second to Linda Christian, the mother of his two daughters.

As Debbie took off her leopard-skin raincoat she revealed an astonishing fact.



TYRONE POWER AND DAUGHTERS. Mother of these girls, Romina Francesca, now 7, and Taryn, 5, is Linda Christian, who was Power's second wife. His first was Annabella. Debbie, his widow, is expecting a baby in February.

"A present from Annabella!" she said. "Annabella knows what the weather is like in England and gave me this coat. It was terribly sweet of her."

Tyrone told me that when he married Debbie Minardos he received a charming letter of congratulations from Annabella, but not even a telegram from Linda Christian.

I reminded Ty that he had said after his divorce from Linda Christian: "Nothing in the world will induce me

to marry again after two divorces."

"This is different," he smiled. "You see, Debbie is not a star, she's just a girl—a homely, kindly girl, the kind every man wants and the kind who brings happiness to the man she marries."

"I guess that to find real marital happiness a man must not marry a great-name star or any woman with ambitions other than to be successful as a wife and mother."

"If you find a woman whose whole ambition in life is to be a success as a wife, then you will have the perfect marriage partner."

## Clash of stars

"The trouble starts when you and your wife are stars. You are often apart and that doesn't make for happiness."

"Debbie and I are never apart. Where I go, she goes, like my shadow, you might say. I love her for it."

And Debbie added: "I have no ambitions to be a star, nor to wear expensive clothes and diamonds and things."

"I have only one ambition, and that is to be Ty Power's wife—for life."

Ty told me he met Debbie through Charles Skipsey, who married Linda's sister Ariadne.

"As a wedding present I gave them the use of my house for two months for their honeymoon," he said.

"One day Charles asked me if he could bring a friend along to dinner, a special guest he wanted me to meet, and that special guest was Debbie."

"Since we have been married I haven't had a single word from Linda, although



SAD RETURN. Deborah Power broke down as she arrived in Los Angeles in the same airliner as the coffin containing the body of her husband. He was buried in Hollywood.

Annabella still writes to me sometimes."

Ty and Debbie were enthusiastic about the 45ft. houseboat in which they spent their weekends at Newport Beach whenever they were in New York.

But they did not expect to return to America for another two years.

Ty, at 44, gave no indication that he was worried about his health.

He certainly had no pre-

monition that in Madrid, a few weeks later, he would die of a heart attack on a movie set—just as his father did in 1931 while making "The Miracle Man."

Ty's last words to me were: "Debbie has never been to Europe before, and it's going to be great fun showing her the sights."

And Debbie said: "We won't be back in Hollywood for a long time. But as long as I am with Ty I am the happiest woman in the world."



LAST PICTURE of Tyrone Power and his third wife, Debbie. She was formerly Debbie Minardos. Ty said of her: "She's not a star, but a homely, kindly girl."





AUSTRALIAN Scobie Breasley discussing the protest with a reporter. Scobie, on Ballymoos, favorite, finished only a head behind Sailor's Guide.

## 'Isn't it dreadful!'

● "Oh, dear, isn't this dreadful," said Mrs. Keith Dibb when told that her family's horse Sailor's Guide had won the Washington International on a protest against America's Tudor Era, which passed the post  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lengths ahead.

"Our American jockey, Howard Grant, protested without consulting us. If he had, we'd never have allowed it," she added. The owners, Mr. A. C. Dibb and his son Keith, of Bendigo, Vic., expressed similar embarrassment but accepted the £31,250 prize, making Sailor's Guide Australia's biggest stake-winner at £97,250. The  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -mile race was held at Laurel Racecourse, Maryland, U.S.A.



THE TROPHY being presented to Keith Dibb (left) and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Dibb, by John Schapiro, president of the Laurel Turf Club. Mr. Dibb, sen., said his knees shook as he walked from the stand to the presentation.

PRINCE ALY KHAN, Pakistani delegate to the United Nations, discussing the race with Mr. Jose Palma, Chilean Ambassador to Washington (back to camera), and Mrs. Palma (in red hat) in the luxurious lounge of the Turf Club.



NEW OWNER: Dr. Leon Levy (centre), head of the U.S. syndicate which bought Sailor for £24,500, with Mr. A. C. Dibb. Seated is John McShahn, owner of Ballymoos.





# Australian horse in £31,250 protest



AT THE POST: Sailor's Guide (nearer rails) racing neck and neck with Ireland's Ballymoss three and a half lengths behind the disqualified Tudor Era. The ten horses in the race, from seven countries, included two from Russia.



SAILOR'S GUIDE parading, after being declared the winner, in a rug presented by the Laurel Turf Club. Although the Dibbs have sold the six-year-old champion, they will bring the rug back to Australia.



# BRIDGING A DIPLOMATIC GAP



BAYONNE, U.S. — Is it always two feet longer?



SYDNEY—The span with the seasonal stretch?

● When I first learned I was to be stationed in Australia for two years I went to our library where there were books about the country. More particularly, there were reports from diplomats who had served in Sydney, and they described the customs and people one might find here.

"THE current," the report said, "is 240 volts and you must adapt your electrical appliances. Men dress in wool suits the whole year round, even when the temperature reaches 90."

"Women's shoe-lasts are wider." (Some of these reports were old and needed to be brought up to date.)

"There is little central heating, but there are many recreational opportunities . . ." and so forth. Not much more really than a beginning language primer which says, "The umbrella of my aunt is in the bedroom."

But I noticed in most books about Australia that there were pictures of the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

## Just the facts

I rather got the idea that it might be wise, diplomatically, to mention the Sydney bridge when the occasion warranted. It looked like a very big and beautiful bridge.

It wasn't the biggest bridge, I discovered. Also in the library was a book of facts which said that the longest single-span bridge measured 1652ft., and it was located in Bayonne, New Jersey, U.S.; the Sydney bridge measured 1650ft.

Since this book was published by an English firm I am sure they would not have said the American bridge was bigger unless it really was.

With only a little calculation you can figure out that in February it is very cold in Bayonne, New Jersey, and I know from experience that it's very warm in Sydney.

So the bridge in America probably contracts at least two feet and the bridge in Sydney must surely expand that much.

Anyway, Sydney's bridge must be longer a few months of the year at least. I think the man who wrote the book of facts should know about this.

Although it's been more than a year ago now, I remember my first glimpse of the Great Bridge. Our plane came in about 6 p.m., and while we circled the city I

By  
a member  
of a foreign  
diplomatic staff

forgot the "fasten-the-seat-belts" precaution long enough to sight that great steel span in the late-afternoon sun. There was a considerable number of cars on it and they didn't seem to be moving very fast.

What was even more startling, they appeared to be driving on the wrong side of the road. They couldn't all be women drivers. I put it down to the fact that these people lived on the underside of the earth . . . what could you expect?

On the plane I had been told that water in my country ran out of the sink clockwise, and in Australia counter-clockwise. This, according to my Australian fellow-passenger, was because of the revolutions of the earth and the fact that we were on top and Australia was on the bottom.

I've discovered since that he was only pulling my leg, like many Australians do. Actually, the water runs out of the sink in the same direction. It's only that the people looking at the water are revolving in different directions.

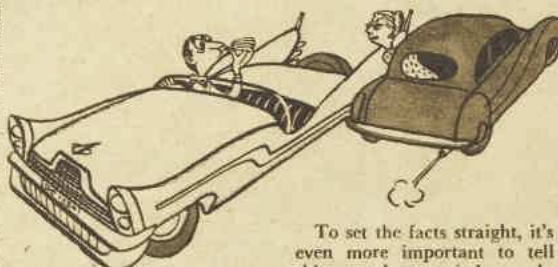
## Harbor hurdle

Since that first day I've become an old friend of the Sydney bridge. Having found a house in the northern suburbs, I've found it necessary to cross that recalcitrant hurdle to get to work.

It's always a welcome sight . . . after the Lindfield slowdown, the Chatswood crush, the Crow's Nest scramble, that great steel hulk signals the end of a tenuous journey, fraught with many perils. (Nothing was said about this in the reports).

Not that I don't enjoy the Sydney bridge, mind you. The bridge means that I'm only five more minutes away from work.

Furthermore, like all diplomatic representatives, I have the privilege of being waved through without the payment



of sixpence. This courtesy, in all fairness, is reciprocal.

My home city doesn't happen to have a toll bridge . . . but if it did all Australian representatives could happily toot the horns of their Daimlers and be waved on.

It's not the sixpence—it's the principle of the thing.

As it must to all representatives who serve in Sydney, it will probably come my turn to write a report. I would feel less than honest if I did not tell what happened to me one day on the Sydney bridge.

To set the facts straight, it's even more important to tell this story because it has nothing to do with the statistics of the bridge.

It has more to do with spring.

I had awakened to the sound of kookaburras stamping their feet on the branches outside my window. Everything smelled like it was just about to burst into bloom.

[In an Australian suburb almost everybody owns his own home and garden, but he is willing to share the smell with people who don't. I would rather wake up in

Australia on these days than anywhere else in the world.]

I was halfway down Pacific Highway before I got a good lungful of imported petroleum.

Right in front of me a perfectly good 1937 Reo Flying Cloud had stalled and, as the tow truck hadn't reached it, I had a chance to spot an attractive young lady in the right-hand lane. She was in the back seat of a Customline.

## Romantic road

I will admit that attractive Australian women in Martin Place are not uncommon at 5.30 p.m., when their offices turn them out like shillings from a poker machine . . . but at 8.30 a.m. such beauty is rare.

So I had reason to welcome each stop-light that brought her car within glancing distance. When you reckon all the rendezvous . . . the Paris sidewalk cafes . . . under the clock at the Astor . . . the

lobby at Claridge's, don't neglect Pacific Highway.

These meetings have the advantage of being satisfactory and transitory at the same time. You are never stuck with these acquaintances, nor they with you.

The Sydney traffic system, sooner or later, moves you on.

And so we moved on, hardly noticing the St. Leonard's squeeze and the North Sydney pile-up, until we found ourselves on the Great Bridge.

Ahead, I could see the sophisticated glass and tile of the new Quay buildings.

I knew it was the end.

I saw her looking out of the back window (her lane had travelled faster), and in that last desperate minute before the toll gate I did an incredible thing . . . a thing which no properly accredited representative should ever do.

I leaned out of the window and blew her a kiss.

## Real Kiwi and a mock turtle

● Twenty-year-old New Zealander Dawne MacFarlane will be quite at home talking to the White Rabbit and the Mock Turtle at Sydney's Phillip Street Theatre.

SHE used to hold long conversations with a pet mouse — before he died from overeating.

Dawne, with honey-blond hair falling past her shoulders and enormous dark blue eyes, was chosen from 30 applicants for the leading role in the theatre's Christmas production of "Alice in Wonderland."

She had been in Sydney only seven weeks, after having arrived from Otago, N.Z., where she worked in the department of Cancer Research at the Otago Medical school — in charge of 5000 mice.

"But Markovitch was my special," she said. "He was a sandy mouse. I kept him in the basement in a biscuit tin."

Despite her youth, Dawne is an experienced dancer and actress.

She has played many roles with the Dunedin Repertory Company and was recently a member of the New Zealand Ballet Company on a six months' tour of both islands.

Dawne is modestly self-critical and believes her acting is better than her dancing, although she enjoys dancing more. "Yet I don't get so nervous when I'm acting."

To combat her nervousness Dawne always travels with her New Zealand mascots—"a few tikis and things," and a teddy bear which she has had since she was four.

At home in Dunedin she left a collection of puppets which she made.



"They weren't very good, really, but the kiddies used to get a lot of fun watching my impromptu shows."

Dawne is a keen collector of records and books, and enjoys any kind of creative work, "including cooking. I just love Continental dishes."

Dawne came to Sydney planning to study ballet for a short while before going overseas. Her fiancé is travelling round

the world, too, "and I expect I'll be following in his footsteps."

"It seems odd, in a way, to be playing Alice," Dawne said. "She was never one of my favorites as a child. I always thought her adventures too fantastic. But it's a lovely role to play; different things are happening all the time."

"Things get curiouser and curiouser, you know."





## THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● The first of five Test Matches in the 1958-59 Australia-England series begins at Brisbane Cricket Ground, Woolloongabba, on December 5. Thousands will pack the ground to see Peter May's team defend the Ashes for England, and vast radio audiences in Australia and England will follow play. Of 173 Test Matches played, Australia has won 70, England 62, and 41 have

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

been drawn. The first Test was between John Lillywhite's English team and a combined N.S.W.-Victorian team at Melbourne Cricket Ground in 1877. The following year an Australian team went to England, and that was the real beginning of the battle for the Ashes. Lionel Keen took this picture of cricket fans cooling off under shady trees during a Sheffield Shield match in Brisbane.



# At 75, Princess Alice enjoys sunbathing

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

● Princess Alice of Athlone, who arrives in Queensland early next year to stay with her daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, wife of the Governor, has been named as the best-dressed and most elegant woman for her age in England.

PRINCESS ALICE is 75. The panel of fashion experts who chose her included Lady Diana Duff Cooper, Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, and fashion historian James Laver.

They awarded her points for:

- Her superb carriage.
- Being venturesome with color.
- Following high fashion without being slavish.
- Not over-dressing.
- Wearing smart hats.
- Wearing full evening dress and tiara with traditional grace.

Princess Alice often wears steel-grey chiffon with touches of tangerine for evening, or grey taffeta with mauve gloves and a mauve rinse in her hair to match.

And when she wears the sash of the Grand Cross Victorian Order with full evening dress and tiara she looks truly regal.

Queenslanders, however, are much more likely to see her in well-cut cottons by day, short cocktail dresses without a hat, and short evening dresses.

She will most certainly be seen in a swimsuit. At Montego Bay, Jamaica, where she usually spends her winters, she is a familiar figure as a swimmer and sunbather.

Princess Alice, who is a great-aunt of the Queen, will spend Christmas with the Royal Family before she sails in January.

"I am sure Queensland has as much to offer as Jamaica, which became a real tourists' paradise in the years I wintered there with my husband," she said.

"My visit is entirely private."

She will probably insist on keeping it as a private visit, though she has long been known as one of the hardest working members of the Royal Family. Official engagements will keep her busy until she sails.



AT 75, Princess Alice of Athlone still has a fine, delicate complexion. She often wears colored rinses in her well-groomed grey hair.



PRINCESS ALICE (second from right) at a reception given at Australia House, London, last year, just before the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith (centre), sailed to take up his appointment. Others, from left, are the Agent-General for Queensland, Mr. D. J. Muir, Lady May Abel Smith, and Mrs. Muir.

Widely travelled, Princess Alice knows most of the British Commonwealth, "except," as she says with a murmur of apology, "Australia."

Her home is "Clock House," at Kensington Palace, and in it are stuffed trophies of game hunts from Central Africa to the north of Canada.

Among them are the head of a moose, a tiger skin, and the antlers of deer.

It is hard to reconcile the number of kills Princess Alice has to her credit with her delicate appearance.

"I loved nothing better than hunting when I was young," she said.

The Earl of Athlone — who died in 1957 — was Governor-General of South Africa from 1923 to 1930, and of Canada from 1940 to 1946. As well he made many overseas tours, including a visit to India.

Princess Alice travelled with him until after his retirement, when they settled for winters in Jamaica and summers in the grace-and-favor residence at Kensington Palace, where her grandmother, Queen Victoria, was born.

In Jamaica Princess Alice is Chancellor of the University of the West Indies. During her eight years in office she has seen it grow from a few medical students to a total of 500 undergraduates from all the islands in the Caribbean.

Nowhere is she more loved than in Jamaica. Noel Coward is a close friend, and celebrities flock to help her with her appeals for the University.

Princess Alice is so fond of gardening that she is often called "the Royal gardener."

Recently she won a long-

drawn-out battle with local government to save a lilac tree which, because it was "too misshapen," was to be chopped down.

"I throw open my window every morning in the spring to breathe the perfume," she added to her pleas.

As president of the Victoria League she is keenly interested in young visitors from the Commonwealth countries.

She rarely misses official dances for the League, and could deny, from firsthand knowledge, Lord Altrincham's allegation of a color bar at the League's headquarters.

"Australia is very lucky to have our most popular and charming winter visitor spending those months Down Under," said a member of Jamaica's Tourist Board, who was once an aide-de-camp to the Earl of Athlone.

"I've always wanted to see Australia with its great outdoor life and beautiful beaches," said the Princess — already the envy of other winter travellers — as she plans, at 75, to be the brightest and most zestful Royal tourist.



AT A CHURCH SERVICE in London in 1953, Princess Alice is seen at right next to the Danish Ambassador, Count Reventlow, who is shaking hands with the Duchess of Kent.



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SKIN needs NIVEA

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The "CARAVELLE" by Guillaume. Photo by courtesy Comité National Artistique de la Coiffure, Paris.

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AVA GARDNER, who will play Moira Davidson in the film of the Nevil Shute story "On the Beach." Ava's brunette beauty is world famous.



CHERRY BORTHWICK, aged 21, who will act as Ava Gardner's stand-in. Cherry's measurements are 34-23-36. Ava's are the same in reverse, 36 bust, 23 waist, 34 hips.

# AVA GARDNER'S STAND-IN

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

● Cherry Borthwick, of Melbourne, has been chosen as Ava Gardner's stand-in for the film "On The Beach," to be made in Victoria early in the New Year.

CHERRY, a 21-year-old brunette, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Borthwick, whose home, "Denistoun," at Mt. Eliza, will be used as one of the settings for the film.

"On the Beach" is based on the book by English author Nevil Shute, who now lives in Victoria.

Famous American movie director Stanley Kramer has come to Australia to produce and direct it.

The stars coming to Australia are Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Fred Astaire, Tony Perkins, and Donna Anderson.

Already Melbourne is excited at the prospect of being the temporary home of so many glittering film characters.

## Not film fan

Cherry Borthwick, as Ava's stand-in, is the envy of Melbourne girls. But, though pleased, she is taking it all calmly.

Cherry is not an ardent film fan, and made no effort to visit Hollywood when she was in Los Angeles this year, although she had a sheaf of introductions to big movie names.

She has never seen Ava in a film.

"All I know about her," said Cherry, "is that she seems to be fond of bullfighters."

When Mr. Ivan Volkman, assistant director to Stanley Kramer, visited "Denistoun" some weeks ago he was struck by Cherry's shapely figure and glowing brown eyes and noticed some resemblance to Ava Gardner.

"Stand up," he said to Cherry, who had just arrived home from a world tour and was still a little dazed to find Hollywood invading her home.

Cherry stood up and Mr. Volkman offered her the job.

"Oh, don't be silly," said Cherry, laughing.

But Mr. Volkman eventually convinced Cherry that he was serious.

"It is all rather frightening," Cherry said, "as I don't know yet what I am supposed to do. As long as I don't have to learn any lines or do any acting I don't mind."

"I thought Mr. Volkman must be joking when he asked me if I would like a job. I've

never done any acting and I've never been interested in it."

Mr. Volkman asked Cherry if she could swim and drive a car, so she presumes she will be standing in for Ava in swimming and car-driving scenes.

Although born in the country, Cherry is no horse-woman, and she hopes she won't be called upon to handle the horse and jinker that Ava drives in the film.

"I've been told I have only to walk on and do as I'm told, so I hope that is all there is to it," she said.

Cherry, whose measurements are 34-23-36, is a brunette with brown eyes, a naturally clear brown skin, and a pretty smile.

She was born at Sale, in Victoria, attended Toorak College at Mt. Eliza, and has an equally attractive 18-year-old sister, Julie.

Cherry had her twenty-first birthday in America.

She visited Los Angeles, but it was so thick with smog — which affected her eyes — that she left in a hurry.

It was while she was away that Stanley Kramer's representatives arrived in Melbourne to look for settings for the filming of the Nevil Shute novel.

They chose the Borthwick home as the home of the Australian naval officer Peter Holmes, who will be played by Tony Perkins.

## House copied

Its wide verandahs are typically Australian and it has a fine view over Davey's Bay.

Mrs. Borthwick is delighted at the prospect of having an inside view of film-making.

"I'm so glad we don't have to move," she said. "I'll be looking forward to seeing what goes on. Actually, we won't be inconvenienced very much, as they are not photographing the inside of the house."

A complete duplicate of the house will be built at the Melbourne Showgrounds, where the unit has its studio.

The house and garden have been measured, and it will be

reproduced in detail even to the flowers that are in bloom.

"I believe they will use the replica for night shots and during bad weather," said Mrs. Borthwick.

Other sequences of the film will be shot at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, at Berwick, Victoria. Their farmhouse will figure in the story as the home of Moira Davidson (Ava).

Meanwhile, the Kramer representatives have been looking for accommodation for the visiting stars.

Ava Gardner will probably spend the first two weeks of her stay in Melbourne at St. James Private Hotel, Darling Street, South Yarra.

The suite she would occupy comprises a bedroom, a sitting-room, and bathroom.

The sitting-room, 16ft. x 18ft., includes a studded, padded bar set in front of mirrors, and comfortable chairs covered in grey-and-white-spotted fabric. Color scheme of the suite is grey and mushroom-pink.

Sir Norman Brookes and Dame Mabel have offered their home, "Kurneh," at South Yarra, to the Gregory Pecks.

Peck will bring with him his wife and their two young children, a nurse, and a secretary.

## Four bedrooms

They would be able to move into "Kurneh" as soon as they arrive at the end of December, as the Brookes' are spending the summer at their Mt. Eliza home and will then go abroad.

"Kurneh" is a two-storied white mansion containing four bedrooms and bathrooms, big reception-rooms, and roomy quarters for staff.

Many distinguished visitors have been entertained there. Dinner is often served on the famous gold plates made from melted-down gold cups Sir Norman won during his days as a great tennis champion.

During the war "Kurneh" was used as an officers' hospital. Both before and since it has been the scene of many brilliant gatherings.

Dame Mabel is looking for a mahogany period cot which was used by her mother, herself, her three daughters, and her granddaughter.

She thinks it is stored in the loft, and she hopes to find it before the Pecks arrive so that they can use it for the baby.



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**TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.** Robyn Brakell (left) and Susan Coombe went out to White City to watch the semi-finals of the New South Wales Tennis Championships. They both wore cool cotton dresses and Robyn added a jaunty white straw hat.



**AT ST. MARK'S.** Mrs. Brian Rochford pauses to speak to her tiny flower-girl Robyn Slack as she leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband. The bride was formerly Beverley Evans, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Evans, of Vacluse. Brian is the son of the R. O. Rochfords. The young couple are now holidaying at Lord Howe Island.



**WINE-TASTING.** Nina Akon (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hawley at a wine-tasting arranged by the Kambala Old Girls' Union. There will be a children's Christmas party on December 13 to raise funds for the Children's Medical Research Foundation and the Ashfield Infants' Home. The wine-tasting helped defray expenses.



**TO LIVE IN ENGLAND.** Bill Lees and his bride leave St. John's College Chapel, University, after their wedding. They sailed for England the following day on board Arcadia. Mrs. Lees was formerly Helene Walker, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Walker, of Newcastle. Bill is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lees, of Albury.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**SOMEONE** we're all going to miss is Sheila Collett, who resigned this week after fourteen years as private secretary at Government House. At all official functions she's been there in the background, unobtrusively smoothing the way with a quiet charm.

During those fourteen years she's been right-hand girl for Lady Wakehurst, Lady Jordan, Lady Northcott and her daughter, Mrs. Russell Nash, and Lady Woodward, wife of the present Governor, Sir Eric Woodward.

And she's had all the excitement of behind-the-scenes glimpses of Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Sir Clement Attlee, Sir Anthony Eden, and many others.

At the moment she's relaxing at home at Manly and planning for a trip overseas fairly soon.

While at Government House her successor, Di Rose Snider, is settling in as Lady Woodward's private secretary — and helping cope with preparations for Judy Woodward's wedding to Miles Little on December 18.

**EASTER** 1959 seems a long, long way off to me — but not to the committee arranging the Opera House Ball at the Town Hall on April 3. The next meeting to discuss the ball will be held in the Town Hall annexe on December 4.

**REMEMBER** that pretty Queensland lass Sue Champneys, who went to school at Ascham? Well, she's announced her engagement to a fellow Queenslander, Jim Rollinson, of "Eton Vale," Bimbee, and is sporting an emerald-and-diamond ring.

**SEE** you on a fast ferry from Fort Macquarie on December 6 — on my way to the Rodd Island Fling. Sydney University Players are organising the barbecue and dance — and the ferries leave Fort Macquarie at 8.15 and 9.15. See you there.



**CHRISTMAS PARTY.** Moira Pusterla (left), Mrs. Roy McKerihan, and Jeanette Patman at the State Opera Company's first Christmas party. More than a hundred and fifty guests attended the party in the Rural Bank, Martin Place.



**COCKTAILS FOR THREE.** Mrs. Lucia Nardi (left) talking to English visitors Mr. and Mrs. Albert Alberman at a cocktail party given in their honor at the Wentworth Hotel. The Albermans stayed altogether two weeks in Sydney.

**IT'S** a month's holiday in New Zealand for Tony Bolger and his charming bride (formerly Patricia Roche), who flew off after their wedding at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. When they arrive back they'll be living on the Bolger's property, "Clover Hill," Young. Patricia is the elder daughter of Mrs. T. G. Sherlock, of Braidwood, and the late Mr. W. Roche.

**WITH** carols booming in the background, I had a brief chat with Lady Heinze at the State Opera Company's Christmas party. She's hoping that Sir Bernard will be back home for Christmas — he's on a twelve weeks' conducting tour of the Iron Curtain countries, and at the moment she's not sure whether he's in Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia.

**SPENT** a lazy afternoon sitting high in a stand at White City while tennis players battled on the sun-scorched centre court. Coolest spectators in sight were Mrs. Sam Hordern, who wore a stak-slim beige silk sheath, and tennis wives Anne Richardson and Daphne Anderson, wearing almost identical straw boaters. And matching the long red tails on Anne's hat were her cute red canvas flat-ties—American, of course.

**PRETTY** Robin Duffy wore a dreamy wedding dress of drifting white nylon when she married Bob Kane at Our Lady of Dolours Church, Chatswood. Robin is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Duffy, of Lane Cove.

**SHOULD** be a very pretty wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Cronulla, on December 6, when Margaret Smith marries Bill Dale, of Gympie Bay.

**IF** you've ever arrived at a party to find another guest in an identical dress, you'll sympathise with the three English girls pictured in "The Tatler" at a recent "deb" party. Not only were they in identical dresses, the dress itself, a confection on black-spotted white tulle, is a copy of one worn by Princess Margaret.

**SMOOTHEST** sack in town is worn by Melbourne visitor Mrs. Geoff Grimwade. She literally swivelled heads in her sack, a slickly cut and sleeveless cotton printed in orange, pink, and yellow. And over her arm an enormous fisherman's basket in straw and leather.

*Anna*



# Art transforms the refrigerator

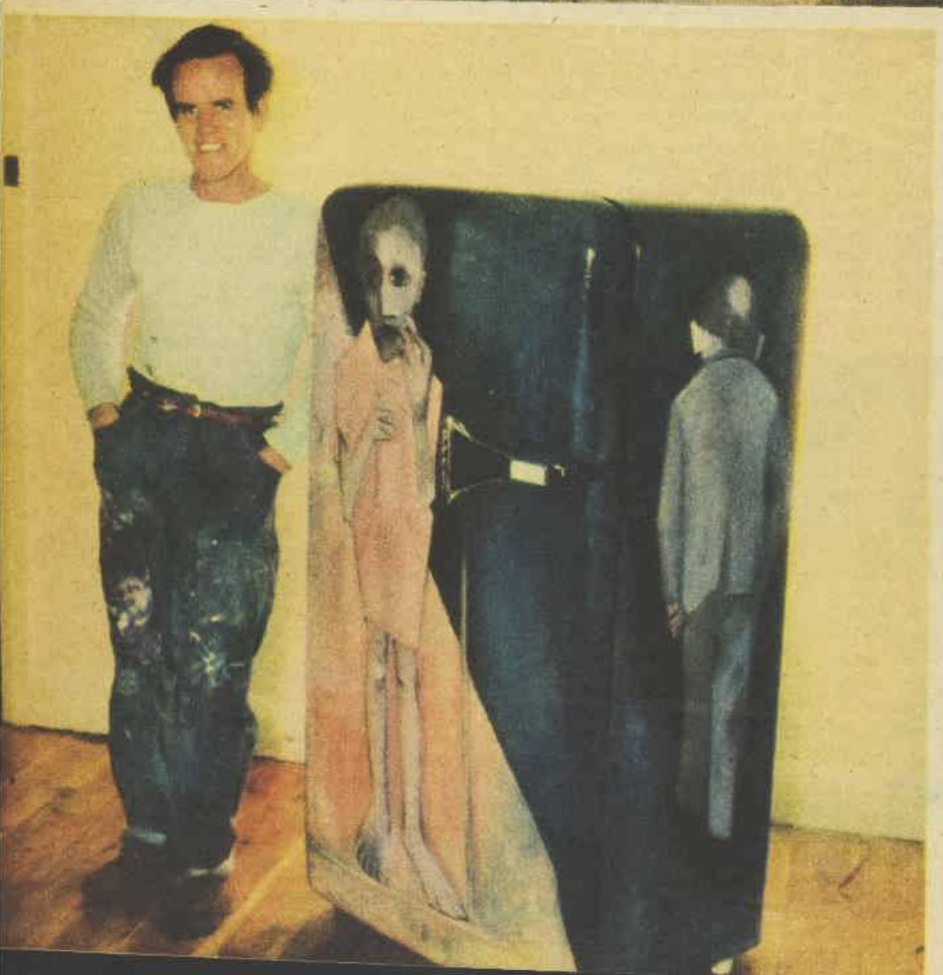


● On these two pages and overleaf are photographs of eleven refrigerators painted by Australian artists. The artists were commissioned by Kelvinator Australia

Limited, through The Australian Women's Weekly. An exhibition of the refrigerators will be held at Legacy House, Sydney, beginning on December 3, and later will tour Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

Early in the new year they will be auctioned in Sydney. The entire proceeds will go to Legacy.

LEFT. Sydney artist Frank Hodgkinson painted an abstract design on his refrigerator.



LEFT. Sydney artist Bob Dickerson, a member of the realist school of painters, with his completed painting.

ABOVE. Melbourne painter Arthur Boyd decided on a variation of the famous theme of Leda and the Swan.





ABOVE. A Greek theme was selected by well-known Sydney artist Elaine Haxton. The design is carried round both sides.



MELBOURNE painter Clifton Pugh did an abstract design. To balance handle he attached ceramic shapes in the lower left corner.



DESIGN on refrigerator painted by Paul Beadle, of Adelaide, would fit into the cocktail-bar or playroom of a holiday shack.



ADELAIDE ARTIST Stanislaw Ostojko-Kotkowski did not have a definite theme. His refrigerator decoration is pure design, he says.



# Paris inspired

Continued from p. 17

don't forget the pets!



treat them to a  
**COOPER'S  
FIRST AID KIT**  
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(It's an ideal gift for children with pets!)

**NOW!** In the one compact kit—all the reliable Cooper Pet Products you need to keep your pet healthy and happy: Vitamin Tablets, Worm Capsules, Pulver, Dielwash, Kur-Mange, Lavene! Plus a helpful and informative 32-page colour booklet devoted to the proper care and training of your cat or dog. Cooper Pet Products are recommended by the Veterinary Profession—you know they are the best for your pet, so give a Cooper's First Aid Kit to your pet this Christmas as a reward for its faithfulness!



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**T**HE idea for the Australian exhibition of refrigerators came from Paris, where, earlier this year, a group of ten top French artists invaded the kitchen in the cause of charity.

They painted refrigerators, which went to New York and back on a liner as a floating art show and were later auctioned at an important Parisian art gallery.

The French exhibition was described "as the most bizarre show of the year."

The artists, who included Bernard Buffet, Leonor Fini, Georges Mathieu, Cocteau, Labisse, Capuletti, and Carzou, worked with special paints guaranteed not to rub off or chip.

Buffet painted a still life for which an offer of £2500 was made. Leonor Fini decorated her refrigerator with near lifesize cats.

Labisse chose grasshoppers for his design and Cocteau did one of his characteristic line drawings.

The Australian artists, generally, found the novel refrigerator paintings stimulating and "fun."

Each design is fairly typical of their usual work.

Each artist was supplied with a new white refrigerator by Kelvinator Australia Ltd. The refrigerators were first sanded down to produce the right surface for painting, and then the design drawn on.

The completed refrigerators are reproduced in color opposite and on pages 16 and 17.

Together they produce a highly varied exhibition of various schools of painting.

Mr. Hal Missingham, director of the Art Gallery of New South Wales, is noted for his watercolors. He is represented in the national galleries of Melbourne, Perth, Brisbane, Auckland, and Sydney, and in the Print Room of the British Museum in London.

He studied in Australia, Paris, and London, and is known also as a designer and photographer.

Arthur Boyd, a third-generation painter of a famous Australian family of artists, was represented in the 1958 Venice Biennale together with the late Sir Arthur Streeton.

Also well known as a ceramic artist, his work is represented in all Australian national, and some overseas, galleries.

"Refrigerators are often given as wedding presents," he said, explaining his design, "so I thought a bridal theme would be appropriate."

His design is a variation of the famous legend of Leda and the Swan.

Paul Beadle, director of the School of Art, Adelaide, working on the belief that the refrigerator would become a second one in the home for which it was finally purchased, designed it to fit into a holiday home.

Born in England, Mr. Beadle settled in Australia after World War II and lectured for a while at the East Sydney Technical College.

Noted mainly as a sculptor, he was head of the Art School of the Newcastle Technical College until he took up his present appointment this year.

Stanislaw Ostojka-Kotkowski, Polish-born artist, now lives in Adelaide.

He studied at the Dusseldorf Art Academy, and in Australia at the National Gallery School in Melbourne.

An abstract expressionist, he is represented in the Adelaide Art Gallery and has been in combined shows in Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, and Adelaide.

Elaine Haxton is famous throughout Australia equally for her theatre decor and costumes and murals, as for her easel paintings. She studied in Australia, England, and

America, and is represented in all Australian national galleries and in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

She won the Sulman Mural Competition in 1943 and the Crouch Prize at Ballarat in 1946.

Frank Hodgkinson, a Sydney abstract painter, this year was awarded the first Helena Rubinstein Travelling Scholarship, worth £1000, and will leave for overseas this month.

He studied at the Royal Art Society School and the Dattilo Rubbo School in Sydney, and at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London.

Mr. Hodgkinson is represented in the national galleries in Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth, and in the Newcastle Art Gallery.

Young Sydney painter Bob Dickerson is a self-taught artist and paints in the realist style.

He has had pictures in many notable exhibitions in Australia and is represented in the N.S.W. and Melbourne national galleries.

Mr. Dickerson's subjects are the people he sees in everyday life.

To find sufficient time to paint, he has worked at intervals as a builder's laborer, on the roads, and in factories. When he has built up enough capital to keep his family for a while, he leaves his work to devote full time to painting.

Wladislaw Dutkiewicz, also born in Poland, migrated to Australia after World War II.

An abstract painter, Dutkiewicz studied art at Cracow, Poland, under Professor Si-chulski and his elder brother, Jan, who is still Professor of Fine Arts at Cracow University.

He settled in Adelaide in 1950 and has had one-man shows in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. He was in a group show in London in 1955 and has also shown in international exhibitions at Munich and Regensburg and has had one-man shows in Regensburg and Hohenfels.

Mr. Dutkiewicz is represented in the national galleries of Adelaide and Hobart and paintings in the Queensland University.

Jon Molvig, a young Queensland painter, is represented in the national galleries in Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney.

His work is strongly expressionist and colorful.

Born in Newcastle, he studied at the East Sydney Technical College before going to Europe for three years in 1949.

He now conducts an art school on Queensland's Gold Coast.

Cedric Flower, Sydney artist, studied at the Dattilo Rubbo School in Sydney, and also overseas, where he lived for five years.

He has held one-man shows in Sydney. A noted designer, Cedric Flower designed the curtains for the newly decorated Kirribilli House, on the foreshores of Sydney Harbor.

One of two Melbourne artists chosen to paint a refrigerator, contemporary painter Clifton Pugh chose "The Battle of Spring" as the theme for his design.

He lives in a rambling house which he built himself from mud bricks.

Pugh's own ideas on home planning are so unconventional that he had to make a few inquiries before he found out what were the most popular modern color schemes for kitchens.

He studied under William Dargie at the National Gallery in Melbourne as a Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme student.

His work is represented in all the Australian national galleries.

## EXHIBITION TO TOUR

The Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman H. F. Jensen, will officially open the exhibition of refrigerators, "Art in Everyday Life," at Legacy House, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, December 3. They will be on view for a week.

The show will then tour Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

The refrigerators will be auctioned on the 7th floor of David Jones', Elizabeth Street, Sydney, at 3 p.m. on March 25, 1959.

The entire proceeds will go to Legacy.

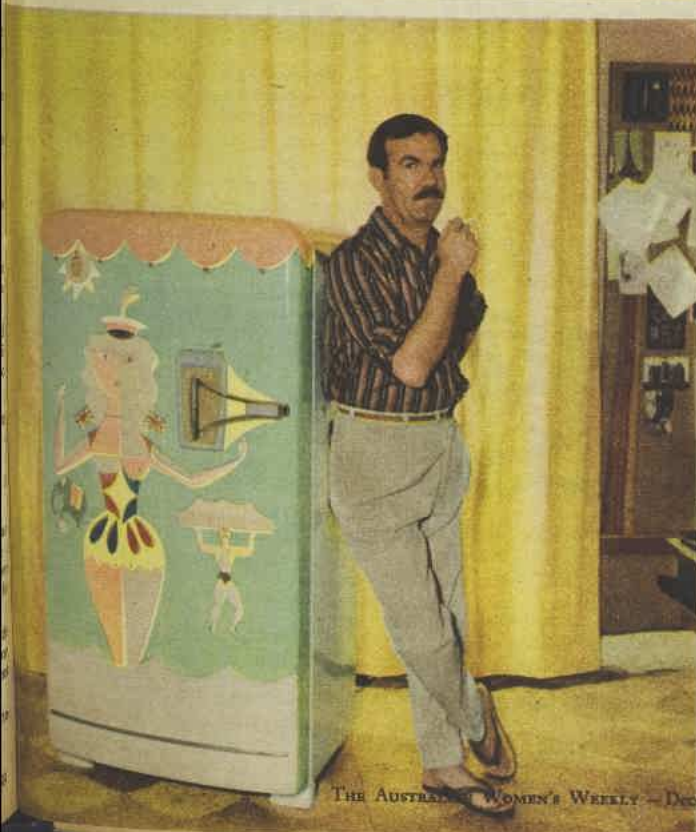


# "Real cool" art will aid Legacy

● Each of the 11 artists commissioned to paint the refrigerators tackled the problem and subject matter in a different way. As a result, the travelling exhibition should be one of the most diverting held in Australia.

BELOW. Polish-born Wadislav Dutkiewicz, of Adelaide, painted an abstract with the accent on color.

RIGHT. Mr. Hal Missingham, of Sydney, enclosed his drawings in typical European window-frames.



LEFT. Sydney artist Cedric Flower captures the spirit of the circus in his pastel-colored refrigerator design. On one side he has painted a circus poster.

RIGHT. Jon Molvig, of Brisbane, describes his decoration as "pure design." Some viewers think he was influenced by the "Surfers' Paradise way of life."







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## Letters from our Readers

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHAT, no Santa Claus? With the approach of Christmas the question again arises as to whether we should perpetuate Santa Claus or not. Psychologists inform us that small children experience a period of romance, so why not maintain the legend and let them weave plans around him? When the child learns who the gentleman really is, then he can have the fun of letting Mum and Dad think they are deceiving him. Anyway, parents get great satisfaction from the pretence of Santa Claus, so why deprive them of it?

£1/1/- to R. Lewis, Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

MAY I suggest a few ideas for invalids' Christmas gifts, which seem to bother so many people? Talcum powder and bottles of scent are not always the solution for sick people, many of whom cannot bear strong odors. Writing-paper and stamps unlimited are always welcome for the person who writes a lot of letters. Other ideas are a hot-water bottle, a pretty cover for same, a magazine subscription, a jar of home-made biscuits, a ball-point pen, a tray-cloth and serviette, a small, pretty tea-cosy. And don't forget a girl in bed still loves a new lipstick or a pretty coat-hanger for her best nightie.

10/6 to "Just Joan" (name supplied), East Melbourne.

I HAVE heard numerous suggestions that we should exchange Christmas gifts only with our families—to cut down the expense. I think this is a miserable idea. Are these people suggesting that we should not remember lonely friends and neighbors who have no families and who get more joy from a card, letter, visit, or gift than most? Surely Christmas is intended for the joy of giving to whomever we can, as Christ did. How much poorer the world would be if our Lord had remembered only His mother.

10/6 to Miss M. Wilson, Beaconsfield, Vic.

THE Christmas season is a wonderful time of the year. Its approach brings the desire for stocktaking without and within. People, emptying their minds of petty animosities which have vexed them throughout the year, begin to think of plans and preparations for the coming season. They begin thinking of others instead of themselves—the very first step towards their own happiness. Not just one day but months of happy preparation and planning and expectation of good times to come combine to make a happy Christmas.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

I SHOULD be most grateful if any of your readers might like to post on their copies of The Australian Women's Weekly. I had some copies some time ago, and when I had read them I was only too pleased to let someone else enjoy them. Now, when we are facing the winter months, it would be something to look forward to. It would be a great kindness if anyone could oblige.

Sent in by Mrs. J. Shaw, 62 Green Lane, West Vale, Yorkshire, England.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I AM slightly amused to see the time people spend in choosing Christmas cards. Surely one card goes to each family, so why not select one or two really nice cards and buy the required quantity of those? This would ensure that each person received the nicest card available and save much precious time needed for other Christmas shopping.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Coombes, Tumbumba, N.S.W.

I DO hope parents will refrain from buying toy pistols and guns as Christmas presents for the children this year. There are many attractive mechanical toys displayed in the shops, so why put these warlike instruments in the hands of our children?

10/6 to Mrs. Marie Cook, Bendigo, Vic.

### Hats in church

MRS. ALLEN'S letter (12/11/58) deplores the non-wearing of hats by some folk in church. In Australia it is the custom to wear hats, and the omission of them seems strange to us. In many European countries, however, it is the custom to go without a head-covering or to wear a mantilla or veil. Our local church has a 90 per cent. migrant congregation, and of course the majority are without hats at times. It seemed shocking at first, but in time we will hardly notice it.

10/6 to A. Coleman, St. Albans, Vic.

### Family affairs

MY problem was to explain to my young daughter why Father Christmas was more generous to certain of her friends. I explained that besides telling Santa what was wanted parents were expected to contribute towards the present, as he couldn't buy everything. As a result, daughter has a new sympathy for Father Christmas, and, as she understands our limited means, no longer demands the impossible. Christmas this year promises to be easier, with us enjoying the respect due to Santa's helpers and no longer harassed by the need to "keep up with the Joneses."

£1/1/- to "Happy" (name supplied), Coonawarra, S.A.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### GREAT SNAKES

I HAVE been playing snakes and ladders with my five-year-old daughter.

The game went on and on because neither of us could get to the finish.

On the last lap I kept running into the dreaded snake of laziness (square 97), which drags you back to poverty (29).

My counter rolled off the table and got lost just after I had climbed the ladder of obedience (25) to respect (55). That held the game up till we found a trouser button to use instead.

I enjoy this grand old game, because there is no element of skill in it. You always have a chance of winning.

Also it teaches moral lessons. The ladder of punctuality (8) leads to advancement (26), the snake of gambling (79) leads to ruin (22), etc.

My little daughter is a good player, except that she has a tendency to go down the ladders and up the snakes.

This gives her an advantage, because the snakes are longer than the ladders.

But then, so they are in real life.

I said to my wife after the game: "Does it ever strike you that life is like snakes and ladders?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Take this week," I said. "We got the income-tax refund—that was a ladder. Auntie Gladys said she was



staying here for Christmas—that was a snake. A taipan, in fact."

She agreed that there was something in the idea.

"The worst snake I know is break-fast," she said. "Boiling eggs and cutting lunches and stopping fights and deciding who's going to wear what."

"What are your ladders?"

"Watching TV while I shell the peas is one. It's only a little step-ladder, but I like it."

I think it is time they brought snakes and ladders up to date.

Why not put some ladders like these on the board?

Wage rise (square 4) leads to washing machine (23).

Cut out smoking (36) leads to radiogram (55).

Uncle Ted's will (18) leads to trip to Surfers' Paradise (41).

Lottery win (46) leads to car (81).

As for snakes, there are many to choose from. A few obvious ones are:

Hole in trousers (28) leads to buying new suit (13).

No radio licence (53) leads to fine (31).

Broken fridge (62) leads to new, bigger fridge (40).

Behaviour at party (47) leads to doghouse (13).

Lottery ticket (53) leads to nothing (0).

(N.B. These snakes and ladders are copyright and must not be reproduced on any snakes and ladders board without permission).



# The boudoir coat is so flattering

● Here we show the boudoir coat with variations. It's full of allure and so very flattering. In pure white or in a dreamy pastel, plain or flowered, its common denominator is an easy silhouette and soft flowing lines.

**FABRICS** for the boudoir are just as interesting as shapes. Left: Embroidered sheer is used gracefully for a wide-skirted gown. Right: White towelling falls to below knee-length.

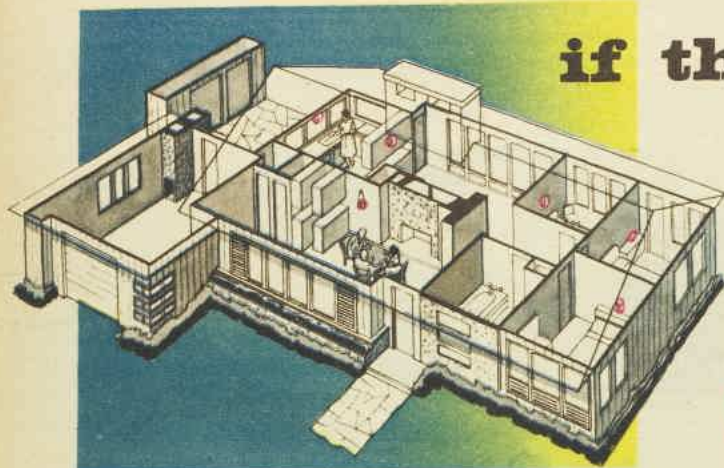


**BRIGHT COLORS** for the boudoir are going out; coming in are dreamy pastels printed on white. Left: A coat splashed with bouquets of flowers. Right: Demure floor-length gown.





Timely hint for gift hunters



# if they can use a clock they'll *love* a **Junghans**

Can't decide what to give? To be sure of pleasing, look around their home and choose a Junghans for the room that has no clock! The Junghans range includes clocks for every room — reliable, beautiful, electric, battery or spring-driven models and at YOUR price too. See them today. Most good stores carry Junghans.



## JUNGHANS MINIATURE ALARMS

Small and pretty for milady's bedroom. Just 2 3/4" high and in delicate and lovely colours highlighted with polished gilt. Luminous dial and just £2/3/6.

## JUNGHANS BALLERINA

The loveliest way for any girl to wake — to the lilting music and graceful dancing of the glass-domed "Ballerina" alarm. Feminine, beautifully designed, for £6/3/6.



## JUNGHANS UTILITY WALL CLOCKS

In battery or 240V electric or 8-day movement, ivory porcelain or metal highlighted with brass. Choose the room, then select the most convenient type. From £6/5/- spring-wound and electric; £7/17/6 battery.



## JUNGHANS TRIVOX SILENT-TIC

Ensures undisturbed sleeping — then gently wakes, reminds, and finally insists you get up. Cunning? Luminous dial, 4 colours. £2/17/6.



## JUNGHANS WALL CLOCKS

Handsome contemporary designs with polished fittings on 12" ivory cases. Shaded green, cream or brown centres. Everyone's gift at £11/17/6 spring-wound; £11/7/6 electric.



## JUNGHANS TRAVEL ALARMS

Shockproof, no matter how far or hard it travels. Always-reliable jewelled movement, unbreakable mainspring. Square or shield shape case in handsome leathers. From £3/9/6.



## JUNGHANS ALL PURPOSE CLOCKS

that look RIGHT wherever you put them in the house or office. A host of charming styles with modern recessed dials, luminous hands, raised figures. £3/16/6.



## JUNGHANS CHRONOMETER

A. Superb 17-jewel model, observatory certified, waterproof, and sweep second hand. £21/15/-.

B. Really charming and delicate design, all with clearly defined faces. From £9/9/-.

## JUNGHANS FOR MEN/BOYS

C. 7-jewel good-looking watches with jewelled pallets, keep splendid time. Superb finish. From £6/6/-.

every minute every day repeats

*with love*

with



# **Junghans**

MASTERS OF TIME

Distributed throughout Australia by

OVERSEAS CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED





## It seems to me

AMERICAN men, so a New York architect states, are creating a seating problem in theatres. They need bigger chairs than formerly.

The architect designed a new theatre in New York, the Lincoln Centre for the Performing Arts.

He said that plans have been held up because of this increase in the size of men. More space for chairs threatened to spoil the theatre's acoustics.

Women, according to the same authority, are getting smaller. It is easy to see why this has happened. Men ride round in cars so much, instead of walking, that they develop a middle-aged spread.

The ladies, vainer, keep their hip measurements in control with diet and exercise.

The solution, however, is not easy. First thought is to equip the theatre with chairs of varying sizes.

"I want two seats in the fourth row of the stalls—one size 36 and one size 45," a man would say to the girl in the box-office.

But complications could ensue.

The size 36 turns the fellow down at the last minute. He decides not to waste the tickets but to take his auntie instead.

Aunt proves to be size 40, but won't admit it. She becomes jammed in the 36 chair and has to be extricated by an usher at interval.

No, that won't do at all.

Before the Sydney Opera House goes any further, someone had better take a sample of Australian theatre-lovers and run the tape over them.

JUDGING by the argument already aroused in this office, our arty refrigerators (pages 16 to 19) will create interest wherever they are shown.

People appear to be sharply divided on the subject of art in the kitchen.

Where money is no object, the solution would be to have two fridges, a plain one for the mince meat and bacon and eggs and a decorated one for the party food and drink.

One of the hazards of entertaining in the average house is that by the time the gathering has mellowed, the men gather round the refrigerator.

Often they lean on the door, engaged in political and sporting argument, obstructing the harried hostess as she tries to serve the food.

You could keep your gallery refrigerator as decoration to the living-room, thus serving two purposes.

It would give character to the living-room and encourage the men not to desert the women.

Maybe the conversation would take on a more cultural flavor than usual.

And a man could truly say if honest: "I don't know much about art, but I do like to be near the drinks."

By



Dorothy Drann

THE habit of reading bits of the paper aloud is one that causes dissension in some homes.

There are two kinds of people—those who like to be read aloud to and those who don't.

Those who don't like it suffer a fresh hazard in the new electric news sign at Sydney's King's Cross.

The sign, with its headlines and advertisements spelled out in running electric lights, adds to the gaiety of the Cross and draws its crowd of watchers nightly.

Because of its design—with the words appearing one after the other—it has a special fascination for those who like reading aloud.

Most nights someone can be heard reciting the words as they show.

The other evening a couple were gazing at it. The man began to intone: "Evatt admits..."

"I'm not blind," said the woman crossly, and they departed, doubtless to continue the fight in the privacy of home.

CONVERSATION overheard between two women emerging from a hair-dressing salon.

"They ran out of beer today," said one. "So they gave me a champagne rinse on my hair. I think it's rather good."

The other, not at all impressed: "Oh, but you have to watch them. If you're not careful, they use that sweetish champagne. I always insist on one that's very, very dry."

ACCORDING to a report from America, tranquillising drugs are found to be effective in curing broken hearts.

Her broken heart she soothes with tranquillisers,

She finds it saves the vain regrets and tears.

And now it's somewhat chipped and cracked but, mended,

It still should serve for many, many years.

She doesn't wait in vain to hear the phone ring,

But, gulping down the latest calming drug,

She passes into peaceful, zombie torpor,

Takes a good book and curls beneath a rug.

The bottles in her cupboard tell a story, Half-full, they're labelled "Tom" and "Bill" and "Jim."

Confiding, she will point to one that's empty:

"That's Joe. I took a bottle full for him."

## A quick, inexpensive hair-do for Xmas!

lovelier, more natural-looking curls with ½ the work...



## RICHARD HUDNUT NEW Quick HOME PERMANENT The only permanent you dare wash at once!

So easy, no need to shampoo first!

Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo fresh tonight!

Choose the  
RICHARD HUDNUT  
Home Perm made  
specially for  
your type of hair.



FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in normal hair. RED BOX.  
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in normal hair. GREEN BOX.  
For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS  
AND STORES  
EVERYWHERE

13/-

... and  
for those  
end curls and  
between-perm  
pickups—



RICHARD HUDNUT  
Quickette  
END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package.

HP107.143  
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# The Giant Killer

By  
**PAMELA  
FRANKAU**  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
BARBARA ROBERTSON

JAMES TUNSTALL was thinking in terms of Chibbo. ("Chibbo your doggie's choice." "Has your dog changed to Chibbo yet?" "Chibbo, the food for champions.") As he reached the door he became aware that the girl behind the tobacconist's counter was saying something. He halted.

"I beg your pardon," said James.

"Lefcher gloves."

"My gloves . . . oh, thanks very much." It was one of those mornings. A helpful matron had run after him from the Tube, waving his umbrella. Nothing helpful about this girl; just the cock-sparrow disdain that he aroused in barmaids. Inside his head the words of a sunny sarcasm formed, to destroy her. As ever, they went unspoken.

"Cheers, chums, it's Chibbo," James reflected, hurrying down the wet pavement to a door in the sooty gloom of a stone facade; to the large brass plates on each side of the door, that announced, "B. J. Grice, Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising." He stepped into the lift. The lift-boy delayed the departure, peering out for more passengers. None came. Resignedly and sulkily, the boy took the lift up with only James in it.

This was pure gain. James Tunstall cherished the mornings when he could reach his small rabbit-hutch of an office without meeting his fellows on the way. The crowded lift was a phobia. The obligation to begin the day here with good-mornings and weather commentaries panicked him. He did not know why. It was just an item in his catalogue of panics; not so strong as the impulse to dodge a row; not so wild as his fear of spilt blood; just one small part of his private dilemma—this morning mercifully not there.

Soothed, he went to his room. All the little hutches had clear glass doors and all were empty. He was well ahead of time. Hobman was demanding the Chibbo schemes by ten o'clock. Typical Hobman. With the clients' conference a week away, he would put out this arbitrary order for his own satisfaction. Hobman believed, he said, in keeping the department on its toes. Hobman was a heaviness waiting upon each day.

The scheme lay as James had left it, stretched across the surface of the tall drawing-desk, carefully covered. He had worked on it for weeks. Clumsy-handed in all else, he was a neat draughtsman. But the caricaturing twist of his pencil was like the phrase-making twist in his head; he could not rely on it. Either talent would turn traitor and desert when his nerves panicked him.

All the more reason to be grateful for the "Chibbo" inspiration.

What James had done, and it was so simple that he wondered why nobody had done it before, was to create two dogs called Chib and Bo. Chib was a little mongrel and Bo was a big, handsome Boxer. He had presented them in a comic-strip series wherein Bo invariably made a nonsense and was rescued by the timid, agile Chib. Beginning as rivals, they ended as chums. The Chibbo Chums. Among his suggestions for expanding the scheme, James had included a campaign whose starting-point was the invitation "To Make Your Dog a Member Of The Chibbo Chums Club."

He lifted the paper coverings; he rolled them neatly. He took out his glasses and wiped them. Then, through the clear glass, Chib and Bo pranced into view. Their outlines were beguilingly washed-in; a two-color process; red for Bo and black indian ink for Chib.

"Good grief!" James cried in panic.

He saw the snag. It seemed impossible that he had not seen it until now. It was quite a new doom. His routine doom was dirt, in double meanings that escaped him until coarser minds exposed them. But this had never happened yet. He had made the large, stupid Bo look exactly like Hobman.

Worse . . . Chib was a self-portrait. Wasn't he? James turned to the glass. The inquiring face with the snub nose and the round eyes was unmistakably Chib. The tufty dark hair helped the likeness, and the small wrinkles on the forehead.

I am going mad, thought James. He shut his eyes tightly, opened them, looked again. This time it was even more obvious; it was paralyzing. And it was the start of a whole new quarrel with his subconscious. (They were never on the best of terms.) Not only had it endangered a promising scheme; it leeringly implied that he wanted to be chums with Hobman.

"Pull yourself together," said James to James. It was the scheme that mattered—the clock that made the emergency. No time to alter the dogs. Dared he show them to Hobby? Amaryllis must tell him. He wouldn't tell her. He would simply show her the strip. If she didn't see it, there was a chance that Hobby wouldn't see it.

He dashed into the next-door hutch. She was late. She was always late. He pivoted unhappily; the corridor filled with noise and feet, and still no Amaryllis. Like him, she was due to come up with her Chibbo copy today. Her desk was chaos; her typewriter left uncovered. He began to read the sheet in the typewriter: "Chibbo . . . it's the plus-quality in

the energy-content that counts." Amaryllis had worked in America.

The telephone rang in his room.

"Mr Tunstall? Mr. Hobman would like to see you with your Chibbo material."

Up we go.

For a wild moment James debated leaving the strip behind. Surely he could describe Chib and Bo in acceptable terms? Making the excuse that the drawings were still in the rough? He was hopelessly bad at explaining a scheme. And he had told Hobby yesterday that the drawings were finished. Well, all right; they were burned, they were lost, he had spilled tea on them . . .

Such was the vortex of indecision that he couldn't be sure, when he reached the carpeted corridor where the big boys lived, whether he had brought the strip or not. Amnesia, James thought. Another impertinence from his subconscious and not a new one. ("Lefcher gloves . . .")

And now he was inside the door, making his way to the ample desk with the ample man behind it. His tension was accelerated by the familiar tricks; by Hobby's inevitable pose of reading something too important to let him look up; by his gradual lift of the head and his grunt, and his hand held out for the folder in James' hand.

Hobman had treacle-colored hair, a silly, handsome face, and a military moustache. He was well dressed and he used a heathery toilet water whose scent mixed with that of his expensive pipe tobacco. Having taken the folder, he laid it on the desk unopened, and stared at James. He looked quite alarmingly like Bo; Bo in one of the scrapes from which only Chib could rescue him; Bo with drooping jowls.

"Well, I hope your genius burns," said Hobman. He didn't sound helpful at all. "The clients have pulled a fast one. They're coming in tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? Not next week?"

"Not next week. Tomorrow."

"Oh, my!" said James.

"Oh, my, it is," said Hobman. "Tell you why. Seen it coming. These fellows are out to take the account away from us . . ." Here James saw Bo (he meant Hobman) looking wise and waggish. "And the reason? They're getting worried about Crunchit," said Bo; he meant Hobman.

"Our Aberdeen won't look at Crunchit," said James apologetically.

"Big of your Aberdeen. But market research proves that Crunchit's on the up-and-up. So what do our friends do? Look around for a scapegoat and pick on the advertising. Grice's old-fashioned methods. Time for a change. Simple enough. Push the conference forward so we aren't ready for it—then turn around and say, 'Sorry, we're not satisfied.' Eh? Stands to reason, doesn't it? That's their game . . . Not that anyone else on the Board agrees with me . . . Well, what's on your mind?"

James heard his voice reply with sunny charm: "Oh, just the usual, Mr. Hobman. I was thinking how horrible you are." He often heard it say things like that. Actually, it was saying, "Just an idea—for Chibbo."

"Got something good? Okay," said Hobman, not touching the folder. "Come on. Sell it to me."

Hobby found fun, always, in making people do what they couldn't do.

"Well, what you have is these two dogs," James began obediently. The usual incoherent waffle: the more he talked of Chib and Bo, the sillier they sounded. Diplomatically he tried to build up Bo—"an awfully good type"—and belittle Chib as "well, a sort of smart-Alec." Hobman's face remained blank.

"And that—these two—are the foundation—sort of"—why couldn't he stop saying "sort of"?—"I mean the founders of the club."

"Club?"

"The Chibbo Chums Club. All dogs to belong. Badges and membership cards. There's a whole lot of notes about it in there."

Did Hobby now show a gleam of interest? James thought so. He switched it off at the main, of course, to say, "Not exactly eloquent in your sales-talk, are you, old boy? Lucky you don't have to meet clients all day, like me. Well, let's take a look." The big hands flipped open the folder and, from a peak of horrific detachment, James saw that the strip was lying uppermost. So he had, after all, brought it.

Was Hobman sitting unusually still? Was that a flush coming up on the silly handsome face? And was the expression

To page 26

"One of these pills and you'll not only feel relaxed but brave,"  
Amaryllis told James.



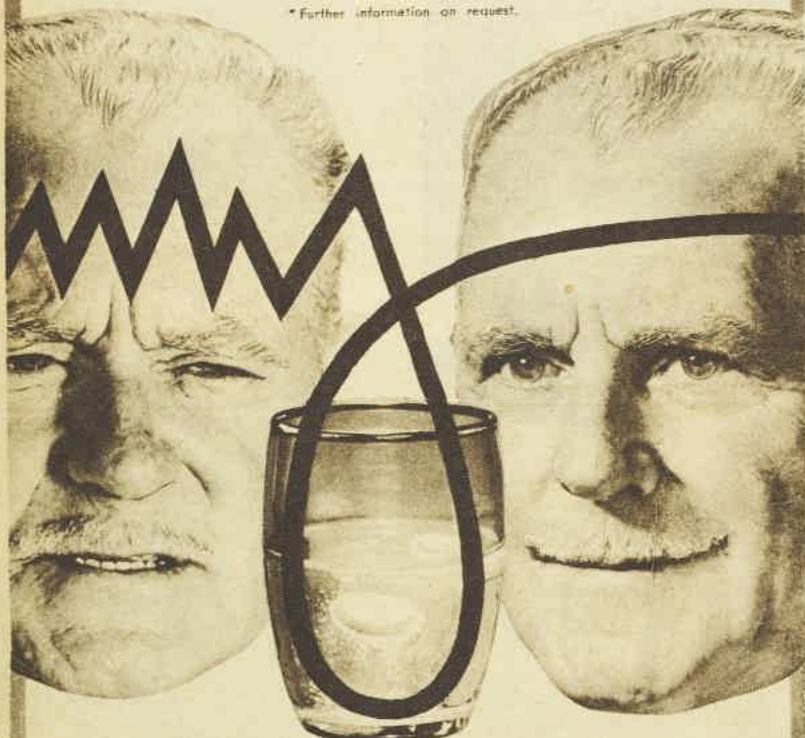




# Stomach upset — a risk you take with ordinary aspirin

*\*Medical experience has shown  
that aspirin causes stomach upset*

\*Further information on request.



## DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

will not upset your stomach  
relieves pain fast

HERE'S WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Ordinary aspirin does not readily dissolve—it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation, such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin *dissolves in seconds* to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

### PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

### SAFE FOR CHILDREN

Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



DOCTORS RECOMMEND

## DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

Rockitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Division) Sydney

## Continuing . . . The Giant Killer

from page 25

of the face now aware and angry? James couldn't decide. He had practically anaesthetised himself with anxiety. His ears buzzed. Through the buzz he began to hear the summings-up.

"Sorry, Tunstall. I'd say it's just what they don't want . . . at this minute, of all minutes. Couldn't be more obvious—or old fashioned; could it, really? Dates back to the Mustard Club, this sort of thing. No, no . . ." His voice was sorrowful now. "Afraid that's right out. Besides—these drawings, I mean . . . Bit vulgar, aren't they? Look at them. Aren't they? See what I mean?"

"Well, good morning," said Amaryllis. "You in a trance or something?" She fended him off; it had been a near-collision in the corridor.

"You look the way I feel," she added. Amaryllis was tall

over your face. What happened?"

No, he thought, he couldn't tell anyone. Chib and Bo were dead, finished. He would never know about Hobby's true reason for killing them, and he couldn't, even without a blue pill, care less. Perhaps Hobby had seen the likeness, perhaps not. It didn't matter. What desolated James was that they were gone. And with them went the Chibbo Chums Club and all his inspiration. (Old-fashioned . . . vulgar . . .) He could never think of them again.

Amaryllis had swallowed the bucker-upper; she was enveloping a second blue monster in a paper handkerchief. "You may feel like it later on . . . well, anyway, keep it for an emergency. Acts in ten min-



"Don't just stand there — call him!"

utes." She pushed it into his hand. It would be pointless to refuse. Amaryllis made a tyranny of these gifts, just as his wife Jean made a tyranny of food. At least, he thought, Amaryllis couldn't make him feel as guilty as Jean did for refusing a second helping. And she couldn't, thank goodness, implore him to eat the blue pill while it was hot.

He slipped it into his breast-pocket. There were moments in the day when he remembered it. Once when he was called unexpectedly to the board room with a poster for some beef extract clients (it was a long walk, past the big boys sitting at ease around the table to Mr. Grice in the chairman's chair); and again when Hobby sent out a signal for "last minute Chibbo inspirations."

And the third time was when he came up the steps from the tube into his own garden suburb, and realised that now he had truly lost his gloves.

He walked up the avenue, drooping. With a glass of water to hand, he would have swallowed the magic monster at once. Jean had given him the gloves for Christmas. He wasn't afraid of Jean; he was afraid of hurting her; and he seemed to do it so often. He would have to tell her that he had left the gloves on his desk.

How—oh how, would it feel to be somebody who couldn't care less? There she was, at the gate of the little garden, waiting for him, with the dog. Two devoted Scots, anxious and vulnerable, and to be loved. He embraced them both.

"Look at the forsythia, James . . . Isn't it a lovely evening after the rain?" Then the doom: "Dinner's ready . . . You'll be quick now, won't you?"

She was a wonderful cook, he reflected sadly in the bathroom. And a teetotaler. If only she were a lot less wonderful and liked a drink . . . And the hustle was surely accelerating every year. Last year he could remember a breather of at least ten minutes, time

to drink a gin. Now he had barely time to pour the drink and bring it to the table.

"But, you ass," said James to James. "Why not tell her? Why go on putting up with it?"

Just his dilemma; the hesitant foot that never came down; the rebel thought that hung inside his head while the words went their appealing way. He found himself thinking of the girl in the tobacconist's; he was conducting a haughty dialogue with her when the call came up the stairs: "Ready, James!"

Here was the regular pattern. The reproachful "Oh . . . I could have kept it in the oven," as he poured his drink; her restlessly tapping fingers; the agony of pride and anxiety in her eyes as she served him; the infuriating "Eat it while it's hot," as he dashed down the gin. Next there was her obligation to explain the food, just what was in it, just how she had dealt with it. He ate the first course always to an orchestral accompaniment of cooking detail. (Paprika, roux and a rolling boil; baste and fold and fennel; cloves, court bouillon, capers.)

He began as ever to have two kinds of indigestion—one in his head and one lower down. Once again he failed her over the second helping. Once again, after a show of abject grief, she embarked on the health probe.

In short bursts, like machine-gun fire, the answers formed and were discarded: "I have no headache. I am not starting a cold. I haven't caught something at the office. I am tired. Get it? Tired. The dinner's fine. And I can't eat it. Not without a drink first. Not without two drinks first. Half an hour to relax over two drinks. That's all I ask." But he didn't ask it.

"Ah, well . . ." Jean said, and sighed; she had run down like a clock. She brought the banana pudding. ("Your old favorite.") "Was it today they saw your wee doggies?"

"It was." "What happened?" "Nothing. Hobby doesn't like them."

He should have broken it more gently. Now she was waiting at him.

"Well, there it is," said James. "Or, more accurately, there it isn't."

He looked away from the great tears on her lashes. While she was making the coffee, he sneaked upstairs to take his vitamins. Jean saw them as a reflection on her cooking and he was obliged to keep them at the back of the medicine cupboard in the bathroom.

When he came downstairs, she said, "You know what you ought to do . . . go over Hobby's head and take the scheme straight to Mr. Grice."

The television play was concerned with a little Welsh schoolmaster of courage and integrity, who won out.

His dreams, always important to James, were of this, and of large dogs obstinately preferring blue pills to Chibbo.

"Acts in ten minutes," he reminded himself as he strode down the avenue. He felt nothing yet but an acute anxiety. Should he, perhaps, have asked Amaryllis whether the bucker-upper combined favorably with the two vitamin capsules? Perhaps it should have been taken on an empty stomach and not after breakfast . . . He swallowed nervously. Was this dryness in his throat a signal that the magic effects were on their way? He felt a little dizzy, but that was routine after the third cup of black coffee, drunk, as usual, over Jean's dead body.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1958



# Change of Address

A COMPLETE  
SHORT STORY

By  
ROBERT ARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

**M**RS. HOLLINS was a positive woman. "That house," she said in her usual positive tone of voice, "is only fit for murder."

Mr. Hollins, who was a short, rotund man with a merry twinkle in his eyes, chuckled.

"You've been reading too many books, Jocasta," he said. "It looks quite a good house, really. Of course, it needs a few repairs. Otherwise it wouldn't be available these days, would it, Mr. Smiley?"

Mr. Smiley, the real-estate agent from Port Oro, snapped his fingers.

"That's it, Mr. Hollins!" he said. "If that house was in tip-top shape it would have been rented long ago."

It could not be denied that the house, two stories with an exterior of stained shingles, needed repair. Green lichens stained the roof, and the front porch threatened collapse. Mrs. Hollins remarked as much.

"Details, my dear, details," Mr. Hollins said. "Look how cosily it nestles into the cliff! Notice how wide the beach in front of it is! See how those Pacific combers come rolling in, boom, boom, boom! Smell the ocean air!"

He drew in a deep breath.

"Fresh air, quiet, seclusion!" he said. "California climate! Why, I feel like a new man already."

Mrs. Hollins, who was tall and angular, sniffed.

"If by fresh air you mean the smell of deceased fish, I agree," she stated. "As for the cliff, it will cut off the sunshine for all except a few hours a day. As for the ocean, I always thought the Pacific was blue, not grey. As for the beach—"

But Mr. Hollins was moving briskly after the real-estate agent.

"We'll see the inside before we make up our minds," he cried. "You say this place has a furnace, Mr. Smiley?"

Mr. Smiley showed them the furnace—sound, if rusty, owing to a certain dampness that came from the earth floor of the cellar.

"Not a house in twenty out here has a furnace," Mr. Smiley said impressively. "It's the great feature of this place. Any time a chilly snap comes along you just light up and there you are, snug and warm. And if you want to get rid of the dampness, there's nothing to it. Just put in a cement floor, that's all."

"Of course!" Mr. Hollins said, hopping round excitedly. "A cement floor. Exactly! It'll fix everything. Now let's see the upstairs, eh, my dear? Although I already know I like this house—like it very much."

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Mrs. Hollins remained sceptical, even though her husband was hopping round excitedly in complete agreement with the agent.

Mr. Smiley, more optimistic, showed them the rest of the house.

"You see, pet?" remarked Mr. Hollins when they had finished. "Not bad, not bad at all. Rooms are a very nice size, kitchen is quite modern, the plumbing works, the floors don't squeak—some paint and polish and it'll be charming, really quite a little love nest." He even did a little dance step, such was his exuberance. "We'll take it, Mr. Smiley, we'll take it!"

"You might consult me on the matter," Mrs. Hollins said. "Since presumably I will have to live here, too. If there were any place else available—"

"But there isn't," Mr. Hollins cried. "Is there, Mr. Smiley? Not another place available in this part of California!"

"Not at this rent," Mr. Smiley boomed. "At the price it's a bargain, Mrs. Hollins; it's a steal. Of course, if you want to go to two hundred a month, maybe three hundred—"

"Out of the question, entirely out of the

question," Mr. Hollins sang. "Tell me, is it for sale, perhaps?"

"For sale?" Mr. Smiley shook his head. "Not on the market, Mr. Hollins. Owner doesn't want to sell. Lives up in Seattle now. Retired hardware man—name of Wilson. Came here for his health, four, five years ago—just like you. Bought the house and moved in. But then he and Mrs. Wilson broke off. They quarrelled, and she went to live with a sister in Texas."

"Texas?" carolled Mr. Hollins. "Wonderful place, Texas. Big. Rugged. But not like California. So he won't sell, eh?"

"He says maybe his wife will change her mind and come back to him," Mr. Smiley said. "He wants to keep the house in case she does. Sentimental. But maybe he feels different since I wrote him last. I can ask him again and see."

"Do!" Mr. Hollins urged. "Do, Mr. Smiley, and let me know what he says. Meanwhile we'll rent it, eh, Jocasta? We'll move in tomorrow and begin a new life together, tra la, tra la!"

Mrs. Hollins cast him a glance.

"You've been acting very strangely ever since we left Philadelphia," she sniffed. "Could it possibly be, Andrew, that that little typist is—"

"Typist," said Mr. Hollins, looking surprised. "What typist? Oh, you mean that little thing with the blond hair—or was it red? How she wept when I discharged her! I wonder whatever became of her! I hope, I do hope she didn't commit suicide."

Mrs. Hollins' lips tightened.

"Very well," she said. "For six months, I promised you six months in California—then we go back to Philadelphia. And never mind asking the owner if this place is for sale, Mr. Smiley. Six months is all we're staying, not one minute longer."

"You'll see, my dear, you'll see," Mr. Hollins promised gaily. "You'll change your mind; I'm sure you will. Listen to those waves; just listen to them—boom, boom,

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# THE LONELY SHORE

Fourth long instalment  
of our Australian serial

By **FREDA VINES**

**H**ANDSOME JONATHAN PARKES, the captain of one of the American whalers which have made their base on the coast of Western Australia, has fallen in love with ELIZABETH FARNSBY, the eldest daughter of an English settler family, but her father, peppery CAPTAIN FARNSBY, disapproves of him and refuses to listen to Jonathan's request for Elizabeth's hand in marriage. Before Elizabeth can confess the truth to Jonathan, her father tells him that she has promised to marry young MARK GILBERT, an English surveyor. Jonathan does not know that Elizabeth only consented to the marriage because she thinks Jonathan did not try to see her during her illness following a native attack on the Farnsby house, but she did not know her father had refused to allow Jonathan to enter the house.

Finally Jonathan persuades Elizabeth to elope with him, but when they arrive in Perth they find the authorities will not give them a licence to marry without a witness known to them. Elizabeth is forced to beg Mark to help them, which he does although his heart is broken by Elizabeth's decision. Aboard the whaler Silver Spray, Elizabeth enjoys her adventurous life with Jonathan, but their idyll is ended when Jonathan, in a whale hunt, is killed saving the life of an evil seaman, BRASS, whose actions had caused the native uprising.

Elizabeth returns to her parents, but after a year she marries Mark Gilbert, who has never ceased to love her.

Although he does not find happiness with Elizabeth, he is to find at least some satisfaction, for the Surveyor-General, LIEUTENANT ROE, has decided to ask him to lead an expedition to the north-west of the colony in order to discover new territory. NOW READ ON:

**A** FEW days later Mark was summoned into his chief's office, and went in with no more than a casual survey in his mind as to any possible sin of omission he may have committed to bring the ire of the Surveyor-General on his head.

Lieutenant Roe finished reading over the letter he had just written; set his signature to it in his neat hand, and sat back in his chair. "Well, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Yes, sir?" queried Mark patiently, looking with some affection at the sparse figure before him.

"Would you be interested in an expedition for detailed exploration of the north-west coast, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Sir!" A light flashed into Mark's face. "Nothing could be more pleasing to me, sir."

"Good!" said the Surveyor-General.

"Who would be in charge of the expedition? Yourself, sir?" inquired Mark.

"You would. I have suggested your name as a suitable person to His Excellency, and, subject to the approval of the Legislative Council, of course, it has been approved."

For a moment the thin face with the goatee beard blurred before Mark's eyes. It could not be true—that he at last should be leader of an expedition, with a chance to be first to step into new horizons. He swallowed, and then said slowly:

"Mr. Roe, there are no words to tell you of my appreciation of your recommendation."

"Pff!" The Surveyor-General stood up. "You can depend on it, Mr. Gilbert, your name would not have been suggested had I not thought you were sufficiently capable."

"Thank you, sir."

"With a schooner—the Mary Dean is my suggestion, as she is a stout ship and her master, Joshua Smith, is well known to be a reliable fellow—you would conduct expeditions penetrating inland along the coast, some way south of that area covered by Lieutenant Grey. There would be a land party of six or seven, ponies, and some sheep supplied—also provisions for a trip of some four or five months' duration."

Lieutenant Roe was again striding his imaginary quarter-deck.

"Such a period should provide you with ample time. It would be beneficial if you could conclude your investigations in less—we have need of favorable reports of the country to attract the immediate interest and benevolence of Her Majesty's Government. We would"—he smiled slightly—"welcome the discovery of an Eldorado in your travels."

"When did you wish the expedition to take place?" asked Mark eagerly.

"As soon as you could make suitable preparations."

Mark calculated rapidly. "Within the month, sir?"

"That was my opinion," agreed John Roe.

They discussed plans, but towards the conclusion of the interview Mark fell silent and bit his lip.

John Roe, noticing his preoccupation, wondered what it was young Gilbert hesitated to ask.

"Well?" he asked at last.

"Would you, sir, be good enough to give your permission for—" Mark reddened painfully—"for my wife to accompany me on the schooner."

"I consider it most inadvisable," said the Surveyor-General coldly. With Peter Broun's gentle gibe fresh in his mind, he was more than a little disappointed that Mark should suggest such a thing. He said sharply: "A female, however courageous, would nevertheless have an adverse effect on any such venture, owing to the special consideration that would have to be given her in deference to her sex. This special consideration could easily entail extra privations for the male members of the party should hardships be encountered. I should have thought you would have been aware of that yourself, Mr. Gilbert."

"I am afraid I did not give the matter sufficient thought, sir. I am sorry," said Mark, abashed. What, he wondered, had urged him to speak on so absurd an impulse? There was an awkward pause, then Mark said: "Tomorrow, sir, if you think it advisable, I shall visit Fremantle and make the acquaintance of Captain Smith."

"The sooner the better," agreed Roe, happy to change the subject. "You will have a free hand in all you wish to do, but refer to me if you have any trouble regarding the securing of supplies and livestock."

Mark went back to his room walking on air. Leader of the expedition! What an honor! If only, he thought with a sigh, Elizabeth would share his joy and feel some pride in him. Glad she would probably be, but only in the thought that the expedition would take him away from Perth for some months.

He sat unseeing before his unfinished plan and sighed again, some of the brightness gone from his day. He had been so sure that his love would be strong enough for both of them, but now he knew how miserably mistaken he had been.

Yet could he altogether blame her? Heaven knew she had been frank enough with him when he had asked her to marry him.

"I do not love you, Mark," she had told him flatly. "If I

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ILLUSTRATED  
BY MILLS



Aubrey Simpson lay senseless on the ground while Elizabeth, thrown from her horse, knew she would be the spearman's next victim.

married you it would be for the basest of reasons." She smiled bitterly at his look of inquiry.

"Poverty is not ennobling, Mark. I am aware that to my family I represent an extra mouth to feed, and that Amelia, Annette, and Charles lack so much I enjoyed, for we were not so impoverished when I was their age. Marriage to you, Mark, would make a great difference to all, as mama has not been slow to point out."

He knew she was speaking nothing more than the truth, but, with his face white and set, had said steadily enough: "If you wish to sell yourself, I am a ready purchaser, Elizabeth."

"Very well, then, Mark," she had said indifferently, and her lips had been cool and still under his own.

But a few days before their wedding she had repented of her bargain, and begged him to end the engagement. He still felt a little sick when he remembered her desperation; her hands clutching his arms; her imploring cry: "Let me go, Mark! Let me go!"

He had refused to listen to her, telling her that her panic was only occasioned by the nearness of their marriage, but she had continued her plea: "Mark, can you not understand? I should never have consented to this—I know now I will make you as unhappy as myself. My heart died with Jonathan, Mark—I can love no one else. Not you, nor anyone. Set me free. Let us tell mama and papa that there will be no wedding, before it is too late."

Anger had swept over him suddenly, so that he was without pity for her—and he pushed aside her clinging hands. "No!" he said sharply. "We will tell them nothing of the sort!"

She had stared at him in disbelief—Mark, who had always been so eager to do her bidding.

He hurried on, angrily: "Once you asked me to release you and I bowed to your wishes and did what I could to give you the happiness you sought. But this time it is different. I have no wish to be the laughing-stock of the colony and an object for pity once more, Elizabeth. Nor that your parents should know pain and embarrassment. Furthermore, the occasion shall not arise!"

She had looked at him—her eyes dark with despair and hatred.

"Very well, Mark," she had said at last, slowly. "The matter seems to be out of my hands. I wish for your sake that I felt the esteem for you that your persistence merits."

"Some day you will," he said. He had believed that then. Now he was not sure any more . . .

The wedding had been as big a success as Mrs. Farnsby had dreamed. Even the Cliftons had come from the new Australind settlement, riding in an ox-cart with featherbeds to soften the roughness of the ride. All the local settlers had been there, and afterwards he and Elizabeth had travelled on horseback to Perth. Far better, he had thought, than renewing her memories of Jonathan with a trip by sea.

Ah well, he could have saved himself the trouble, for he knew now that Jonathan was far more real to her in death than he and their marriage.

He wondered how it had been possible for his dreams of possessing Elizabeth to have become such bitter reality.

What sort of man was he that his wife remained indifferent to him? Mark wondered with a growing sense of failure. Lately Elizabeth had seemed increasingly sunk in apathy, her first enthusiasm of visiting and shopping having worn off, and, apart from a daily ride in the bush, scarcely bothered to leave the house.

He wondered whether she would care to have her sisters visit her while he was away, or would prefer to go home. Then he thrust his uncomfortable thoughts aside, and worked late into the afternoon. It was nearly six when he reached the ferry at the foot of Mill Street, where the old boatman sat nodding in his shed.

"Goodnight to 'e, Mr. Gilbert," he said. "Ye be late to-night, sir."

Reaching the other side and paying the old man, Mark said goodnight and stepped off through the trees, while the faint splash of oars receded to his ears. The December stars were bright and close at hand—their light sufficient to put a sheen on the river's velvet and outline the sails on Shen-

ton's Mill. A few steps farther and Mark came into view of the lights of his own home.

He was proud of the white stone Georgian house—far superior to any other house in the colony. When Elizabeth brought him news of her impending marriage to Jonathan it had scarcely been above the foundation stones, but he had gone on with it, stubbornly ignoring the pity and amusement of the settlers. On the day it was completed he moved in, being lucky enough to secure the services of a respectable married couple as manservant and cook.

The man, John Pearce, opened the door to him and took his hat. Mark, busy with his own thoughts, did not notice that the white-haired servant was a little distraught and was already heading for the stairs when Pearce put a hand on his arm.

"Sir," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"What is it, Pearce?"

"Begging your pardon, sir—I don't want to be telling tales out o' school as it were—but I thought you should know—"

"What?" asked Mark patiently.

"That there Brass was here again today, sir!"

"Brass?" asked Mark sharply. "I ordered the fellow off the premises six months ago."

Pearce shook his head.

"He's been here several times lately, sir. I told the mistress you had ordered him off, but she said it was her responsibility. I would have told you before, sir—but I did not like to say anything."

"How the devil did she meet with him?" asked Mark in dismay.

"I don't know, sir. By chance, out riding, I think. I hope you will forgive me, sir, for the liberty I took in telling you . . ."

"Thank you, Pearce. I know you mean well. I shall mention the matter to Mrs. Gilbert."

Pearce still looked worried. "What she'll think of me for blabbing I don't know."

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# A time for loving

A short short story by JANE CAUSEWAY

I had started over breakfast. Jill had said firmly, "This week, whatever the bills, I buy a skirt."

Andrew Farrar, his eyes on the headlines, had asked: "Why?"

"Why?" His wife had stared at him. "Darling, you're not blind. You must have seen how often I wear this skirt."

Andrew had said mildly, "It seemed a perfectly nice skirt."

"It is a perfectly nice skirt. It just so happens that it's the only one I've got." Jill's voice rose a fraction. "I know it may sound strange to you, but a woman gets tired of waking up every morning and knowing exactly what she's going to wear."

"If, her husband had said carefully, "you bought new clothes as seldom as I do you'd have something to moan about."

"All right. Tell me when I bought any new clothes. Tell me."

"Last week."

"Oh, for pity's sake! A dreary little slip to go under my red dress. And I only got that because without it I looked indecent."

Andrew had said with dangerous quietness: "I didn't say you didn't need it. I simply wanted to point out that you bought it last week, whereas I don't think I've even bought a shirt since we've been married."

Knowing that she was being unfair she had said, "Well, it's nothing to do with me if you want to look like a tramp."

It had been at that point that Andrew had put down his newspaper and the quarrel, pointed, bitter, and with no holds barred, had started. It had ended inconclusively with Andrew going to the office white-faced and silent and Jill sobbing wildly from fury and remorse as she washed up the breakfast dishes in the kitchen sink.

"It isn't as though we've — well, had a row about this before," Jill confided to her friend, Prudence Holman, later on that day. "I mean — it just started out of the blue."

Prudence eyed her narrowly. Then she asked, "How long have you and Andy been married?"

"Just over four years. That's what's worried me. Andy and I have never quarrelled at all until this year. Then for some reason or other we started." She made a small, hopeless gesture.

"I know. I think it gets that way with everybody sooner or later," Prudence smiled rather wryly. "There's a good old-fashioned phrase for it. About the gilt wearing off the gingerbread."

"I suppose," Jill told her friend, "that it depends what you mean by 'the gilt wearing off the gingerbread.' If you mean am I tired of marriage, the answer's: no, I'm not. It's just that —"

"That now you don't necessarily find it fun."

Jill managed a small smile. Then she shrugged her shoulders resignedly. "It sounds awful, Pru, but I think you've rather put your finger on the trouble. We just don't have fun any more. There just never seems time. And you know how it is. We're always broke."

Pru said in surprise: "What, really broke? I thought Andy had a good job."

"It's not bad," Jill agreed. "Only there have always been so many expenses. Saving for the deposit on this house. Then when we'd managed that there was the furniture—to say nothing of baby clothes and things for Gerry, who'd arrived. Then Andy got worried about what I'd do if anything happened to him and he took out a lot of insurance—"

"Do you," Prudence asked, "have enough left over to eat?"

Jill laughed. "I suppose it does sound as though we make life hard for ourselves, but," she hesitated and then went on, "you see, Andy's terribly keen to make up for lost time. He was going to be a doctor, you know. Only halfway through his training his father died and there wasn't any money to carry on with that. So, instead, he took a job in a big store in the hope he could work his way up."

"But he has, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes," Jill agreed. "He's an assistant buyer now. But still, taken all round, it's not surprising Andy's always worrying about making up for lost time."

Prudence said doubtfully: "I suppose it's understandable." She thought for a moment and then added, "What particular savings project are you on now?"

"Getting the outside of the house painted. The men are due to start tomorrow. And after that a new bathroom."

Prudence said bluntly, "Where will it stop? It's no wonder you snap at each other."

"We'd probably snap a great deal more if there wasn't any money to pay the bills," Jill said.

She had meant what she said, but standing alone in the little kitchen after Prudence had gone she found herself conscious of a tiny doubt. Just how long was it since she and Andy had had any fun, she wondered. Real dressing up and going out together fun.

"But can't you see? It's no wonder you snap at each other."

That was what Prudence had said, Jill thought. And quite suddenly she knew in her heart that she was right. If she hadn't been so blind, she told herself bitterly, she'd have realised the truth of it for herself months ago.

Moved by a sudden impulse she wasn't sure she understood, Jill went to the telephone. Rather as though it were someone else talking, she listened to her own voice ask for Prudence Holman's number.

"Hello."

"Pru, it's me." Jill was rather pleased to hear how casual she sounded. "Look, I know it's rather short notice, but do you think you could possibly help out with a baby sit tonight?"

Over the line Prudence's voice said regretfully: "Jill, I can't. Bill's away on business and I've got my own bunch to look after." She added, "But I've got a spare bed. Why don't you bring him over to my place and let him spend the night here?"

Jill's heart gave a leap. "Are you sure that would be all right?"

"Of course, silly! Where are you going?"

"Frankly," Jill confessed, "I haven't the faintest idea. Do you think it matters?"



*Before they knew it they were really quarrelling, and Jill's voice rose a little as she said, "All right, tell me when I last had any new clothes?"*

"Not a bit!" Pru's voice said. "And if Gerry's staying with me at least you don't have to worry what time you get back. How did Andy take the news?"

"Andy," Jill said, "doesn't know yet."

He still didn't know, she realised with an uncomfortable feeling of apprehension when she met him that evening in the lounge of the hotel opposite his office. She had phoned him to ask him to meet her. She remembered the things they had said to each other only that morning and she smiled quickly at him to cover up her sudden fear.

"Hello, darling."

"Hello." His smile was there. Cautious but undoubtedly there.

"Everything all right?"

Jill nodded. "Yes — everything's perfectly all right. It was just that I've parked Gerry for the night with Pru and I thought you might like to take me out."

Andy asked her dryly: "It's a wonderful idea. If you feel like taking in a cinema —"

"I thought," Jill told him, "that we might go to the place we went to the day before we were married."

"The Havana?" Andy stared at her in surprise. Then he grinned. "Darling, it costs the earth even to sit down in there. We can't possibly afford it."

Quickly, so that no one else would see, Jill slipped a wad of pound notes across to him.

"Take it out of that," she told him. And then, remembering, she added, "And seeing we've got plenty

of time I thought we might as well go to see a play first."

Andy stared at the money blankly. "Jill — don't tell me you won a sweepstake?"

She laughed and said lightly, "I'm not telling you where it came from. Enjoy it, that's all. Enjoy it. And spend it."

For one dreadful moment she thought that he was going to tell her that there were better things they could do with the money. Sensible things.

Then suddenly he smiled. "Just as you say." He caught the waiter's eye. "Two champagne cocktails, please."

Jill held out two pink tickets. "I ordered these by phone and picked them up on the way to meet you. We're going to see that musical at the Royal, and we — well, we have a box!"

"Jill!" He literally seemed to be lost for words.

Her eyes beseeched him. He didn't understand, but somehow he sensed it was very important to her that he should go along with this crazy evening.

"It was a wonderful idea. What time does the show start?"

Seven or eight hours later their taxi dropped them in the darkness outside their front door.

Andy put his arm round her. "Have a good time, Cinderella?"

She leaned against him. "Yes," she said softly.

And then his arms were round her and he was kissing her.

When at last he let her go, Jill laughed shakily. "Darling — don't you think we might go inside?"

"I suppose so," he added regretfully. "It's late. And the painters are coming tomorrow."

Jill said slowly: "No — they're not coming."

He stared at her. "Why not?"

"Because I stopped them. The money we spent, Andy. It — it wasn't anything I won. I took it out of the money we'd saved to paint the house."

"You took —" Andy stopped himself abruptly. "But why?"

"Because," Jill told him, "I thought it was time we spent a little money on our marriage instead of on the house. Our money bought something a lot better than paint. It bought time. Time to talk to each other. To have fun. To be married in. Darling, what's the good of living in a nicely painted house if it isn't a home?"

He looked down at her without speaking and then he bent down and kissed her once more. Very gently. Very tenderly.

"Let's go inside, Cinderella," he said. "Let's go home."

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# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM a 15-year-old girl, and I have never been out with a boy as my partner. I am going to a party where there will be dancing after a barbecue. I have to take a partner, and I have asked a nice boy, aged 17, from our church. My parents know him and his parents and approve of him, but I have been told by several of my girl-friends who have been out with him that he is rather 'fast.' They say that he always tries to kiss them good-night, because he has a car and can bring them home in it. He will be bringing me home, and what will I do if he tries to kiss me, as I've never been kissed before and my parents don't approve of it yet, as they say I'm too young. My school-friends think I'm quite a baby because I've never been kissed. They go to the pictures nearly every Saturday and hug and neck with boys. I think this is awful. Could you tell me what to do if he wants to kiss me, please?"

"Too Young," S.A.

I don't think he'll try to kiss you good-night. You've got nothing to worry about.

It is a funny thing, but a boy's behaviour depends on the girl he is with. She sets the note. If she is friendly and easy to get on with, so is he; if she is too friendly, he is too friendly, too. It is obvious that your girl-friends are not only jealous of your going out with this boy, they're also the "too friendly" types. Hugging and necking at the pictures might make them very popular, but it's a popularity that has quite the wrong quality and that in a few years would leave them without any nice friends, because they're regarded as "fast."

Enjoy yourself at the party, and when you get home say something like "Thank you very much for taking me; I have enjoyed myself because you looked after me so well," and go inside.

But don't condemn him if he does try to kiss you good-night. Many boys feel exactly the way you do about kissing a girl good-night, but they kiss them just the same because they think girls expect them to and that they're a bit sooky if they don't.

"AS my sister has just married I have a few problems to solve. The main one is that when greeting my sister and brother-in-law after holidays or similar absences I kiss my sister but I don't know how to greet my brother-in-law. Should I just say a plain

## A word from Debbie...



• Learning to be a good guest is one of the first steps towards social success. This list might help you on your way towards greater popularity and more invitations, which means a much happier summer.

DO eat without fuss what is provided; Be neat and orderly. Hang your clothes up; don't drop them on the floor or drape them around; Leave the bathroom as you find it; Dress before breakfast; Write a thank-you note to your hostess as soon as you get home.

DON'T borrow toilet accessories or, indeed, anything from your hostess or her daughter; Use the telephone unnecessarily; Make extra work for the hostess; Help yourself to food and drink between meals.

"bullo" with a smile or kiss him likewise? I would also like to know what salutation I would use when writing a letter to them. We have always called each other by nicknames and so you see when including my brother-in-law, who is a serious type, it becomes a problem."

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

You have no problems, they are only in your mind. Your sister's marriage makes no difference to the way you address her, and until you find a nickname for your brother-in-law, just say "Dear Buzz and Bill" or whatever their names are.

Greeting is another thing again. It depends largely on family custom. I'd kiss your sister and just say, "Hullo, Bill, how are you?" unless the family is going to think you are queer if you don't kiss him. How would you greet your own brother on such an occasion? After all, that is what your brother-in-law has become, a courtesy brother, who should receive all the family courtesies given by custom within the family.

"MY fiance has broken off our engagement. I do not like him wearing panama hats and bright sports shirts, and every time he buys a new shirt it is a colored one. I send him back to the shop to change it for a white one with long sleeves. Another matter: I did not ever allow him to take me to the pictures unless he wore a white shirt with a tie and coat. He always wants to wear a light short-sleeved sports shirt. He says it is too hot for a coat. When he broke our engagement he came in a short-sleeved pale blue shirt and a panama hat. He said: 'What would you do if I told you to wear only white dresses and no lipstick or powder?' What shall I do to renew our engagement?"

"Goldband," N.S.W.

I'm sure you've had your chips with that young man and I don't wonder. You couldn't renew the engagement. Obviously you and he just don't think the same about anything. Try to get a new boy who has the same outlook as you have.

"WE are two girls of 15 and are quite plump and nothing to look at. We both have the same habit of saying 'trick' to everything and we get terrible fits of laughter when we talk to our friends. We would like you to advise us, please, how to overcome this embarrassing habit."

"Mildly Perturbed," N.S.W.

All schoolgirls are seized with fits of the giggles. It's a phase they go through. I wouldn't worry about it. But this business of saying "trick" to everything sounds the rock-bottom to me. Think of a new word.

BERNARD FLETCHER.

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# Worth Reporting

**M**ELBOURNE traveller Fred Dennett is back from abroad, raving about a new London food service. You pick up the phone and dial CHICKEN — no numbers to remember — and give an order for any kind of meal to be delivered in half an hour.

"Oysters, lobster, hot and cold poultry, soups, grills, curries, or whatever you like, are delivered by waiters on fast motor-scooters," said Mr. Dennett.

"If you decide at midnight to go picnicking next day you can have hampers, complete with plates, cups, salt, pepper, and sugar, all in transparent plastic containers, delivered before you leave."

The catering firm, which is in Dover Street, off Piccadilly, bought its CHICKEN phone number from a subscriber whose number formed the word chicken. All Chiswick numbers are prefixed with CHI, and they searched for the man whose numbers coincided with CKEN.

## 6 o'clock rush wins a prize

**T**HE good old Aussie custom the after-work beer does more than quench the thirst. Last week in Melbourne it won a £200 prize as the subject of a painting illustrating the Australian way of life.

Artist Noel Counihan was awarded the John McCaughey Art Prize for his painting, "After Work," of two men in a hotel bar.

The prize, founded last year by Miss Mona McCaughey in memory of her father, the late John McCaughey, N.S.W. pastoralist, has alternate subjects each year. Last year the subject was landscape; this year, Australian life with figures.

"Counihan is a social realist," said Eric Westbrook, Victorian National Gallery director, who was one of the judges. "He is concerned with life as he sees it, not with prettiness."

Counihan, a political cartoonist and illustrator, was born in Sydney in 1913 and now lives in Melbourne with his wife and two children.



"I received a sharp letter from the bank—it seems you're not keeping up with your deposits."

## DON'T thank make-up man

**T**ELEVISION in America is developing a set of theatrical superstitions, according to glamor TV star Lisa Ferraday, who recently spent a few days in Adelaide on a honeymoon with her business-tycoon husband, John W. Anderson, of Detroit.

"You never thank the make-up man when he's finished his job on your face," said Lisa, who ran the C.B.S. show "Dinner with Lisa" for two years in New York. "You smile sweetly at him and say anything but thank you."

"If you whistle before going on, someone is sure to make a bad blue during the show."

"And the producer sends his cast on with the words, 'break a leg and have a good show.' No one must ever say 'good luck'."

Mrs. Anderson told us a story about her husband's grandfather, the first John W. Anderson.

As a struggling attorney in Detroit, he was visited one day by a little man claiming he had invented a new-model car.

He had been sent from a large, well-established firm of attorneys down the passage who were "far too busy to attend to such a small matter."

The little man was Henry Ford with the plans for his T model. John Anderson drew up a contract for him and subsequently invested 5000 dollars in the new business.

The two families have been friends ever since.

## World interest in bone glue

**N**OW the Pan-Pacific Rehabilitation Conference in Sydney is over, Dr. Menelaos Dimitsas, noted Greek orthopaedic surgeon, is scampering back to Athens to organise the Rehabilitation Conference for Mediterranean Countries in Athens next June.

Dr. Dimitsas, who is 46, tall, dark, and handsome, is senior orthopaedic surgeon at the Rehabilitation Centre operated by the Hellenic Crippled Children's Society.

He was impressed with the organisation of the Sydney Conference, and described the orthopaedic work he saw in Sydney hospitals as "perfect," and some of the work, including experimental work with bone glue, as of world interest.

Dr. Dimitsas, who says that Australia is the only country in the world where he hasn't felt a "foreigner," is married with two small sons.

## Cake recipe for a princess

**W**HAT does young Princess Anne like to eat? British children found out recently when cake expert Madame Maria Floris, let out the secret of the birthday cake she makes in her London bakery and sends each year to Buckingham Palace on August 15.

Here is the recipe for Princess Anne Cake: Take 1lb. sugar and four egg-yolks. Mix very well then add to it 2oz. ground almonds and one whole egg. Mix till very smooth and creamy.

Then whip four egg-whites till very stiff. Sift 2½oz. flour twice, then mix in alternately with the stiffly beaten egg-whites to the first mixture. Add 3½oz. melted butter.

Bake in a buttered and floured round mould in a moderate oven for 30-35 minutes. When cool, slice the cake into three layers and put filling between layers.

For filling: Mix ground almonds and 3½oz. sugar. Then mix 2½oz. melted butter and 2½oz. melted chocolate.

Place the layers on top of each other, then coat with thick apricot jam and ice with white fondant.

## Beauty in brief:

### SHORT CUTS TO GLAMOR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The girl who is known as "the late Miss Jones" because she always has to groom herself in a hurry is apt to find that her looks and popularity suffer.

**W**HEN time is pressing you can cut beauty routines down, but don't cut them out. For example, if your make-up, hair, and fingernails all need attention, concentrate on the face and hair and give the nails a minimum amount of care.

If you want to finish your hair and make-up before taking a bath, be sure to draw a tepid bath—cold water first and hot water afterwards—so that there

will be no steam to ruin your hair and face.

Always shun the shower on these occasions. A shower cap ruins the hair and steam waterlogs make-up. Instead, drape a lightweight towel or scarf over your locks while you bathe in a steamless tub.

White-collar girls can sometimes put on a new face before leaving the office. Then only a touch-up is needed at home.



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


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**PART TWO**

# DOUBLE

● The famous Morgan Twins, who became Gloria Vanderbilt and Thelma Lady Furness, frankly reveal the details of their romantic lives in this twin autobiography. Last week Gloria told of her marriage to Reggie Vanderbilt, the birth of little Gloria, and Reggie's sudden death. Thelma told of her brief, unhappy marriage to Junior Converse, her divorce, her subsequent marriage to Lord Furness, the British shipping magnate, known to his friends as Duke, and of her first casual meeting with the Prince of Wales.

*Thelma now continues her story:*

## Thelma's romance with the Prince of Wales

● After our marriage Duke and I spent four heavenly weeks in Scotland. The hunting-and-shooting season was not open, so I had Duke all to myself. On fine days we would get on our ponies with lunch baskets and ride through the moors for hours until we found just the right spot to picnic.

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AFTER lunch Duke sometimes would take out a spyglass and watch the stags and hinds as they roamed the moors. I wandered, picking wild-flowers.

At other times we would just lie on the heather in each others arms.

Later we went to Monte Carlo and on to Cannes, where I had an amazing run of luck.

On my first visit to the Casino at Cannes I stopped for a while and watched the play at the big table, roped off to keep the spectators from crowding the players. What I saw scared me; if I had thought the betting high at Monte this was astronomical.

I moved off to find a table where the play was lower, but I had no sooner sat down than the manager came up and said, "Lady Furness, there's a place at the big table now. Would you care to take it?"

I didn't, but I did not have the courage to say so. I was still young, inexperienced, and shy. I hesitated a second, then scooped up the 100,000 francs I had won at Monte Carlo and with all the dignity I could muster followed him to the table as if it were the most natural thing in the world for me to play in hundreds of thousands.

As the flunkey held the chair for me to sit down I

looked at the card over the table to see what was the minimum wager. "Six thousand francs," it read. Well, that's not too bad, I thought to myself, but wished it had been my lucky 3000.

As I settled down I looked around the table to see whom I was to play against. The Aga Khan was the only one I had met.

Some of the others I knew by sight: Jack Coats, sitting at the far end of the table from me, who I had been told was an English millionaire and an inveterate gambler; Gordon Selfridge, the American-born department-store tycoon of England; and Jenny Dolly.

My eyes popped. I had never seen so many jewels on any one person in my life as

on Jenny Dolly, and every one of them was an emerald. The magnificent necklace she wore around her neck must have cost a king's ransom. Her bracelets reached almost to her elbows. The solitaire ring she wore on her right hand must have been the size of a small ice-cube.

I turned and saw Duke standing behind me. The "sabot," or shoe, as the wooden box is called in chemin de fer, which holds the cards one is to deal from, was just coming around to me.

"Would you like to come in halves with me, darling?" I asked.

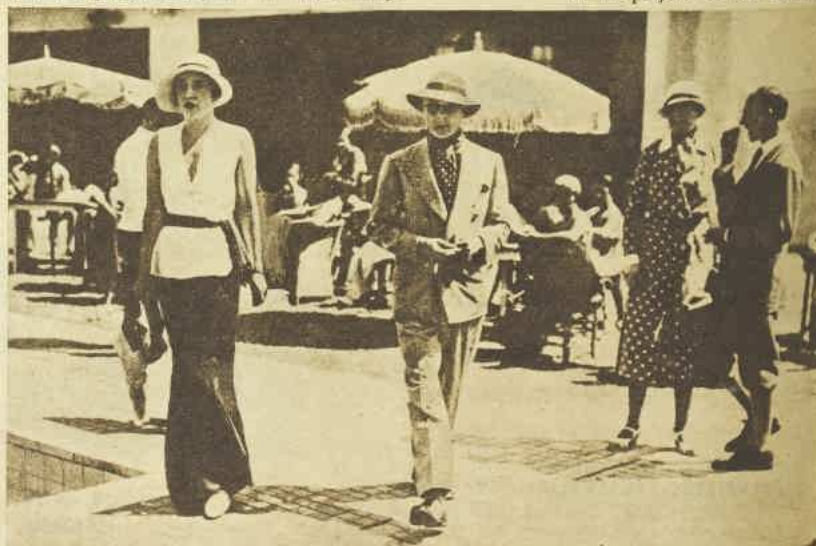
"No, thanks, I can lose quite enough on my own and have more fun doing it," Duke answered, I thought somewhat rudely.

As the croupier placed the sabot in front of me I timidly put up 6000 francs. The man on my right said, "Banco." I won. I now had 12,000 francs. At chemin de fer the bets are doubled every time one wins.

At the time I am talking about, after a player had won 40,000 francs he could ask the croupier to put 20,000 aside and play for the remaining 20,000.

I was delighted when my luck held out and I had reached that point, as I was now playing on other people's money. I had the croupier say, "Twenty thousand in the bank. Who makes this banco?"

"Banco," someone said on my left. I turned and looked at the player. It was Gordon



FROM Thelma's album, a snap of herself with the Prince of Wales on a holiday on the Riviera.



# EXPOSURE

Selfridge. I dealt him his cards and waited.

"Card, please," I heard him say. I turned mine up. I had a nine, the highest you can have. I had won again.

"I will play again," he said, "if you leave the 40,000 in the bank."

I smiled sweetly. "Why, certainly, Mr. Selfridge," I said with forced nonchalance. My heart was pounding.

"Card," I heard him say. I slowly turned mine up. A little gasp went around the table. I had won again. It wasn't so much the amount, for much higher stakes had been won and lost that night. It was for the number of times I had won. Now I was playing for 80,000 francs.

## High stakes

Jack Coats was the next to banco me. I won again! Jack, it seemed, had not learned a lesson from Mr. Selfridge. He also said he would banco again if I left the 160,000 francs in the bank. I won!

By this time my table was surrounded. The word had got around the Casino that there was a fantastic run at the big table. The players were beginning to think I was going on forever, and so did I. Again, again, and again I won!

The next hand was to be the seventeenth straight pass. How could I lose with my lucky 17? But by this time the players were frightened to play against me.

Finally a few bets of some 10,000 francs were made up around the table. Confidently I dealt the cards and to my surprise my opponent threw a nine on the table. I turned my cards over. Two Jacks stared me in the face. I had finally lost.

When the croupier handed me my winnings I was amazed to find I had won a little under a million francs — about 25,000 dollars.

Duke had also heard of the run at the big table, but in the excitement I had not noticed him standing behind me. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "Did you say something about going halves?"

"Oh, go win your own money! It's more fun."

But when we went to the bar to celebrate I paid for the champagne.

I was sorry when our stay at Cannes was coming to a close. A thaw had made hunting possible again at Melton and I knew Duke wanted to take advantage of the few remaining weeks. I hated to leave. We had had such a wonderful time.

I had never been happier. Duke, I was convinced, was the ideal husband — intelligent, determined, worldly, and fun to be with. We were blissfully happy those first few months.

I had never had so much attention showered on me. Duke's eyes rarely left me. He delighted in giving me gifts — large and small. Knowing my passion for flowers, hardly a day went by that he didn't send me some.

I was utterly content in his love and firmly believed it would always be that way.

People who didn't know Duke well may read this with some bewilderment. The impression he gave, I have been told, was that of a hardheaded businessman, finicky in his apparel, self-centred, arrogant, and quick-tempered. But to me, who knew and loved him, he was none of these things.

Duke and I went up to Scotland early in August, 1928. Not long after I thought a miracle had taken place. I was convinced I was going to have a baby.

I couldn't believe it. The doctors in New York had told me when I lost Junior's baby that it would be very unlikely for me ever to bear children.

I told Duke that night that I was going to London for a few days. I explained I'd been feeling rather tired and run down the last week or so, and thought it advisable to get a check-up.

As I left my doctor, Sir Charles Stevens, my feet hardly touched the ground. I had just been told, "Your baby will be born early in May."

As I got on the train to go back to Scotland, I thought to myself this is every woman's *raison d'être*. I now had everything in the world I had ever hoped for. This time I felt secure; my husband wanted the baby as much as I.

After Christmas I went up to London to get the nursery ready at 17 Arlington Street.

What a joy it was to see the nursery take shape! The crib, all pink and white, the bassinet — everything that could be dreamed up for a baby — were waiting for me when we arrived.

The Grande Maison de Blanc on Bond Street was filled with all sorts of enchanting baby clothes to choose from. I picked out the most beautiful layette and an exquisite christening robe, which they promised faithfully to deliver the second week in April.

We returned to Burrough Court, intending to stay there through Easter, which was very early that year, and then go back to London to await the baby.

Towards the end of March, as I walked through the garden with Puff, a little Papillon dog Gloria had given to me, I noticed Averill (Duke's daughter by his first wife) painting some garden furniture. It looked like fun, and I decided to help her.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "This is no work for a woman in your condition."

"Oh, stop fussing! I feel wonderful," I answered. I took a brush and went to work.

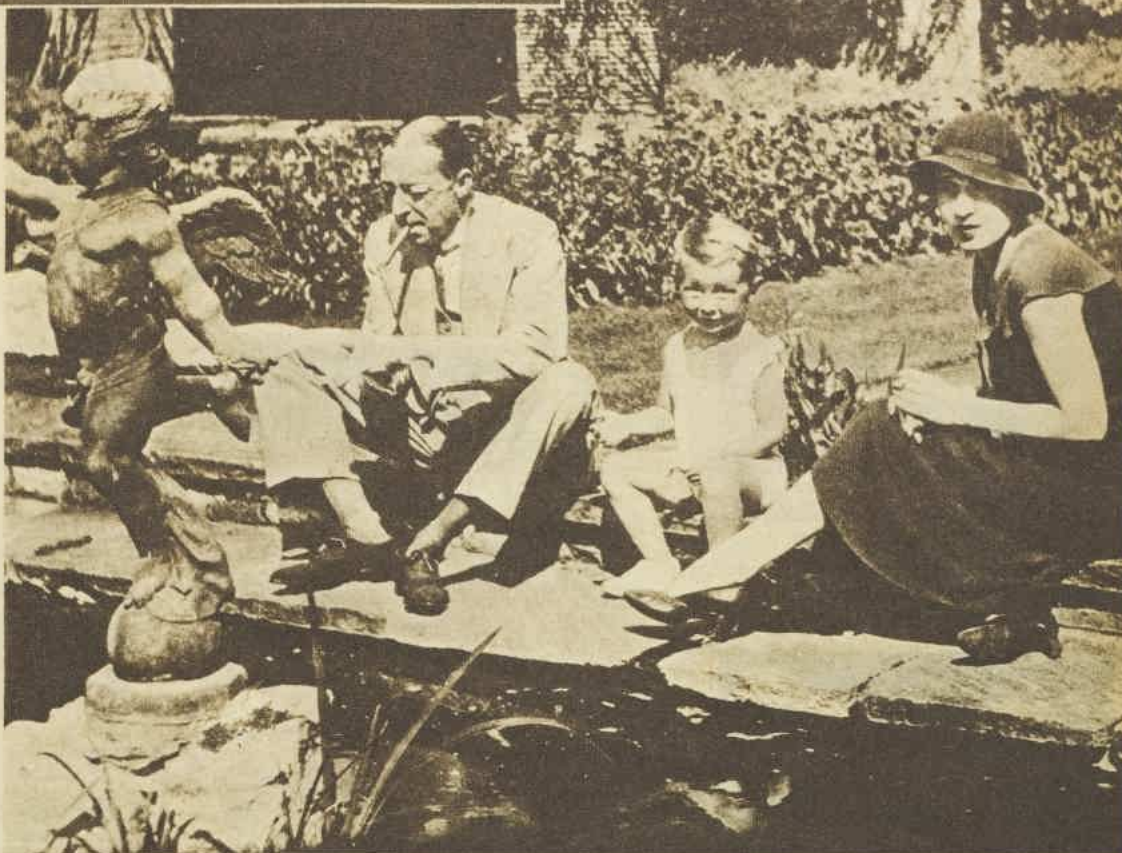
## Very ill

An hour or so later I suddenly felt very tired. "I think I'll go and freshen up for tea," I said, looking at my watch thankfully.

When I got to my room I felt very ill indeed.

I put a call through to Gav (Dr. G. T. Bulkley Gavin, Duke's best friend and confidant) in London, and was told he was out. I asked them to have him call as soon as he came in.

I then called Sir Charles



Stevens, my own gynaecologist, and was told he was out of town. I asked them to please try to reach him and have him call me.

Duke phoned Dr. Mould at Melton, who said he'd be right over. He had no sooner hung up than Gav came through and told him to tell me to stay in bed, that he was on his way.

When Dr. Mould arrived and examined me he told me the baby would be born within twenty-four hours.

Gav arrived late that night and Dr. Stevens early the following morning.

## "Beautiful boy"

The nurses who had been engaged for the month of May were, of course, not available. In the excitement all the doctors had engaged their own nurses. In consequence, I had four of them — and three doctors — hovering over me that morning.

Dr. Stevens gave me an injection. I heard Gav say, "It will be some hours yet."

The next thing I was aware of was a whimper which seemed to come from a clothes-basket next to me. "Yes, Lady Furness," said a faraway voice, "a beautiful little baby boy."

My premature delivery had been more difficult than I realised. It was more than a month before I was allowed to get up, and then for only a few hours at a time.

Duke was away a good deal that early spring, coming to Burrough only for weekends, and sometimes not even then.

Although I had lived in England nearly three years, I had never got quite used to the idea of husbands and wives accepting invitations separately.

I remember shortly after I married having lunch with Lady Carisbrook at Claridge's one day and asking her about it. In New York, I told her,

it was rare to see one's married friends having lunch or dinner *tete a tete* with a man other than their husband. In London it seemed quite the natural thing to do.

She explained that in England divorces were a much more serious matter than in the United States. A man, if divorced, would have to resign from his regiment, and, of course, was not allowed at Court; hence married couples stayed married.

A few months after my son Tony's birth Duke, Gav, and I were dining at the Embassy Club when Peggy Hopkins Joyce walked in. I turned to Duke and said, "Oh, there's Peggy Hopkins."

Duke looked at her appraisingly, then asked, "Who the hell is Peggy Hopkins?"

I laughed and told him that she was supposed to be one of the most glamorous women in America, and that she had had three or four husbands and many admirers — including my first husband.

I also told him that I had gone to California for my divorce because of her. (She was the unnamed woman in whose apartment, so the detectives informed me, Junior had whiled away so many nights.) Duke did not seem particularly impressed with her beauty and took pains to make this point clear.

## Fateful bet

I don't know what insane impulse took possession of me at that moment, but I turned to him and said, "I'll bet you ten pounds you can't get her to dance with you."

"Don't be silly," Duke said. "Why should I want to dance with her?"

"Oh, come on, old boy," Gav put in, "are you afraid she'll turn you down?"

That did it. "All right," Duke said to me, "you're got yourself a bet."

Duke caught her eye and smiled. Peggy Hopkins looked surprised and a little uneasy. She, of course, knew who I was, but was not sure of Duke. I noticed her beckon to the headwaiter and obviously ask who Duke was.

I turned to Gav and said, "Now that she knows who he is, watch me lose my bet." And sure enough the next time Duke smiled at her she smiled right back. Duke got up and walked over to her table; in a few minutes they were together on the dance floor.

Duke began to be away more and more. Rumors started to get about that all was not well in the Furness household. I, of course, was the last to hear the gossip, and even if I had heard it I would not have believed it.

A month or so after this dinner Duke came to me and said he was going to Monte Carlo. He had been working very hard and needed a rest.

I, of course, thought he meant me to go as well, but then he informed me that he had planned to go on his own. I was surprised, but did not think too much about it.

A few days later, as I was walking down Bond Street, an acquaintance of mine stopped me and said, "I'm so sorry to hear about you and Duke."

It seemed that everyone but me knew Duke was staying at Peggy Hopkins' villa in Monte Carlo and not at the Hotel de Paris as he had given me to understand.

I was stunned as I walked back home. It couldn't be! It was just malicious gossip, I thought. His daily telephone calls, I was sure, were from the hotel.

But were they? I had blissfully believed him when he told me that business had kept him away from England so much. But was it business? I asked myself now.

**THEKLA, Duke, and their son, Tony, in the garden of their home, Burrough Court. Their marriage was on the rocks, but they did not separate until late 1933.**

I had to find out. I placed a personal call to the Hotel de Paris. My heart sank as I heard the operator say, "Viscount Furness is not registered here."

I lay back on my bed and tried to think. The telephone brought me back with a start. "Lord Furness calling Lady Furness," I heard from far away, and Duke was on the telephone. His voice sounded gay and happy, but mine must have been listless, for he said, "What's the matter, darling, aren't you well?"

## "A nice rest"

I don't know what took possession of me, but I answered as cheerfully as I could. "Oh, I feel wonderful, just a little tired. I have been very gay since you've been away — parties night after night. Have you been having a nice rest?"

The phone seemed to go dead.

"Are you still there? Oh, I thought we had been cut off. I asked if you'd been having a nice rest."

"Yes, dear, and the weather's been lovely."

"That's nice for you. It's been terrible here. I must dash! Call me tomorrow." I placed the receiver back on its cradle and cried.

Parties night after night, indeed! An occasional dinner with Gav or Papa in London, weekends at Burrough with Tony and Averill, a theatre party or two with Lady Sarah Wilson, an old friend of Duke's family — this had been the extent of my gaiety.

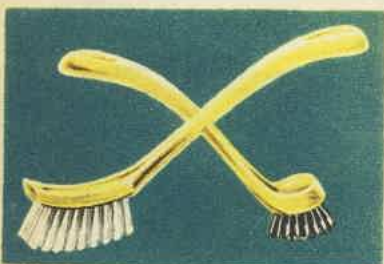
Continued on page 39



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**COLOUR-MATCHED  
DOMESTIC BRUSHES**



## Where had I failed?

Continued from page 37

Duke returned a few days after this telephone conversation. I had had time to think and had decided to say nothing about his affair, but at the same time I wanted him somehow to know that I knew.

The day after his arrival Gav, Papa, Duke, and I were having a glass of sherry before lunch when I nonchalantly opened my purse and took out a cheque made out to Duke for the sum of ten pounds.

"What's this for?"

"Have you forgotten, dear? At the Embassy Club some weeks ago I bet you ten pounds you would not get Peggy Hopkins Joyce to dance with you. Well, you won."

### More gossip

He looked puzzled as I smiled at him sweetly, adding, "You know, dear, it was only last week that I remembered the bet."

"This is ridiculous," he said as he tore the cheque up and threw it into the fireplace. "It was a silly bet, anyway, just a joke."

"Yes, I know, dear," I said, still smiling, "but the joke is on me. I lost the bet."

Turning to Gav, I said, "What a pity. I can't ever make a bet with Duke again if he's going to tear my cheques up. It only means I will have to do the same with his should I win, and I had hoped to win this one back soon."

My attitude was not as flip-pant as it may seem. I was trying desperately to grow up, to conform to my new milieu.

But soon there was more gossip. This time it was more difficult for me to close my eyes. The lady in question, now happily married, I will call Mrs. X.

She was a pretty young widow we had met at parties in London. I was heart-sick when word got back to me that Duke was being seen with her.

What had happened to us? Where had I failed? I wanted to ask Duke, but obviously this was impossible.

Our lives went on outwardly more or less the same.

But Duke made several trips that season — and not always alone. I was now deeply hurt. I had been so content. Now I found myself terribly alone and lost. I did not know what to do, or where to turn.

One day, as I was making up a guest list for a dinner party I was planning, Duke asked me to include Mrs. X. I was stunned. I looked at him in amazement. "Are you seriously asking me to invite that woman to our house, Duke?"

He looked surprised. "Why, yes. Why not?"

Why not! Didn't he realise that I knew of those numerous trips abroad with Mrs. X? Didn't he realise how miserable he had made me the past few months? And now he wanted me to receive her?

"You can make a fool of yourself if you want," I said,

"but you're not going to make one of me."

I spent most of that early summer of 1929 at Burrough with the children. Time hung heavily on my hands. Duke was away most of the time, and when he was there he was cool or distant and still persisted in going his own way.

There were continuous arguments. My emotions ran the gamut from anger to self-pity and wounded pride.

Averill knew that all was not well with her father and me. Her sympathy and understanding were a great help to me at that time, although, of course, I never discussed my problem with her.

One morning she came into my bedroom and asked me if I would like to go with her to the Leicester Fair, where she was showing her favorite hunter.

When we arrived, Averill went off to see about her hunter. I had walked through the flower show, when I saw a big crowd around one of the rings. I was curious to see what had attracted such a gathering.

I put my arms on the railing of the ring and beheld nothing but five or six prize cows. A young man was pinning a blue ribbon on one of the cows.

My mind darted back to Londonerry House, to a Viennese waltz. I smiled to myself. Here was the Prince of Wales pinning rosettes on cows. He saw me and came over.

"This is the first opportunity I've had to congratulate you on the birth of your son, Lady Furness," he said graciously.

"Thank you, sir," I answered.

"Are you at Burrough for the summer, or do you plan to come up to London at all?"

"Oh, no, sir, I go to London often. As a matter of fact, I plan to be there next week."

### Date with Prince

I don't know what made me say it, for up to that moment I had had no intention of doing any such thing.

"How nice. Will you dine with me?"

"Why, thank you, sir," I said. "I should love to."

"Will Wednesday night be all right? Fine! St. James' Palace, eight o'clock. We'll have cocktails and then go out for dinner and a dance."

There was not a word about Duke's joining us. Perhaps Duke was right, I concluded: English people thought nothing of inviting married people separately.

I said nothing to anyone about my dinner engagement with the Prince. The night before I was to go up to London, Duke, Averill, Dick, and I were dining alone. Halfway through dinner I turned to the butler and said, "Please tell Elise to pack a few things. I am going up to London for a few days."

Duke looked up. "You are going up to London?"

"Yes," I said coldly. "I have a dinner engagement tomorrow night."

Duke smiled. "May I ask with whom?"

I wanted to say, "I thought married people did not ask such silly questions." I wanted to say, "Yes, I, too, can lead my own life."

There were so many things I wanted to say, but I said only, "Why, yes. If you really want to know, I am dining with the Prince of Wales."

Dick laughed. Averill looked up and winked. Duke repeated, "With whom?"

"The Prince of Wales, dear." I smiled as I took a sip of my champagne. I didn't know whether they believed me or not and I didn't care.

I arrived at York House, St. James' Palace, at eight o'clock sharp. To my surprise there were no other guests. I looked around me. The room I found myself in was big; an enormous map of the world covered the entire far wall.

A large and beautiful Empire desk dominated the corner of the room by the window. Comfortable quilted chintz sofas had been placed on each side of the fireplace, over which hung a portrait of Queen Mary in a white evening gown wearing the Order of the Garter, a magnificent diamond tiara on her head and a fabulous diamond necklace around her neck.

### Turning-point

I found out later that this room was the Prince's private sitting-room. The state-rooms were on the ground floor.

It is exceedingly difficult, at this time, to recall the exact emotions I had as I entered the room. The moment is important; this was a turning-point in my life, even if I was not fully aware of it at the time.

It marked officially the beginning of the break-up of my marriage to Duke, although it was not until many months later, when I was sitting with the Prince beside a campfire deep in the African veldt, that this fact became clear to me.

Naturally I was excited. I was conscious of the fluttering of my pulse, of a vague sense of expectancy. At such times we have a heightened excitement, a premonition of a significant change in our lives, even though the actual image of this change is not clear. The excitement was derived more from the situation than the man.

The Prince seemed to me to be winsomely handsome. He was the quintessence of charm. And after the swaggering earthiness of Duke, the Prince's natural shyness and reserve had a distinct appeal.

We sat by the fireplace and had cocktails, while the Prince chatted pleasantly about the small things one can discuss without strain or effort.

In time he asked me where I would like to go for dinner. We decided on the Hotel Splendide, which was famous for its cuisine and its Viennese orchestra.

It was a happy choice; we both loved to waltz, and it was significant to me that our first evening together should be in three-quarter time.

Aside from a little stir

among waiters and guests as we entered, no one paid the slightest attention to us. We might have been any two young people out for an evening of pleasure.

We talked of many things; of my sister Consuelo, whom he had met in South America some years back. What fun he had had at her house; just little things like that.

The admiration in his eyes as we danced, the frank, disarming way in which he spoke, as if there had never been a time when we did not know each other, quickened my heart. It all seemed so natural, so right.

As he drove me home that night he said, "Thank you, Thelma, for a wonderful evening. Please let me call you soon again."

"Of course, sir." My reply was obvious.

Exciting days followed my memorable first evening with the Prince of Wales. I dined and danced with him several times. And I found in him what at that time I most wanted and needed.

Not only was he fascinating to me in terms of his own personality, but he was the perfect compensation for my emotional hurt.

He was the antithesis to Duke; he was an antidote for Duke. Duke was rugged, blustering, carelessly self-indulgent; the Prince was shy, gracious, meticulously considerate.

I was still at this time living as Duke's wife in our town house, but I considered my life my own. I was living according to Duke's code.

The Prince and I spent a number of evenings dining and dancing in the fashionable

London nightclubs. Naturally, when we were seen together eyebrows were raised and tongues began to wag.

We talked a great deal, but mostly about trivialities. The Prince was not a man for abstract ideas or ponderous thought; nor was he interested to any extent in the theatre, books, or art.

Our talk was mostly about people we knew or had known, and about places we knew and liked. And this was enough.

There was a special rapport that seemed to exist between us, and this rapport was intuitive; we did not have to build it slowly through a discovery together of complex issues.

### Off to Africa

This is not to say that the Prince is not complex; he is an extraordinarily complicated personality. But it is to say that his outward manner is simple and direct, and that it is easy to be with him and have an immediate liking for him without going beyond the surface.

Long before my first dinner with the Prince, Duke and I had planned a safari in Africa. And by a coincidence the Prince was to be in Nairobi, not far from us, at the time our safari was scheduled.

I was not happy at the prospect of the protracted trip with Duke or being separated a long time from the Prince, but Duke and I were still keeping up the appearances that society required and I consoled myself with the thought that the Prince would be there, too.

During this period, moreover, I was not always alone with the Prince. Duke took

**CAREFREE DAYS** for Thelma and the Prince of Wales at Fort Belvedere, his private home in Windsor Great Park.

our friendship in stride—in the sophisticated Englishman's stride.

My going out with the Prince was in no way extraordinary, and often Duke would join us—we would be seen together as a party of six or eight at the Embassy, the Kit Kat, or whatever other nightspot we chose.

At other times Duke and I would give parties at our house and the Prince would be one of the guests.

Just before I left for Africa on my first safari, the Prince gave me a little St. Christopher's medal that he had always worn around his neck on a gold chain. His mother had given him the medal, and the Prince said it would protect me on my trip.

I was deeply touched by this simple gift. I had it attached to a little diamond pin and I carry it always with me.

Our East African port of call was damp, enervating, steaming Mombasa. A dispatch bag full of mail was handed Duke. He went through it casually. "Here are some letters for you, Thelma." I recognised the Prince's handwriting. I'm sure Duke did, too, but he made no comment.

I was delighted to learn, from one of the Prince's letters, that we would have a chance to see each other in Nairobi.

Continued on page 41





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## DOUBLE EXPOSURE

## On safari with Prince

Continued from page 39

As we left Mombasa for Nairobi, hot though it was, I was in high spirits, and I was fascinated by all that I saw.

From the train window I had my first glimpse of big game—at least the first outside a zoo. Herds of giraffes galloped across the open ground. I saw zebras, kongonis, and other animals whose names I did not as yet know.

Nairobi, unlike Mombasa, was cool and dry, a divine oasis after the long, hot, trying trip.

Duke had seen to it that our safari was the last word in comfort and luxury. When we were settled in our first camp I must say that the set-up was very impressive.

Our tents, and those of the white hunters Von Blixer and Dickenson, were of green canvas and about the size of a small cabin on a ship.

Behind these was a smaller tent that was used as a bathroom; the tubs were of canvas, and when not in use were rolled up.

The dining-tent was made of netting; it was large enough to hold fourteen of us at a time. I was amazed at the quality of the meals served us in such a primitive setting.

### Hyena in tent

The first night I slept in camp I was scared to death. Under my mosquito-net, in the pitch darkness, I heard the growling of lions in the distance; to me the roars seemed to come from a place just outside my tent, and at any moment, I believed, the lions would pounce on me.

Why, I asked myself, did I have to be the big white hunter? Why couldn't I have stayed where I belonged—safe and sound in London?

Once a wild animal actually did find his way into my tent. I woke with a start to see two shining eyes fixed on me. Was it a lion or a leopard? I didn't dare turn on my flashlight to find out.

Finally, when I could stand the suspense no longer, I put on my light and fixed the beam on the creature, ready to scream my head off. There was a hyena, one of my shoes in its mouth, glaring back at me.

By that time I was too petrified even to scream. Fortunately, the hyena bolted. It was only later that I learned that hyenas do not attack people—live people, anyway. Hyenas, I was told, are scavengers.

We plunged deep into the jungle. I shot an elephant, a lion, a rhino, and a water buffalo.

I was surprised, not excited, when I shot the elephant. We were pushing through very tall grass. I walked ahead. All of a sudden a big bull stampeded in front of me, less than fifty yards away.

When an elephant stampedes, ears out, trunk up, you think a house is falling on you. I raised my gun and fired; it kicked. I sat down, kerplunk, like a little child landing on its bottom. But I got the elephant.

On our way back to Nairobi a courier brought an invitation from the Governor to be his guests at a special event. The Prince had arrived.

### Royal lion hunt

I guessed that Duke must have surmised it, too, for he turned down the invitation, giving as an excuse that he had to stay in Nairobi for the disbanding of our safari.

Natives were not allowed to spear lions unless given special permission by the Government. But now, in honor of the Prince, two tribes were to compete with each other in a special lion hunt.

The starting-point of this safari was Government House in Nairobi, where the Prince had been staying. On the second day out a runner rushed into camp and said that he had sighted a lion.

The Governor and his guests perched themselves on a hilltop to watch the kill. But the Prince was not so passive. Camera in hand, he rushed out into the fray. Excitedly I took my moving-pictures of the Prince running all over the place taking his own moving-pictures.

When the tribes closed in on the lion I got a wonderful, though rather harrowing, shot of a native boy being clawed by one of the lions. It was at that moment that another native boy raced up to the victim, spear poised, and destroyed the lion.

In spite of my horror at the accident and the shaking of my hands, I kept my Bell and Howell trained on the scene—and ended the day with a re-

markably good sequence. I am sorry that I lost these films in one of the blitz raids on London.

The Prince's safari was large; there were about forty of us, including the Governor and his wife, and the native guides and servants.

No convenience for our comfort that could be transported and fitted into our nomadic life was overlooked: portable bathtubs, dining-tables, wine-coolers, and the finest mosquito-proofed tents.

We even had a little Puss Moth aeroplane to scout for lions, and each day began with the Prince buzzing my tent to wake me up before soaring off over the bush in search of game.

But fascinating as were the hunting, the natives, and the country, I was always glad when the Governor gave the signal to make camp and the Prince returned from the hunt.

### Shared fire

The tents were always pitched at intervals of ten or twelve yards in a rough semi-circle around a great central fire that was kept burning all night. In addition, there were smaller fires in front of every two or three tents to discourage animals.

The Prince's tent was always on one end of the line and mine next to his, and we shared a fire. After dinner was over our party soon broke up, each going to his own tent or gathering in small groups for a final pipe or nightcap. Early retiring and rising are the custom on safari.

But not for the Prince and me. This was our enchanted time to be together. As we sat by our own fire, now little more than glowing embers, the tropic African night would come closer and closer.

Continued on page 42



THE PRINCE OF WALES and Thelma shared many interests—including a love for dogs.



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## DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Continued from page 41

It is hard to convey the quality of those nights. The stars seemed close enough to touch; the murmurous background sounds of innumerable insects were punctuated with the sudden hideous laughter of the hyena or the stealthy footfalls of larger animals moving through the underbrush.

From time to time the eyes of "bushbabies" — tiny furry animals — gleamed from the edge of the bush like little headlights. And the air was like a caress, silken soft.

As the Prince and I would feel enveloped in all this, we would instinctively draw closer as if we were the only two people on Earth; our companions became as unreal, as remote from us, as the insubstantial shadows along the jungle's edge.

This was our Eden and we were alone in it. His arms about me were the only reality; his words of love my only bridge to life.

Borne along on the mounting tide of his ardor, I felt myself being inexorably swept from the accustomed moorings of caution.

Each night I felt more completely possessed by our love, carried ever more swiftly into uncharted seas of feeling, content to let the Prince chart the course, heedless of where the voyage would end.

But this enchanted time could not last. The Prince's itinerary was rigid, so many days for this, so many days for that. And Duke had arranged to retrieve me at the appointed time, and he was not less a slave to plans and timetables than the Prince.

So it was that on the seventh day the Governor's safari came to an end. We were to proceed to the nearest town on the railroad, a tiny hamlet called Voi.

### Surprise trip

There the Prince's private train would be waiting to carry him to the Belgian Congo and Duke to take me to Mombasa on the first leg of our journey back to England.

On the last day I was prepared for the briefest of farewells, assuming the Prince would proceed ahead to Voi while I followed with the others.

Knowing that he detested scenes and sentimentality, I was determined that I would be gay and casual even if it killed me.

Feeling much as Eve did on being faced with leaving her garden, I steeled myself to put on a good show as I saw him approaching, but I must confess I was hurt when I saw him coming towards me with even more bounce to his stride than usual, an even broader smile on his face. He didn't have to look that happy at leaving me, did he?

But how wrong I was. He had arranged a delightful surprise. Brushing aside the alarmed protest of the Governor and the remonstrances of his equerry, he had arranged to drive me in an open car all by himself the forty or

so miles across the trackless country between our camp and the railroad.

Thus he had given us one more day to be together, one more day to be alone.

We started off in high spirits, looking on our expedition as quite a lark.

And so it was for the first several hours. We met a rhinoceros with her "toto," as the cubs are called in Africa. We obtained some good movies, and after resting a while and having lunch we resumed the journey.

### Near panic

I noticed that the Prince seemed very flushed, but I attributed that to the excitement over the rhinoceros and to the heat. But there was also something different in his manner. Gone were the gay badinage, the loving glances.

He drove in silence, staring fixedly ahead. Finally he said: "Darling, I've got to stop for a bit; I feel frightfully seedy."

When we stopped he slumped over the wheel, his eyes closed, his breath coming in short, shallow gasps. My concern rapidly turned into near panic. What was I to do if he fainted?

Nothing in my life had prepared me for such a crisis. I had no idea of what was wrong with him or what to do for him.

I had learned to drive, haltingly, an old Marmon I had briefly possessed in California. But at best I could only manage the briefest of excursions along the then uncrowded boulevards of Beverly Hills — and that was a long time ago.

Here I was in an utterly unfamiliar vehicle about whose workings I knew nothing — except that they seemed quite different from those of an American car.

And I had only the vaguest idea in which direction the railroad lay. While the country was fairly open, one had continually to steer around clumps of bushes and tremendous anthills. Could I maintain a sense of direction under these conditions?

Worst of all, was the ever-present danger of not spotting the frequent hyena burrows that disclosed their presence only by a slight lift of the ground forming their thin roofs. A wheel in one of these would be the end of the trip.

I could never get the car out by myself. Above all, I wanted to save the man I loved.

I knew our failure to turn up at Voi would touch off a gigantic search operation and that we should eventually be found — but would it be in time?

Then there was my responsibility to the Empire — here was my future King, the heir to the throne. If anything should happen to him through my stupidity in handling the car, how could I ever forgive myself?

I finally decided that thinking about all that could happen was only making things worse. I had no choice but to put my shoulder, or rather my hands, to the wheel and take my chances.

## This was our Eden and we were alone

As I started to move the Prince away from the driver's seat he rallied; his eyes came open, he shook his head and it seemed to clear.

"Please don't look so upset, darling—it's just the heat; I feel fine now. We'll go on now, shall we?" he said, and started the motor. Somehow he managed to keep the car going and to dodge the burrows.

Finally I saw a faint smudge of white on the horizon and then a black dot at the end of it. The white railroad cars of the Prince's train and the black engine were at the siding.

He increased the speed and in fifteen minutes we pulled up alongside the first car. To my relief I saw Dr. Breckenridge, the Prince's physician, standing on the platform; I beckoned to him and in a moment he was with us.

"I feel terribly ill, Doctor," the Prince said quietly. But even then he was unwilling to give up; he led us through the first car, past bedroom and dining-room, to the lounge.

He refused to let the doctor take his temperature. That could be done after I left. But I insisted Dr. Breckenridge take it. I was horrified—it was 105 degrees.

Then came a frightening ordeal: waiting for my train to come, knowing that I was on my way back to England, knowing that the Prince was ill—terribly ill—and that I was leaving him in the middle of Africa.

Duke and I were not getting along, and there would be the voyage home together in emotional fog, while all that mattered to me was lying here in a strange place at the edge of the bush.

Yet civilised behaviour requires sometimes that we hide our deepest feelings and pretend that life is a ballet danced by puppets whose gestures are made by strings, and whose words, projected from distant places, are always the proper words, although voiced by others.

Duke's train finally arrived and stopped on the siding. Duke joined us and had a drink with the Prince. Duke and I then got on the train and went down to Mombasa.

### Long weekends

On the ship a few days later I had a cable from the Prince saying that his illness had been diagnosed—it was malaria — and that he had been taken back to Government House at Nairobi, and that as soon as he was well enough he was going off on an elephant safari.

When I reached London I received a letter filling me in on the details and saying all those things a woman in love wants to hear.

He hadn't forgotten our time in Eden.

In time the Prince and I began to spend long weekends at Fort Belvedere, the one place the Prince really considered his own. He was himself there, free from any obligation to maintain the formalities of his official position.

He pottered in the garden,

pruned his trees, blew on his bagpipes. We entertained a great deal, but our guests were always the people we liked to have around. There were no dignitaries, no representatives of State and Empire. Our life was quiet, even domestic.

It was, in fact, so tranquil, so uncluttered by complications, that in retrospect there seems very little to say about it.

But I did learn that the outward shyness of the Prince masked a whim of iron.

I was sublimely happy; the comfortable simplicity was all that I wanted, and I was pleased that we were spared the Sturm und Drang that is the traditional background of a love such as ours.

Politics were never discussed; political figures never intruded into our private world. I was in love with a man—a shy, sensitive, charming man.

That he happened to be the Prince of Wales and that he was destined one day to be King were facts only incidental to my feelings; they were elements of history, not love.

I certainly had no desire ever to be Queen—such an idea never occurred to either of us.

### Placid life

Our quiet routine may seem unbelievable to readers who expect all royal romances to follow the dramatic patterns of "Mayerling." There were times, in fact, when my role at the Fort would have appeared to an outsider to be extremely placid.

One day, wandering through the National Gallery, I noticed two flower paintings by the Dutch painter Van Heusen, and it occurred to me that done in petit-point they would be lovely subjects for fire-screens.

I decided to make one for the Prince, the other for myself. (Mine I still have; I wonder what happened to the other one?)

The picture I chose for the Prince's screen was a vase of flowers, at the base of which were two large bunches of grapes, one green, the other purple.

It took me a good year and a half to complete the piece; in one of the flowers alone I later counted seventy-three shades of yarn I had used.

And almost all of this work was done at the Fort. The Prince seemed fascinated by the technique which was involved.

One day, watching me, he said, "That looks like fun. Do you think I could do it?"

I was delighted to think that he wanted to share my interest. "I'm sure you could," I said. "Why don't you try?"

We decided that his first project should be a paper-weight for his mother, Queen Mary.

The idea was ambitious for a beginner; the subject was the Royal Crown, which required all the colors of the fabulous Crown Jewels. Below the crown were to be the royal initials, M.R., in gold.

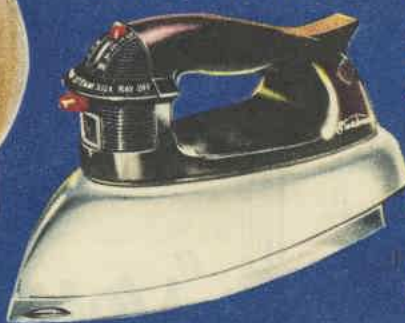
Continued on page 45



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*Lady Sunbeam*

THE FINEST ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES MADE!





Elegant flower pack holds Cashmere Bouquet Talc and two cakes of soap 6/3

**"You Darling!"**

*... that's how every girl feels about these flower-spangled gifts, gleaming with foil and heaven-scented with French perfume.*

Whether your favourite girl is sixteen or sixty, she'll be enchanted with any of these delightfully feminine gifts. Cashmere Bouquet bath toiletries are more prettily dressed than ever this year and you'll be agreeably surprised how little they cost.



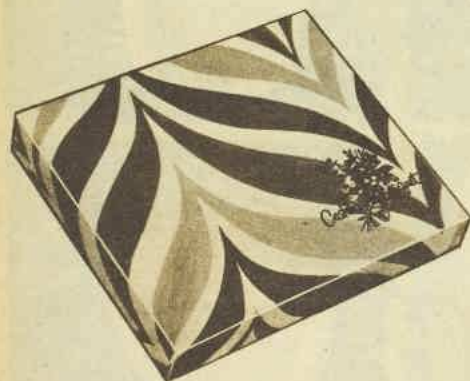
Fragrant companions for her bath Cashmere Bouquet Talc and foil wrapped soap 3/6½



Exciting pastel shades in Cashmere Bouquet beauty soap with matching guest towels. Your choice of Pink, Sky Blue, Primrose 5/6



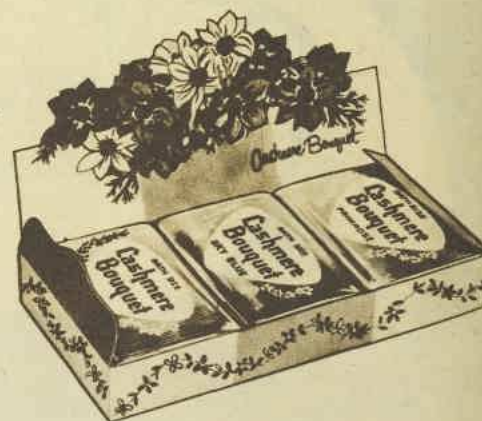
Elegant beauty box holds two pastel cakes of foil wrapped Cashmere Bouquet soap and exotic Crown perfume 7/9



Open this charming bouquet box and you'll find fragrant Cashmere Bouquet talc and refreshing cologne. (Choose between pearl pink and snow white soap) 9/-

Colour is the keynote of this year's enchanting gifts  
by  
**Cashmere Bouquet**

(Prices vary slightly in some States)



Give her the exciting new pastel colours or snow white Cashmere Bouquet soap in this beautiful flower pack 3/6



## DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Continued from page 42

# The Prince meets Wallis Simpson

The Prince worked hard at this, and when it was finished, mounted on its silver base, I must say it was beautiful.

The Prince then made me a petit-point backgammon table cover. The background of the board was beige; the points were in the Guards' colors, red and blue.

During the war my house in London was bombed and I lost most of my things. Fortunately, this table was saved; it had for me many happy memories. I would have hated to lose it.

There were weekends at the Fort when my father came to stay with us. Papa was always fond of reading aloud. And if a visitor had come upon us on any of these occasions he would have witnessed an unexpected and old-fashioned scene of bourgeois bliss: the Prince and I busy with our needlework and Papa sonorously reading to us from a novel by Scott or Dickens.

During the months after his return to England, the Prince and I saw each other constantly; our relation was no longer a flirtation, but one based on deep-rooted affection.

### Visit to shrine

There was then no longer any thought of Duke's joining us; Duke went his way and I went mine.

I spent most weekends at the Fort. At other times the Prince and I would go together to various parties or dine quietly alone at York House or my house. We also attended together the numerous charity balls.

That summer Orman and Betty Lawson-Johnston and I rented a house in front of the famous Cheberta golf course in Biarritz. Our house guests that season were the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and their entourage.

Biarritz is not a great distance from the famous Shrine of Lourdes, which I had never visited. I told the Prince I was anxious to see it.

"Why don't you use my plane?" he said. "You can make it in a day that way." I thought this a wonderful idea.

The morning I was to go the Prince decided he would go with me. We stopped at Pau to have lunch with Lady Leveson-Gower, and then motored to the Grotto.

The service was impressive. Hundreds of poor, sick, crippled people had come hoping for a cure. As the service progressed the Prince turned to me and said, "I don't know what to do." I smiled at him and said, "Do just as I do. Remember, I'm a Catholic."

Halfway through the ceremony it started to drizzle. As the priest came by with the Blessed Sacrament we all knelt, the Prince with the others.

The Prince was recognised by the people who had charge of the management of Lourdes, and they asked him if he would like to be shown around. He said he would.



THELMA with the Prince of Wales at Fort Belvedere. Lord and Lady Furness began to lead separate lives soon after the birth of their son.

The last place they took us to was a one-room house lined with pictures of people who had been cured at the Shrine.

As we opened the door to leave we found ourselves surrounded by hundreds of people. Some had heard that the Prince of Wales was there; some thought a miracle had taken place.

A few days after we returned to London the Prince called me and asked me to come to York House at once. It was important. When I arrived he was surrounded by letters. On the desk, on the floor—everywhere there were letters. "Just pick one up at random," he said.

"Who is this Lady Furness?" This was the greeting of the first letter I opened. "How dare she let our Prince of Wales kneel in the mud at a Catholic ceremony? What is this country coming to? What is behind all this?"

I was furious. What did they mean, kneel in the mud! A little drizzle never hurt anybody, not even a future King of England, and a prayer for poor sick people, I thought, would hurt a man much less, no matter what religion he professed.

### Really angry

"Sir" I said, "in your country, at the end of every performance at the theatre, moving pictures, nightclubs, they play 'God Save the King.' Everybody gets up—foreigners as well as Englishmen—not because they swear allegiance to the King of England but because of respect for the customs of the country they are in. And that's all that you did." I was really angry.

"That's right, darling," he said. "That's my answer. Thanks." I never heard any more about it.

Nor did I tell the Prince about the many letters I got from Catholics all over England asking me to keep up the "good work." I'm afraid they got the same answer.

Much has been written in many books about the famous

meeting of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Simpson, yet none of the accounts I have read is true to fact.

Not even the Prince's version in his own book, "A King's Story," is accurate. Perhaps one should understand and forgive his lapse of memory; the meeting was uneventful, and it took place a long time ago.

But the claim to the dubious honor of introducing the two to each other is mine; and in the historical events that followed I was an unwitting catalytic agent.

In the latter part of 1930, or early in 1931, when I was living at 21 Grosvenor Square, Consuelo telephoned one afternoon and asked if she could bring a friend for cocktails.

The friend, she explained, was a young American woman married to an Englishman, Ernest Simpson.

### Wallis "is fun"

"Mrs. Simpson is fun," Consuelo said. "You will like her."

And when she and Consuelo arrived later in the afternoon, I found that Consuelo was right; Wallis Simpson was "fun," and I did like her.

At that time she did not have the chic she has since cultivated. She was not beautiful; in fact, she was not even pretty. But she had a distinct charm and a sharp sense of humor.

Her dark hair was parted in the middle. Her eyes, alert and eloquent, were her best feature. She was not as thin then as in later years—not that she could be called fat even then; she was merely less angular.

Her hands were large; they did not move gracefully, and I thought she used them too much when she attempted to emphasise a point.

We talked casually about mutual friends in America and about the London season. I asked her the usual questions about her reactions to England.

Later, Gloria arrived, bringing a few friends with her, and our gathering turned into an impromptu party.

Eventually the butler came up to me to announce that the Prince had just arrived. I went to the door.

"Oh, a party!" the Prince said, not too happily, as I greeted him.

"No, darling, just a few friends," I said. "You know most of them. Consuelo, by the way, brought a friend of hers, a Mrs. Simpson." Then, repeating Consuelo's description, I added, "She seems to be fun."

We went up to the drawing-room. The Prince immediately began a conversation with old friends. I went over to Wallis, took her to the Prince, and introduced her.

### "Best friend"

This meeting has been the subject of an enormous amount of fiction.

It has been written, for example, that the Prince, on being introduced to Wallis, asked her if, in England, she did not miss the comforts of central heating, and that she had answered, "I'm sorry, sir, but you have disappointed me. Every American woman who comes to your country is always asked the same question. I had hoped for something more original from the Prince of Wales."

Had this been true it would have been not only bad taste but bad manners. At that moment Wallis Simpson was as nervous and as impressed as any woman would have been on first meeting the Prince of Wales.

Another apocryphal story is that when the Prince first met Wallis an electric tension was set up between them and he then and there decided he could not live without her. This is utter nonsense.

Wallis and I became great friends; actually I came to regard her as one of my best friends in England, and the Prince and I often would include Wallis and her husband in our parties.

The Prince saw her at least once a week for the next three and a half years. It was only after this that he discovered she was more important to him than the throne.

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tie red, bone, white, pol-  
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461  
Kid sandal, wedge heel,  
white, mountie red, bone,  
polished pine, iced lemon.



431  
Kid sandal, toe peeper,  
wedge, mountie red, pol-  
ished pine, bone, moth,  
black.



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Ribbed floral slipper, soft  
cosy sole, blue and pink.



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Black velvet slipper, fancy  
embroidered vamp, leather  
sole.



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Floral slipper, toe peeper  
and sling back heel, leather  
sole, blue, black, wine.



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# DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● The "Dress Sense" mail has been filled with queries about wedding clothes, and this week I have answered the most frequently recurring problems. I have also illustrated a design for a girl who is having a quiet wedding but wishes to dress as a bride.

HERE is the letter and my reply:

"My wedding, taking place in January next, is going to be very quiet, but my future husband is anxious that I should dress as a bride. Would a ballerina worn with a veil be correct? And should I carry flowers? My material is white faille and I want a fitted style with a full skirt. I also want a pattern for the style you choose."

A wedding dress with a ballerina-length skirt, worn with a bridal veil, is perfectly correct. Carry flowers, but don't choose anything too elaborate. A simple Victorian posy would be ideal. The dress I have chosen (illustrated at right) has a moulded torso bodice with fullness released at the hipline.

I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Lines under the picture give further details and how to order.

"I HAVE been asked to a formal wedding taking place at 6.15 p.m. and would like your advice on the correct dress to wear."

To a formal evening wedding, women guests wear a long or short skirted dinner dress, gloves, and a head-covering during the wedding ceremony. The latter is quite often only a wisp of veiling, worn for religious observance.

"MY little daughter, aged six, is to be a flower-girl at my sister's wedding and I am worried about her frock. My sister wants her dressed in a floor-length frock. Would this be correct?"

Perfectly correct. The traditional flower-girl's dress is floor-length or ankle-length. The design is usually high-waisted, with a high-to-the-throat bodice finished with little puffed sleeves and a skirt gathered all round. A dress of this type would look very pretty made in white or-gandie tied with a pink ribbon sash. Match the sash to an Alice in Wonderland hairband, a Victorian posy of pink flowers, and pink shoes.

"WOULD you solve a problem for me? I am being married for the second time, and a friend told me I could be married only in a plain suit or tailored frock. Surely this is not necessary. I am still young and want to look pretty for the ceremony; the wedding is at night. Please suggest a color and material for the dress."

Your friend is wrong; of course you want to look pretty, and I think an attractive choice would be a pastel shade in lace or faille. Wear the dress with a small hat and carry a simple bouquet of flowers.

N.B.: The dress can be short or full length according to personal preference.

"MY eldest son is being married in February and I would like your advice about the material for my frock. I want to wear a patterned silk, but as I am stout I don't know if it would make me look too big."

Wear a printed silk, but be careful when you choose the material to avoid a too-large pattern. A material with a small design against a darker background would be perfect. By the way, be sure the surface of the material is dull, which is slimming.

"IS it correct for the father of the bride to wear the same style of suit as the bridegroom? I would also like to know at what hour is a dinner suit correct and when should a lounge suit be worn."

The men in the bridal party should all wear the same attire. A dark lounge suit is correct for an informal daytime wedding. A cutaway coat and striped trousers are correct for a formal afternoon ceremony. However, in the afternoon it is permissible for the bride to wear a formal wedding gown and the bridegroom a dark lounge suit. For 6 p.m. or later the men can wear tails and white ties or dinner-jackets and black ties.

DS.336. — Ballerina-length bridal dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 7½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 6/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should send orders to Box 6348, Wellington.



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6 fruit spoons, 6 fruit forks, 1 server. Grosvenor Plate "Delphic" design with plain or fluted bowls.



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**"SKIPPER" PORTABLE.** Philips trim new 4-valve mains- and battery portable! Big in power, small in size and price. Smart-rigged in genuine leather, gold-trimmed case—unbreakable, sandproof, dustproof. Fabulous present at 32 gns.



**"ALL TRANSISTOR" PORTABLE.** Gift straight from a fashion plate: Philips slim new all-transistor portable sets the style for 1959. Music wherever you go at the push of a button: one tiny battery for over 350 hours' enjoyment. Genuine all-leather case in three colour combinations with luxurious ivory and gold trim. 42 gns.



**"FIESTA" HIGH FIDELITY RADIO-GRAM.** You'll be proud of your glamorous Philips "Fiesta" for many Christmases to come. Here is a new listening pleasure... true high fidelity sound, with twin speakers, wide range tone control, sapphire and diamond pickup. In walnut, maple or rose-mahogany finish. 119 gns.



**"OSLO" HIGH FIDELITY RADIO-GRAM.** Here is Australia's first high-fidelity radiogram with push-button controls for both radio and 4-speed changer. 7 valves, 2 speakers, diamond and sapphire pickups. Graceful Swedish cabinet in ash blonde or summergold. A magnificent radiogram. 145 gns.



**"TOWN AND COUNTRY" PORTABLE.** This six-valve model pulls in stations where other portables fail—with sensational power and tone. "Magic-eye" for hair-breadth tuning, twin inbuilt aerials, unbreakable aluminium case and many other luxury features. 37 gns.



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**21-INCH SWIVEL-BASE CONSOLE.** Remember you give all three... clearest picture, purest sound, finest cabinet, when you give your family a Philips TV. One of the finest examples is this handsome console on swivel base. Available in four timber tones.



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**PHILIPS TV**

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**"LADYSHAVE"** A grooming accessory that makes the ideal "special" gift. Pretty pink and gold design with Philips oh-so-practical rotary shaving head that whisks away unwanted hair with a gentle powder-puff touch. Beautifully packed for just 8 gns.





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**RECORDS.** A record for every taste. Philips famous five—Philips, Polydor, Tops, D.G.G. and the new Fontana—give you a choice from hundreds of records for everybody on your list.



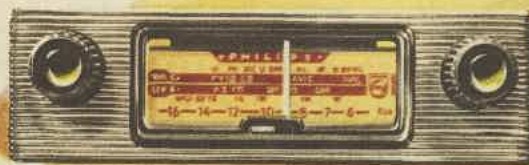
**SINGLE PLAY AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAM.** How to delight a teen-ager: Give him or her their very own Philips Portable Phonogram. Choice of Single Play or De Luxe Automatic Record Changing model. Both with wood-acoustic cabinet, 4-speed player. Single Play Phonogram: 38 gns. Automatic Phonogram De Luxe: 47 gns.

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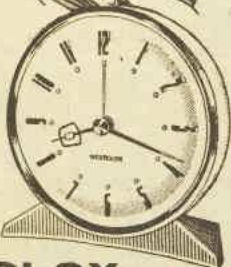
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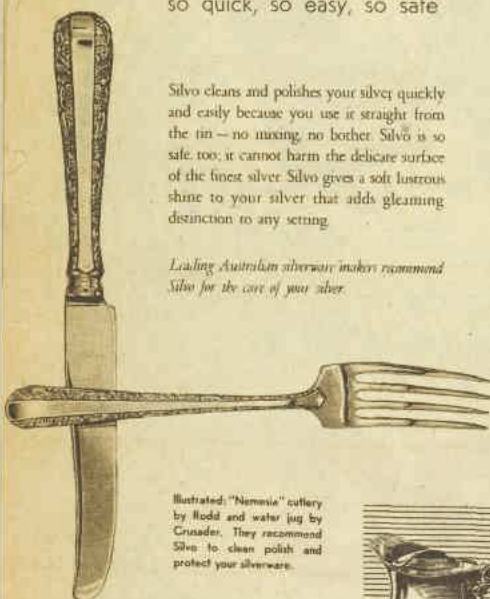
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Illustrated: "Nemesis" cutlery by Rodd and water jug by Crusader. They recommend Silvo to clean polish and protect your silverware.



("You won't take just a drop of hot milk, now?")

It was a fine morning; the right, the traditional sort of spring morning, with buds and bird-song. The Fifteenth of March; the Ides of Chibbo. Something about the note of that blackbird made one feel—didn't it?—that one couldn't care less.

As he reached the corner where the avenue met the main road, he looked at his watch and judged that the ten minutes were up.

The hurtling motor-cyclist was just a sudden shadow that raced across the corner of his vision. The shadow, the slippery jangle and the crash came all at once. Then he was staring at the machine, smoking and crumpled against the lamp-standard, and the body in the gutter.

The body lay on its back, twitching. A busy stream of scarlet ran out from the head. The blood branched into small tributaries; the leather jacket heaved and the boots became still.

For James, the moment lasted long. Then he was doing what he could not do.

As he knelt, folding his handkerchief in a pad and setting it gently against the scalp, time roared into motion again. He was no longer alone. He was kneeling in a forest of legs and feet; voices chorused above him.

"Somebody phone for an ambulance," said James, "we mustn't move him. Stand back, please."

He peeled off his overcoat and covered the body up to the chin. The blood went on trickling, shining. A hand holding a clean towel came over his shoulder and he arranged the towel behind the broken head. "It isn't as bad as it looks," he explained to the forest of legs, "just a scalp-wound." The policeman was asking who had seen it happen.

"Lucky for you," said a pale-faced, stockbroking type, with a bowler hat, "he didn't bring that lamp-standard down on the pair of you."

"Yes, indeed," said James, not thinking about it. He was going to be late for the office. No matter. Some proprietary sense determined him to wait until the ambulance came.

Here it was; and here was his overcoat returned to him, the collar streaked with blood. "Thank you, officer," said James, putting it over his arm.

Fascinated, he found that he could now feel the full effect of the blue pill. It was warmth; it was detachment; it was a sense of physical co-ordination. For the first time for years, James Tunstall was at ease with James Tunstall. He watched them lift the stretcher; the boots stuck out beyond the blankets. The door shut on all of it and the ambulance moved off; there was only the abandoned blood-pool with the tributaries; as he looked at it, somebody brought a pail of cinders and covered it.

"Care for a lift?" It was the stockbroking type. Never before had anyone offered James a lift. He climbed into the squat black car. As he took the wheel, the stockbroking type looked at James a little shyly. His pallor was still noticeable. He said, "Can't help thanking my stars you were on the spot first. Damn silly, but I've never been able to stand the sight of blood."

"Really? Well, it's nothing to be ashamed of," said James courteously. "I mean, a lot of people feel like that, don't they?" He added in a dreamy voice: "It just so happens that I couldn't care less."

The stockbroker said he supposed that everybody had something. From within his Olympian cocoon, James agreed. He asked to be set down opposite the Tube station there was, he

explained, a tobacconist's shop on the corner.

When he walked in, the girl was dusting a show-case. She glanced over her shoulder, registered James, and turned back to her task.

"Good morning," he said. "Twenty—"

"All right; wait a minute, can't you? You can see I'm busy, can't you?"

"No, dear," said James, "because you aren't busy at all. You're just giving me another demonstration of your tiresome little ego." He leaned over the counter, helping himself to the packet of cigarettes, and held out a ten-shilling note. "Now, see if you can give me change without looking as though I'd asked you to clean my dirty shoes. You were saying . . . ?"

She wasn't. A runnel of latecomers went with him to the lift. James

**It is a profound error to believe everything has been discovered; it is mistaking the horizon for the boundary of the world.**

—Lemierre.

squeezed in and found himself pressed against the tweedy facade of Hobman. "Good morning, Mr. Hobman . . . Nice day for the conference. What time is it, by the way?" Craning back, peering up the facade, past the moustache, he could see that Hobman looked pop-eyed and cross. "The Chibbo Conference, I mean," he explained.

"You're invited?" said Hobman acidly.

"No, of course I'm not." He almost added, "Don't be a dope."

"Then I really can't see that it's any of your business," said Hobman, and was drawn upwards to the big boys' floor. "Silly clot," James said aloud. As he hurried between the hutchies every glass door framed its owner except the door next to his. Amaryllis was late again.

He picked up the telephone and asked for Hobman's secretary. "Tunstall here. What time's the Chibbo conference?" "Eleven o'clock. Had you something for Mr. Hobman?" "Nothing, nothing. Except of course the smallest dose of cyanide, and that can wait. Pay no attention."

THE time was already ten-twenty-five. He could certainly rely on the glowing magic to last until eleven. Bless Amaryllis—oh, bless her, thought James, as he unearthed the comic strip. In this warm dazzle Chib and Bo looked more splendid than ever. The notes and the memorandum, as he re-read them, were crystalline gems of brilliance.

"Oh, what a beautiful morning!" sang James, sitting on his desk and swinging his heels.

At five minutes to eleven, with still no sign of Amaryllis, he ran for the lift, his treasures under his arm.

"Top floor, please."

Soaring, he gave yesterday's James Tunstall a pat on the head. To think how scared the poor little fellow had been when facing the beef-extract clients. With a bona-fide summons, too. Today's version would happily crash the gate.

Halting beside the lift, he saw that the door of the Board room stood open. The directors were assembling. He had a good view of the heads, the shoulders, and the long, polished table. He could see Hobman making a great show of ease with his neighbors. He

## Continuing . . . The Giant Killer

from page 26

could see Mr. Grice's swan-like secretary gracefully distributing papers, offering cigarettes.

Along the wall, on the side-tables, were ranged the Chibbo schemes; and a sorry lot they looked from here. Chibbo chestnuts, James said to himself. Truly Hobman had scraped the bottom of the barrel. There was even that old poodle-poster, rejected (he could swear) at least eighteen months ago.

The door at the end of the passage opened, the door of the chairman's room. Mr. Grice, tall and solemn as a lecturer, stood back to let the three "Chibbo" powers go ahead of him. They were all much of a size, square-shouldered and near the ground. A respectful chorus of greeting arose as they passed into the board-room.

The door shut behind them.

"Just let them get started," said James to James, and added, "Aren't you scared? You ought to be . . ."

"Oh, pooh . . . Remember what Amaryllis said about the mice? They all went cat-hunting."

"Okay, then—now!"

His knock was brisk, and he did not wait for the "Come in." He was aware of the hush, and of the turned heads as he looked up through the tunnel

that they made, to Grice at the top of the table far away.

"Excuse me, sir, the scheme you were wanting."

As he advanced towards the Chibbo chestnuts, he bent his head. He must not look at Hobman. Hobman's presence was as palpable as a mountain.

"I'll just set it up for you, gentlemen," James murmured; his ears were buzzing; through the buzz he thought that he heard Grice ask Hobman what this was about. He lost Hobby's answer as he sent the poodle-poster spinning and then, with a magician's gesture, whisked the comic strip into its place. He fanned out his notes in an orderly sheaf below it. He twirled on his toes, bowed to the conference table, and went.

It must be the pill that now made him go on and on seeing himself do that. He saw it in strange perspective, as though from Grice's seat. He was looking down the long table, watching a thin figure in a grey suit, topped with tufty dark hair. The figure darted across the floor, magicked a strip-cartoon into sight, twirled, bowed, and went. As soon as this sequence finished, the vision began again. He was quite happy to sit here, watching it, waiting for Amaryllis. Who was surely setting up a record for lateness this morning? Never mind. He sat on, seeing his vision and doing nothing about

To page 53



## A charming way to give a MONEY PRESENT

By giving a Bank of New South Wales Christmas Gift Cheque, you give a most acceptable gift—a money present—in a most charming way.

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**BEAR**<sup>\*</sup>  
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# Christmas Tape



Give a festive air to  
your Christmas table

Decorate your own personal  
Christmas cards  
and envelopes

Buy your BEAR Christmas Tape NOW!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1958

D144 Page 51



# Santa and the boys agree...



**The Christmas**

**gift is ...**

**\* B.V.D.**

SIMPLY WASH 'EM, DRY 'EM, WEAR 'EM — NO IRON!

## HERE'S WHAT 'THE BOYS' WANT

B.V.D.  
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SHIRTS



B.V.D.  
ATHLETICS



B.V.D.  
"Easy-on—  
Easy-off"  
SHORTS



Ask for B.V.D.  
Shirts and  
Pyjamas, too!

B.V.D.  
BREVS



B.V.D.  
UNION  
SUIT



B.V.D. underwear keeps right on fitting perfectly every day of its extra-long life. Each B.V.D. garment is *unconditionally* guaranteed to fit and wear — proof positive that B.V.D.'s are the right Xmas gift for "boys" from 8 to 80. Check through these features:

- ★ B.V.D. rib-knit underwear is Labro-shrunk for *Permanent fit*.
- ★ There's *comfort plus* in the double-thickness, two-way stretch seat of B.V.D. Brevs.
- ★ *No-sag* collars of B.V.D. Tee Shirts keep their good looks.
- ★ Two-gripper fastening makes B.V.D. Boxer Shorts *easy-on, easy-off*.
- ★ One-piece B.V.D. Union Suits (for sportsmen) *can't creep*.

Men and boys in 63 countries of the world say ...

"Next to myself I like **B.V.D. best**"

HL55/58



the slogans for the beef extract.

The telephone rang. "Mr. Tunstall? Mr. Hobman would like to see you."

"Certainly. In the board-room?"

"The board-room? Oh no, Mr. Tunstall. In his office."

"Conference over, eh?"

The secretary agreed stiffly that the conference was over.

"Packed it in early, didn't they?" said James. "No?"

"Quarter to one? How time flies, to coin a phrase. I'll be right up."

A tendency to giggle now manifested itself, and he strolled lightheartedly through Hobby's door.

One look at the military facade told him enough. Hobman was as sweet as honey (to coin a phrase).

He wasn't even pretending to read a letter. He was standing before Chib and Bo, set up on the mantelpiece.

"Ah, hello, Tunstall. Awfully glad it all worked out so well. One of my better second thoughts, what?"

His grin was so wide that his moustaches trembled like antennae. He patted James on the shoulder.

"Your second thoughts, Mr. Hobman?"

"Sending for these two tykes," said Hobby, with an affectionate gesture towards Chib and Bo.

"They went over with a bang. Quite a hit of the meeting. Everybody's tickled pink with your Chibbo Chums Club. Congratulations. Now—you'll put everything else to one side and get busy, won't you? Here are some—"

"Excuse me—"

"Excuse me, old boy. I want you to take these notes and get on. The TV spot's particularly important. They'd like to kick off with that. We'll have a word later—"

He picked up his hat and coat. "I'm lunching with the board—so you'll understand—"

"I do not," said James sunnily, "understand. Is it your view that you sent for me?"

And my scheme?"

Hobman wavered. "Well—er—of course I did." He turned on the grin again. "And quite right, too . . . On my way now, Tunstall—sorry."

"Just a moment, Mr. Hobman. What you're telling me—"

## Continuing . . . The Giant Killer

from page 50

and the Board—is a thundering lie. And I congratulate you. Nice quick thinking. Nice quick jump on the bandwagon when you saw it come. Jolly good show. But I brought Chib and Bo into the conference on my own hunch. Nobody sent for them—so don't give me that. You may, on the other hand," he said, twitching the notes away from Hobman, "give me these. I'll work on them at home. Best place on a fine afternoon . . . The view from the window helps me. Perhaps you'd rather I asked Mr. Grice's permission first? No, I thought not . . . Well, thanks



very much. See you tomorrow."

At the door he added thoughtfully, "Of course I can always see Mr. Grice tomorrow, too," and went with smooth strides ahead of Hobman.

He stopped at the door of the typist's room to ask for news of Amaryllis. The typist said that it was either a virus or a sinus, she couldn't quite catch, but Amaryllis hoped to be in tomorrow.

On his way out James paused unworthily at her deserted desk and tried to open the side-drawer. As he pulled he could hear the bottles rattling about inside, but the drawer was locked. Better so, perhaps. He had, after all, no idea what the correct dosage was. But from tomorrow he would make sure of one blue pill a day forever, no matter what the price.

didn't he? In a happy trance he heard their dialogue following the pattern of other men's talks with barmaids. He drank a second pint of bitter. The pill, he discovered, had made him thirsty. And it had an interesting effect on the beer, too. "Euphoria," said James.

"What's that?" said the barmaid.

"Euphoria. My dear aunt Euphoria; a remarkable woman. Ninety-two and still cycles regularly. Now . . . could you sell me a bottle of gin?"

He must have dozed in the Tube. His own station showed up surprisingly quickly. As he came to the corner of the avenue he saw the dented lamp-standard and the heap of cinders.

Jeon, equipped with her best hat, was just coming out of

the front gate. While he kissed her, seized her elbow and turned her about, she made little apprehensive noises. "Nothing wrong," said James, "taking the afternoon off, that's all."

Now she was saying that she was due at the cooking class. "The cooking class," he said, "can cook itself."

"You've been drinking . . ."

"Not enough," said James. "Sit down; have a cigarette. I want a word with you . . . about dinner. An extremely important word about dinner. In future we will, please, have dinner at eight o'clock. Is that understood? It isn't? Very well then. Listen . . ."

"I know you're a beautiful cook, but it's become an obsession. And I refuse to submit any longer to this tyranny of the table. Never again will I be driven headlong to your exquisite food while I'm too tired to eat it. What I require is a minimum period of forty-five minutes for drink and relaxation. What I do not require, if you'll forgive me, is to be told about dinner all through dinner. Let it speak for itself."

"And while we're at it, the words 'Eat it while it's hot' are henceforth banned in this house. Which is reasonable, as in the new regime you'll find them unnecessary. I have only two more things to say. One: Will you please never again suggest that I take milk in my coffee? Two: I love you very much."

And now, he thought, as he watched her go on her perplexed way down the path—now for a long sleep. Honor was satisfied and he was tired. His eyelids were coming down like curtains. The drug must be signing off. James Tunstall, reeling upstairs, gave it his gracious permission to do so. Its tasks were done. All that was left of it now was the thirst that halted him in the bathroom to pour a glass of water.

Here James blinked. Lying on the glass shelf, next to the vitamins, just where he had put it ready this morning, there was a large blue capsule. He had forgotten to take it.

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## I was ashamed

... me with denture breath!  
... yet I clean them every day



but do you clean them properly?

False teeth  
need

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Silvikrin double beauty Shampoo will make your hair radiantly lovely . . . so easy to manage . . . so glowingly healthy! And the improvement in lustre and texture continues with each and every shampoo that follows, for Silvikrin Shampoo is enriched with Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food, to feed health and beauty to the hair roots.

For your next shampoo, choose the exciting new Silvikrin double beauty Shampoo. Every gleaming emerald drop will deep-nourish your hair to a new, soft, natural beauty, with "stay-in-place" manageability. Available in convenient sachets and elegant bottles from chemists, hairdressers and stores.



## Silvikrin double beauty Shampoo

Large Bottles 5/6d.

Sachets 1/3d.

For lovely  
healthy hair!



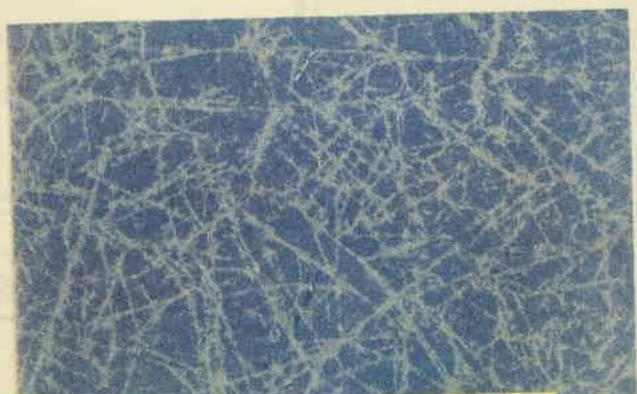
## ENGLAND'S TOP-SELLING SHAMPOO



LATEST FROM LAMINEX

# BATIK

BATIK: (bar-teeek) n. (Malay). 1. A method of dyeing designs on cloth. 2. A design thus made. (A Dictionary Derivation.)



Now, Laminex has transformed this ancient craft to the modern world, simulating fine wax etchings against a background of solid gay colour. An old art in a modern world — easily, perfectly matching today's contemporary decor — as exciting as history itself. Exciting, too, is the resistance of Laminex to the wear and tear of modern life — it's made to resist dirt, scratches, heat or abrasions. Easy to keep clean, its mirror-bright surface will shine like new with only the swish of a damp cloth. Modern as today, as lasting as history, Laminex is the choice of style-conscious home owners everywhere . . .

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LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

A PRODUCT OF





"It can't be helped, Pearce. I only wish you had told me sooner. Where is she?"

"Gone to her room, sir. I have a nice dinner kept warm for you, sir."

"Thank you, Pearce."

Mark ate his solitary dinner hastily, then tried to concentrate on the day's issue of the "Gazette" with a glass of port, but the news given him by Pearce put all other thoughts from his mind.

Brass—by all that was unlucky! He had done his best for the creature after he had recovered his strength. There could have been permanent employment for the man, but it was obvious soon enough that Brass was first and last a scoundrel with no future plans except those of crime. Small valuables had disappeared and then there had been the violent attack on Pearce.

There had been trouble with a settler who had found the man breaking into his house and Brass had gone to gaol. Lately there had been no news of him—and, beyond learning that he was living in a humpy along the river, Mark had been so busy with his own affairs that the problem presented by Brass had escaped his mind.

Poor Jonathan—a sorry exchange he had made, giving his life for such a villainous creature, thought Mark. He sighed wearily and got to his feet. Now, he thought, to face Elizabeth.

He found her sitting before the mirror in their room brushing her hair—the warm chestnut curls that never failed to bring him delight. He bent to kiss her and paused involuntarily as he caught the smell of wine heavy about her. She looked up into his face with some amusement.

"Don't look so surprised, my dear husband," she said coolly. "As you have noticed, I have been drinking wine—and mighty pleasant it was, too."

He saw that her face was flushed and her eyes brighter than he had seen them for a long time.

"Excellent stuff," she went

on, turning back to the mirror, her arm rising and falling as she resumed her hair-brushing. "I wish I'd had the good sense to try it before."

Sick at heart he strove to be cheerful as he told her his news. She was silent, then her lips curved in their mocking smile once more.

"I am glad for you, Mark. It will at least be some compensation for your deplorable error of judgment in marrying me."

"Why do you have to torture yourself, Elizabeth?" he said in a low voice. "We could be happy enough if you would let yourself forget..."

"Forget?" She laughed—an ugly sound. "Forget? When memories are the only sweet thing I have? You don't buy them when you bought me, Mark."

He fought down the impatience that warred with his

## The Lonely Shore

Continuing . . . from page 29

"Even your servants spy on me," she said in a low voice.

He frowned. "There is no question of spying, my dear. Pearce well knew I had forbidden the man to the house."

"But I shall have him to the house if I choose."

"No!" he said angrily. "He is not to come again. I know his welfare has special interest to you—but he is no good, Elizabeth! He would not—probably has not—stopped at murder!"

She said sullenly: "If Jonathan did not hesitate to give his life for the man, have you any right to sit in judgment?"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Yes it has," she cried passionately. "Everything to do with it! God would not have let Jonathan die to save the

obtain employment and with a wife to keep."

"He told you that?" Mark laughed shortly. "You are being sadly put upon, my love. Brass has been in trouble with the law from the moment he was well enough to get about. As for the woman—and Sally is a good enough creature in her way—but believe me she does the work for both of them and gets little but kicks and curses for her pains. Believe me," he pleaded, "the man is worthless—and, worse than that, dangerous. A gross, murderous brute."

She looked at him and laughed.

"You hate him, don't you, Mark? Would it be because he is ever a reminder of the rival you wish to forget?"

"Are you insane, Elizabeth?" he asked angrily. "How could you think such a thing? I only want to protect you from danger—and you are in danger if you show this man generosity he does not understand. Believe me, my love, it is only that your welfare is first in my mind. I must forbid you to have anything to do with this man."

He tried to slip his arm further about her shoulders, but she swung away savagely, stumbling over the dressing-table seat as she did so.

"Don't touch me, Mark!" she said. "I have had enough. Forbid me, you say! Am I a servant under your orders like your mealy-mouthed Pearce? I shall do as I please—and as for the money I give Brass, it is none of yours, for surely I can consider the allowance you grant me for my favors my own."

"Favors?" He laughed shortly. "I could expect more kindness from any woman in the streets than from my own wife, Elizabeth."

For a moment she stood frozen. Then her lovely face twisted with fury and she threw

To page 66



"Now when you're thoroughly at ease with the cigarette-lighter, we'll take up with the gears."

pity of her. He had seen bush creatures, wounded unto death, bite themselves and any who tried to approach them in their agony. So it was, it seemed, with Elizabeth. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Elizabeth," he said gently. "There is something I must speak of. I understand Brass has been here."

man without good reason. He would not have let Brass live after his cruel wound without good reason. Yet you would deny him the right to sustenance. You told me before when I asked his whereabouts that he was well placed."

"He was," said Mark shortly. "At that time he was in gaol." "The poor wretch is starving and destitute—unable to



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Do you risk offending because you don't stop perspiration before unpleasant odours form? You owe it to yourself to be both fresh and sweet-smelling at all times. Smoother, creamier Arrid stops perspiration instantly. In fact, when you rub Arrid in—you rub odour out. With its magic PERSTOP® action Arrid is safe for skin—safe for clothes. Remember, only with Arrid can you be sure.



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### For packed lunches

... crisp Vita-Weat makes such a welcome change from soggy sandwiches. Vita-Weat is pure nourishment for healthy, growing youngsters.



### For supper snacks

... family and guests alike love quickly prepared Vita-Weat suppers. Remember, too, easily digested Vita-Weat makes a perfect bedtime snack.



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... Vita-Weat adds appeal to summer salads ... delicious with after-dinner cheese. Put Vita-Weat on the table at every meal!

For health, vitality, sheer enjoyment

PEEK FREAN'S

# Vita-Weat

CRISP BREAD

Says JULIE KERR, Peek Frean's Home Adviser:

Nowadays all mothers know how important Vita-Weat is to the health and well-being of their families ... and themselves! Crisp, delicious Vita-Weat is full of nourishment for healthy, active youngsters ... and because it's low in calories, Vita-Weat is the perfect way for busy adults to "eat and keep slim".

From today ... keep your family health-right, weight-right with Peek Frean's Vita-Weat!



KEEP HEALTH-RIGHT, WEIGHT-RIGHT  
WITH PEAK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT  
—the Original British Crispbread

19-05-1



# CHRISTMAS GLAMOR IN THE HOUSE

Christmas offers endless possibilities for imaginative home decorations such as those pictured on these pages. The mantelpiece, the table, and the doorway are all ready-made display pieces for festive adornments. Variegated trees of different contours can be arranged in any room with eye-catching effect.



**WHITE-PAPER** Christmas bells arranged in rows and shiny blue bangles make the lovely tree shown above.



**STRIKING TABLE SETTING** features an orange, white, and green color scheme with matching china and linen. White birds on tiny artificial trees in orange pots form the centrepiece.



**GRASS** frosted white and trimmed with golden balls and ribbon forms the attractive decoration shown above.



**NOVEL DECORATION** is made from silver beads, colored baubles, paper, and white stakes, and string set against a background of blue paper.



**SIMPLE** in contour, this tree has white-painted branches in a red tin. Cute robins are made from kurrajong pods, cotton-wool, and tissue tinted red.



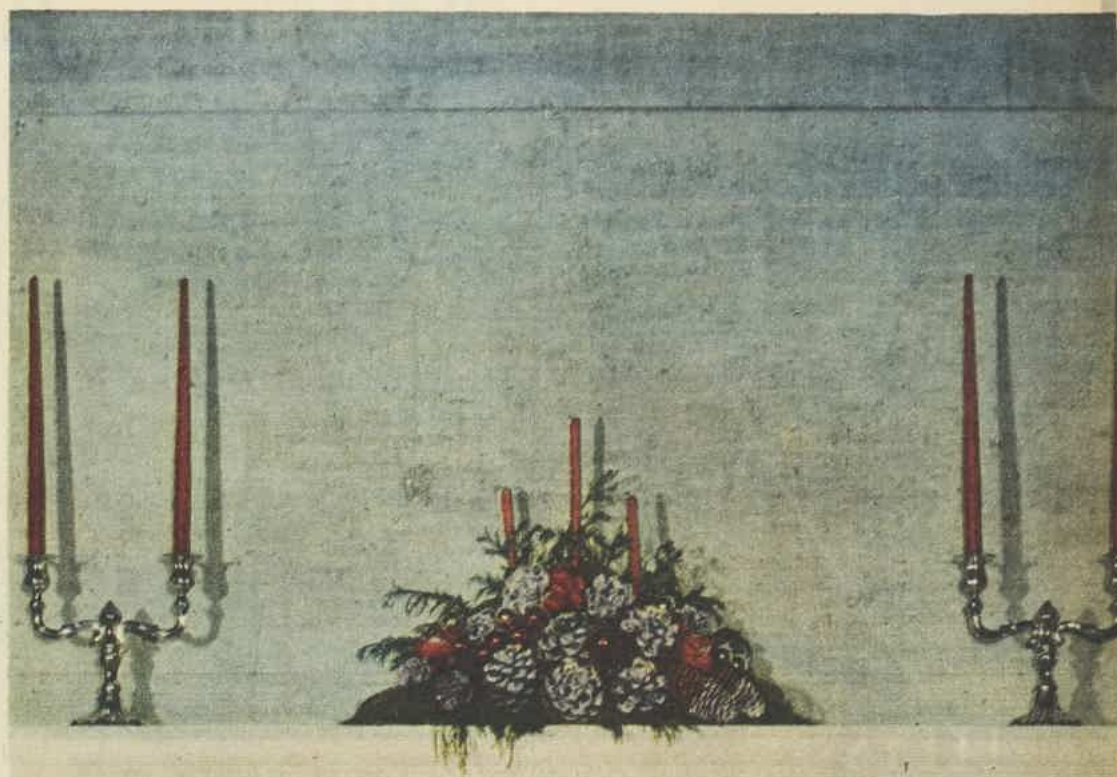
**GLITTERING TREE** is made with silver leaves attached to a wire frame. Red boxes, balls, and pine cones are festive trim.





**PRETTY DOOR-**  
WAY (above) is decorated with a glistening garland of baubles, ribbon, roses, and leaves.

**MINIATURE choir-**  
boys poised on triangles of colored paper (below) bring the Christmas spirit right to the door.

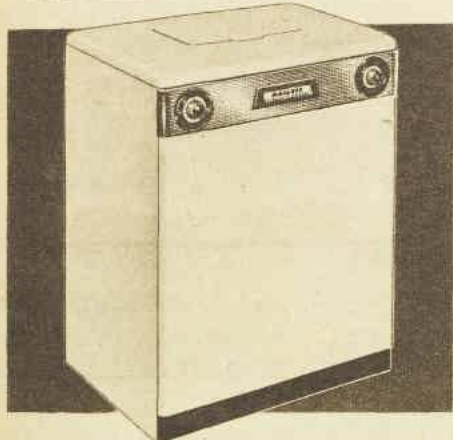


**ENCHANTING TABLE SETTING** before a graceful mantelpiece features a small circular table with a red cloth, a white compote filled with artificial fruit, and transparent-paper streamers. The white mantel is splashed with the color of red baubles, ribbons, and candles. The pine cones used in the mantel centrepiece are silver. (Decorations are by the Forest Lodge Branch, Sydney Day Nursery.)



# no other

automatic washing machine has more up-to-the-minute features than



## MALLEYS

### Automatic

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PRE-SOAKS • HEATS • WASHES • RINSES • SPIN-DRIES • AIR-TUMBLES • SWITCHES OFF—Automatically!

● full 12-lb. load ● gentle shampoo action  
● heats own water ● safe top loading

SEMI-AUTOMATIC, 140 gns. — FULLY AUTOMATIC, 169 gns.  
At all leading stores (slightly higher some areas).

## MALLEYS

Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide

22.12.58 W.R. 112

## Simplicity is attraction of these new furnishings



● On this page are some settings and furnishing pieces from Melbourne's 1958 Ideal Home Show. Both contemporary and colonial styles are featured, and simple lines combine effectively with attractive and durable materials. Of special interest is the low-styled lounge furniture which carries the Chinese influence into modern furniture and decoration.

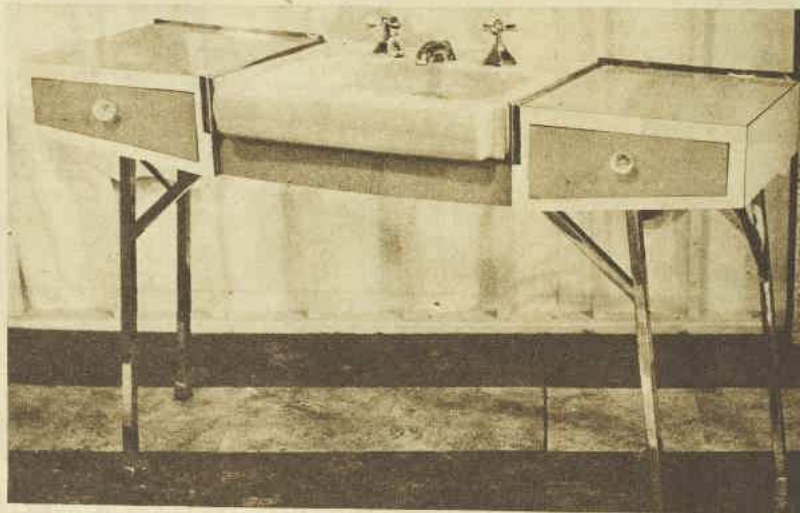
ELEGANT lounge-room setting (above left) illustrates the influence of Chinese decor on modern furniture. The chair, table, and pouff are low-slung; the Oriental motif is emphasised in the attractive lamp-base and the figurines on the far wall. Heavy satin in rich tones of gold, anthracite, and kingfisher-blue is used for curtains, upholstery, and cushions; the carpet is a blue-green shade.



COLONIAL-STYLE "Mr. and Mrs." bedroom-chest is made of solid myrtle with a natural finish. The separate mirror is framed in myrtle. Neat, attractive, and commodious, with separate sets of drawers for each person, these chests are designed to team with other bedroom furniture of the same period, but they blend with most styles.

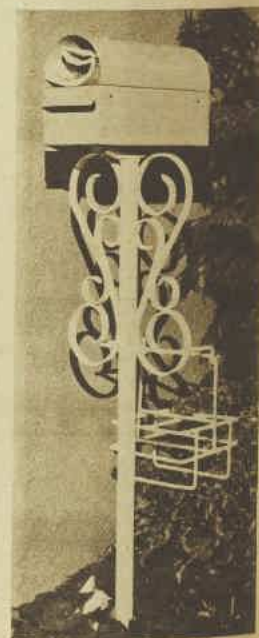


MODERN KITCHEN gains a streamlined effect from built-in stoves and cupboard fittings. The stove on the left is an electric built-in oven and griller placed at comfortable working level. The fitting on the right is a gas top-stove placed on top of a storage cupboard in alignment with other benches. Note the tile area over cupboards.



COMPACT American-type vanity unit for a bathroom (above) has drawer-space on either side of the hand-basin. If need be, the bathroom vanity can take the place of the conventional dressing-table in a modern home. The one shown is in tones of soft green and white and has a pink basin.

DECORATIVE garden unit (right) is made of wrought-iron, has a stand for holding milk bottles as well as a box for the mail and newspapers. The box is green metal. This unit is an attractive and practical addition to the front entrance of the home.



## BRASSO

strikes a bright note

Give your brass and copper a friendly glow with quick and easy Brasso.



## FOR VARICOSE VEINS

Insist on **Lastonet** nylons

You can't see them under ordinary stockings — yet you get healthful support for Varicose Veins with leather-light elastic net nylon that stretches in any direction and lightly massages the leg as it moves, letting the air circulate freely. Insist on genuine LASTONET.

Apply VARICOSAN Chlorophyll Ointment, too, to gain extra relief from painful varicose conditions.

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PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, "VARICOSE VEINS"

NAME

ADDRESS

Page 58

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1958



# Greeting cards for children to make

• Christmas cards made by children have extra charm and novelty for everyone. Pictured at the right are several attractive cards for youngsters to make, using such simple materials as a potato, colored paper, and water paints.

All the Christmas cards illustrated are made by folding in two a rectangle of white or colored paper. Here are the directions for the seven different methods used to decorate the cards.

**A POTATO BLOCK PRINT** is a good way to make a number of cards quickly. The design must be simple like the tree on the right of the picture.

To make the block cut a large potato cleanly in halves. Cut a design from paper and place it face down on the flat surface of one potato half.

Cut around the edge of the design with a pointed knife to a depth of about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Cut away the surface of the potato not covered by the paper pattern, leaving the design standing. Remove the paper.

Now paint the raised surface with water or poster paint and press the potato block firmly on to your card. Remove the potato, and the Christmas design will be printed on the card.

Apply more paint to the block and continue printing as many cards as you want.

**SPATTER.** The card with the three stars is a spatter card. Here's how it's made:

Cut a simple design such as stars or triangles from stiff paper. (Pennies or other coins can be used for circles.) Place them in a pattern on the card. Now rub an old toothbrush dipped in paint back and forth across a pencil so that the paint spatters on the card. Use as many colors as you like, and when the paint is dry remove the shapes. The design is left clear, with the spatter all around.

**CUT-OUTS** make effective Christmas cards. The easiest method is to cut shapes from colored cardboard and paste them to the front of a white or painted card. The "Noel" card in the picture has been made this way. Pieces of string "hang" the letters from a star in the corner.

**WINDOW-PANE** cards are similar to cut-outs, but the design is cut from the card itself and colored paper pasted underneath. Choose a simple shape, such as the little sailing ships or the three candles in the picture. The candles have flames of glitter sprinkled over glue.

**STIPPLE WORK** was used to make the blue-and-white card in the picture.

The scene (it could be your house and garden) is first cut out of paper, then placed across the top half of the card. Using an old toothbrush, dab the paint all over the background to get a stipple effect. When you remove the paper pattern, it will leave the scene in white. Now write a Christmas greeting underneath.

**NATIVE BARK** trims the truly Australian Christmas card on the end of the blue ribbon in the picture. To make, obtain a small piece of bark from a native Australian tree. The paper bark tea-tree is a good one to use, because the bark is thin. Glue bark to the front of the card, then print a greeting beside it.

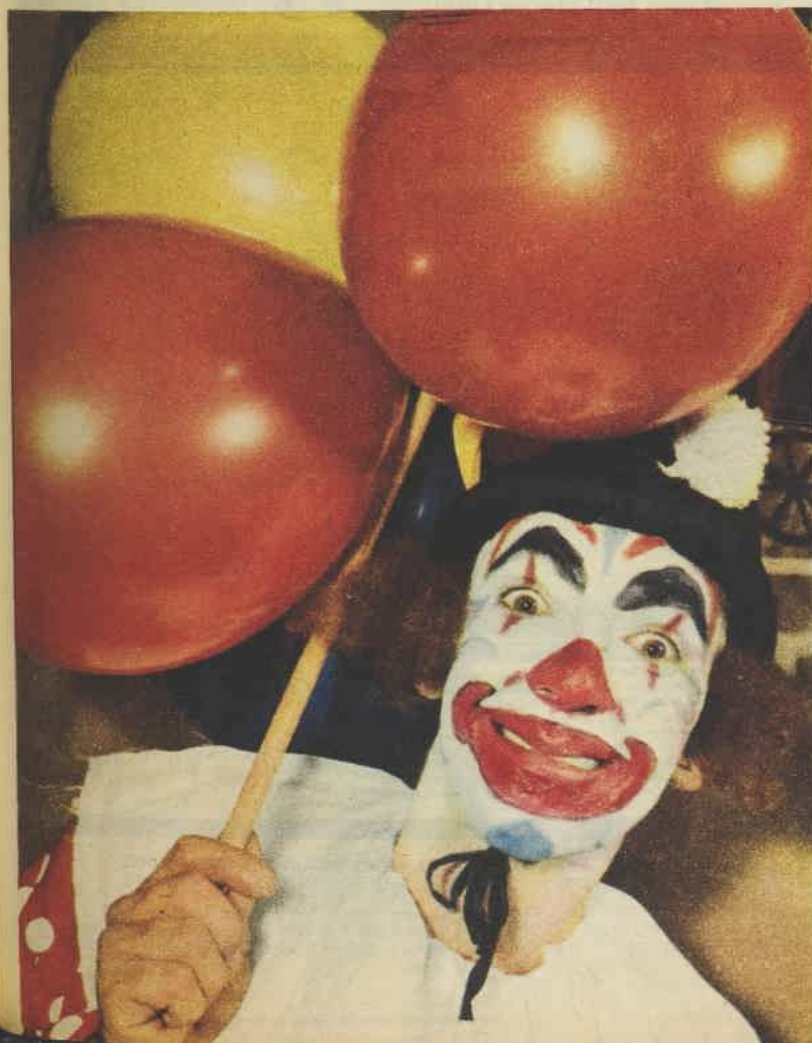
**PAINTING** a Christmas card is something even the youngest member of the family can do. The red card with white hens and the little white men on a purple background are both hand-painted cards.

**DISPLAY** Christmas cards effectively by borrowing a towel rack from the kitchen. Hang ribbons, attach cards, finish with baubles.



## OUR JIGSAW PUZZLE

• Here is the final instalment of our clown jigsaw puzzle to cut out and make. You need 22 pieces in all to complete the whole jigsaw and should have all the pieces now. When you put the puzzle together it will be the same size as the clown picture at the left.





THIS *Christmas* MAKE IT A HAPPY HOLIDAY



for camp caravan or weekender-

## SENSATIONAL NEW ALADDIN 2-BURNER CAMPING STOVE

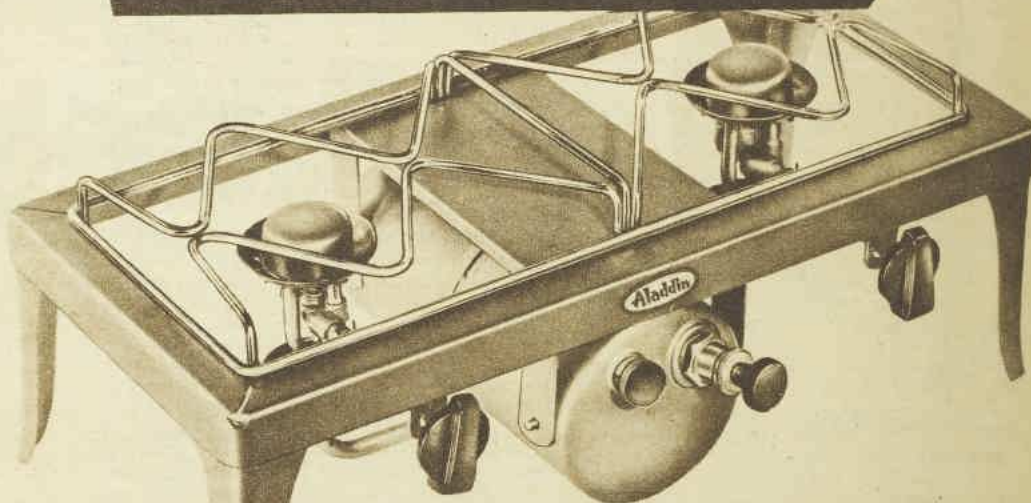
Forget your holiday cooking worries! For just £8'19'10 you can own this sensational new Aladdin 2-burner camping stove that cooks a meal in minutes — indoors or out! With its exclusive new cooking grid, it's large enough for three big pots at a time...and cooks a 3-course meal for about 1d!

The two high-speed burners adjust to any heat from "simmer to boil." It's completely safe, smokeless and odourless. With a tank capacity of 1½ pints, it cooks up to 12 normal meals on one filling of kerosene.

Sturdily constructed and with a smart, iridescent, heat-resisting finish, the Aladdin 2-burner camping stove takes minimum space in car boot or caravan. Handy metal carrying case, with fitted windshields, is also available.

# £8'19'10

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS



### ALADDIN 2-BURNER KEROSENE STOVE

It's portable with two big adjustable burners — cool, compact and economical. In cream, green or blue, £11/4/9; chromed, £11/1/-; or charcoal enamel, £10/15/3. Plus case £3/10/1 (Prices slightly higher in some areas.)

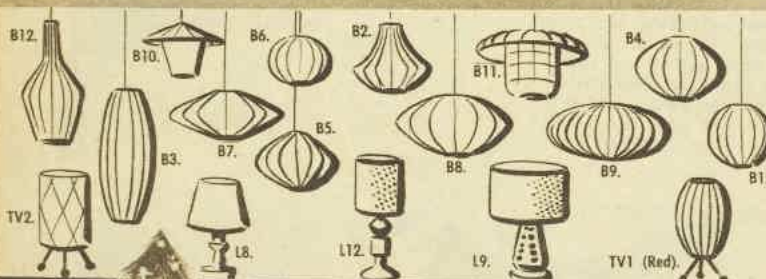


**ALADDIN STORM-PROOF LANTERN** — gives a high-powered, non-flickering light. Fully weatherproof. All chrome, £9/3/9; black and chrome, £8/8/- (Prices slightly higher in some areas.)

## Beautiful

### ALADDIN CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MODERN "STAY-AT-HOMES"

What Christmas gift could be more appreciated than something beautiful for the home? And this is where ALADDIN shines! Each of Aladdin's "home beautiful" products is a craftsman's handwork... designed to satisfy the love for beauty... functionally planned for contemporary living... most reasonably priced for this day and age. So... when it comes to Christmas giving, look first to ALADDIN!



### ALADDIN lampshades dramatise the modern decor!

Each Aladdin creation brings an exciting new experience in lighting—dramatic, elegant, charming. Original in shape, effect and colour, Aladdin lampshades softly diffuse light, harmonise with every decor, accent every colour scheme.



# Aladdin



ALADDIN occasional furniture for the home beautiful creates a new mood of colour and beauty. Seen here are... 1. Large Table, Catalogue No. 17. Small Tables, Catalogue No. 18. 2. Floor Stand, Catalogue No. 21. Shade for same, Catalogue No. 139. 3. Planter Lamp, Catalogue No. 134. 4. Balloon Shade, Catalogue No. 88. 5. Pot Stand, Catalogue No. 118. 6. Plant Pots reading from left to right: TOP SHELF—F9, Engraved Terra-Cotta; F15, Thin Multi Stripe; F32, Rooster Design. BOTTOM SHELF—F17, Lilac with White Spotter; F33, Gingham Pattern; F30, White with Black Sauter. 7. Balloon Shade, Catalogue No. 84. 8. Smokers' Stand, Catalogue No. 54.

### LOOK FOR "ALADDIN" AT LEADING HARDWARE, FURNISHING AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD., 43-53 Bridge Road, Stanmore, N.S.W. Telephone: LA 2826-7-8.

Victorian Branch: 477 Burwood Road, HAWTHORN, VIC. Telephone: WA 4070, WA 2127.

Queensland Agent: T. H. Martin & Co. Pty. Ltd. 35 Charlotte Street, Brisbane, Q'land. Telephone: B 1785.

West Australian Agent: J. H. Walters & Coy. W.A.T.C. Building, Esplanade, PERTH, W.A. Telephone: BF 1266.



# This delicious savory flan wins prize of £5

● A recipe for sauteed kidneys and scrambled eggs served in a shortcrust flan-case wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

THIS appetising dish imparts a gourmet touch to routine family menus.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for boiled chocolate cake, which is economical and easy to make.

Spoon measurements are level.

## KIDNEY FLAN

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 6 sheep kidneys, 2oz. butter or margarine, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 3 or 4 tomatoes, extra butter, bacon rolls, parsley.

Roll pastry to 7in. thickness, line a 7in. flan or tart plate; trim edges. Prick base and sides with a fork, bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Meanwhile, soak kidneys in cold salted water ½ hour, remove skin and core, slice finely. Melt 1½oz. of the butter in pan, add kidneys, and saute 5 minutes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce; cook further 3 minutes. Arrange kidney mixture around edge of baked flan-case. Melt remaining butter in pan, add beaten eggs and parsley; season with salt and pepper. Stir over heat until set. Spoon into flan, next to kidney circle. Peel tomatoes, cut into quarters. Place in pan with a little extra butter, saute 3 or 4 minutes. Lift carefully into centre of flan, place in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated. Serve garnished with grilled bacon rolls and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Dudfield, 264 Moore Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

## BOILED CHOCOLATE CAKE

One cup water, 1½ cups sugar, 4oz. butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Place sugar, water, shortening, and cocoa in saucepan, stir over low heat until butter is melted. Bring to boil, then simmer 5 minutes. Allow to cool, add beaten eggs, and then fold in sifted dry ingredients. Fill mixture into greased 7in. cake-tin and bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. When cold, ice with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Caporn, Nukarni, W.A.



SAVORY INGREDIENTS in the kidney flan, illustrated above, provide an interesting contrast in color and flavor. A plain or cheese-flavored shortcrust pastry can be used for the case of this tasty luncheon dish. See recipe this page.

## FAMILY DISH

● This week's family dish, mock chicken casserole, features rabbit prepared and cooked in an interesting way. It costs approximately 8/6 and serves four or five.

### MOCK CHICKEN CASSEROLE

One young rabbit, 2 onions, 2 slices lemon, salt, 2 carrots, 4oz. mushrooms, fat for frying, 2 rashers bacon, pepper, pinch nutmeg.

Soak rabbit in salted water 2 hours; drain and joint. Place on rack in pressure-cooker or saucepan. Add 2 cups water to pan, 1 sliced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, lemon slices and kidneys, and liver of rabbit. Pressure cook 17-20 minutes or simmer 1 to 1½ hours. Remove rabbit joints, strain stock and reserve. Dice carrots, remaining onion, and halved mushrooms. Fry vegetables in small quantity hot fat until lightly browned, turning frequently. Arrange rabbit pieces, drained vegetables, and bacon pieces (rind removed) in layers in casserole. Add pepper and nutmeg to stock; pour sufficient into dish to barely cover. Place lid on and cook in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve.

## IRON IN THE DIET

By Sister MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

IRON is a necessary mineral element for good nutrition. There is little reserve of iron in the body, and if the output of iron exceeds the intake a condition known as anaemia takes place.

Nutritional anaemia is probably one of the most widespread food-deficiency diseases. It often occurs in infancy in the first year when there has been prolonged feeding on an exclusively milk diet, and it is quite common in pregnancy.

During pregnancy, foods rich in iron are needed to prevent or correct any state of anaemia and also to provide an adequate

supply of iron for the developing baby.

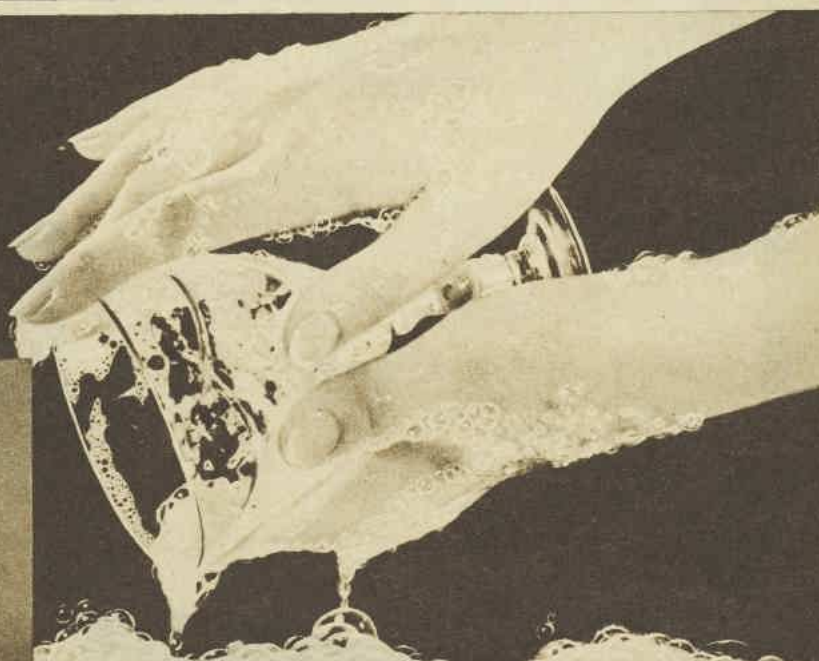
Some foods containing iron are: meat (liver, which is very rich in iron; and kidneys); egg-yolk; green, leafy vegetables; parsley; celery; beans; peas; dried fruits such as raisins, prunes, and dried apricots; apples; strawberries; molasses; and foods made from whole grains, such as coarse oatmeal or wheatmeal.

A leaflet describing this and other important mineral salts, such as calcium and iodine, is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for leaflets.

New!  
Milder!



with 33% more  
pure soap to care  
for your hands



Such soft, mild suds — so gentle!

You can wash-up a dozen times a day with New Persil and still your hands stay smooth and pretty. Same thing on washday! You'll get that famous Persil whiteness with a gentleness your hands will love. More pure soap — that's

the secret of New Persil's special mildness. Millions of soft, bubbly suds ease out the dirt, thoroughly but gently. Your clothes come up Persil-white and perfect. Your hands keep their smooth prettiness.



In copper or  
washing machine

**PERSIL WASHES WHITER**



# Kelvinator introduces a totally automatic washer

... the most advanced washer in the world — just dial and disappear!



*dial and disappear*



Choose from 4 exciting models  
 Model 18 165 gns.  
 Model 28 180 gns.  
 Model 68 184 gns.  
 Model 88 199 gns.

Now "wash day" becomes "dial day" — the day you dial and disappear to spend a day in town with the children. It's the new concept of automatic washing introduced to Australia by Kelvinator.

Your Kelvinator washes, rinses and damp dries your clothes automatically — all with one simple setting of the dial.

**How the Kelvinator Automatic Washer saves you time, work, energy.**

## 3-way Washing Action



Only the new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer has the unique 3-way agitator — the most efficient washing method in the world.

1. **Circulator Action.** The unique Kelvinator 3-way agitator constantly moves all your clothes up, down and around in cleansing suds.
2. **Shampoo Action.** Unlike ordinary washers, your Kelvinator gives you oceans of more efficient suds — sends them foaming through every item, shampooing them uniformly clean.
3. **Water Jet Action.** From 182 holes in the agitator leap thousands of jets of sudsy water per minute that reach the innermost fibres — loosening the most embedded dirt, that even hours of scrubbing could not shift.

## 5 Rinsing Actions



1. **Spray Rinse.** A spray of clean water removes remaining sudsy water from your clothes.
2. **Agitator Rinse.** The Kelvinator agitator flexes and flushes clothes free of soapy water.
3. **Overflow Rinse.** The inner tub fills to overflowing. Any remaining suds rise to the top, overflow and are pumped away.
4. **Splash-away Rinse.** The agitator starts again, splashes away any remaining soap particles.
5. **Spray Rinse.** Again a spray of clean water enters the tub, leaves your clothes soft, fresh, spotlessly clean.

## 10 special Kelvinator features

Only the new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer has the "Magic Cycle" 3-way Pump which enables you to bring hot water into the washer automatically, even without a hot water service — and saves water and suds, too! Kelvinator also gives you the exclu-

sive Filter Fountain, variable wash and rinse temperatures, a gearless drive, easy installation and 5 other special features. See them at your Kelvinator retailer NOW! Dial and Disappear on wash days with a new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer.

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**HOME APPLIANCES**

REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • WASHING MACHINES • TELEVISION • RADIO • ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS





## Low-priced home of contemporary design

• Our home plan this week is an entry from the recent Taubmans' Australian Family Home Competition conducted throughout Australia for a family home costing less than £3000.

THE architect, Mr. C. Robinson, of Brisbane, has designed a contemporary three-bedroom home of considerable appeal that would suit conditions in any capital city.

A complete set of plans and specifications is available from any of our Home Planning Centres for the usual fee of £7/7/- See addresses in panel.

The house is designed to face north to west—an aspect that ensures comfortable living conditions.

Because outdoor living has become an integral part of Australian life, provision has been made for an extensive paved terrace, opening from the living-room, continuing around the rear of the house, and ending under the kitchen windows.

And, because the terrace is on three sides of the house, there is a place to catch the sun or cool breeze the whole year round.

The 5ft. brick wall of the carport screens the terrace from the front entrance, making it completely private.

### Carport storage

Storage for gardening equipment and wheeled toys is incorporated in the carport, which also forms a play area for children when the car is not housed.

Inside, the house is divided into well-defined living and sleeping quarters. A side entrance from the carport gives immediate access to the living areas, and one long corridor opens into the three bedrooms and bathroom.

Grouping of the bedrooms away from the living areas keeps noise to a minimum and would be a real advantage in a family with young children. Bathroom and separate shower are conveniently placed.

To keep plumbing costs to a minimum, kitchen and laundry are on the same outside wall as the bathroom.

The kitchen is a cheerful room with wide windows overlooking the side terrace and vegetable garden. This terrace could be protected with a pergola or an egg-crate screen.

Designed on the corridor plan, the kitchen has an orderly area with bench tops beside sink and stove—always an advantage when preparing and serving food. There are storage cupboards on the opposite wall, and space for a refrigerator.

Glass is used extensively in the house, and to good effect. Windows run the length of the dining-living room and across the rear wall. With double doors opening to the terrace, a maximum of fresh air and sunshine is ensured.

An excellent feature of the

LOW-PITCHED roof defines the contemporary line of our Home Plan No. A812. The roof extends over the carport and makes a sheltered entrance to the front door. Rear wall of the carport is of spaced brick to a height of 5ft.

living-room is a built-in lounge, set in the alcove formed by the projecting kitchen wall. From this position there is a pleasant outlook over the terraces and garden.

Plans and specifications for this contemporary home will be available in various building materials, and orientated to suit readers' land.

### Our centres

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published each week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME-PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 HOME PLANS" and "21 HOME PLANS." Price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of home planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given by our centres.

MAIL ORDERS from readers should give the code number of the design, building material to be used, and services available (sewer, gas, electricity, water).

Addresses of our Home Planning Centres are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

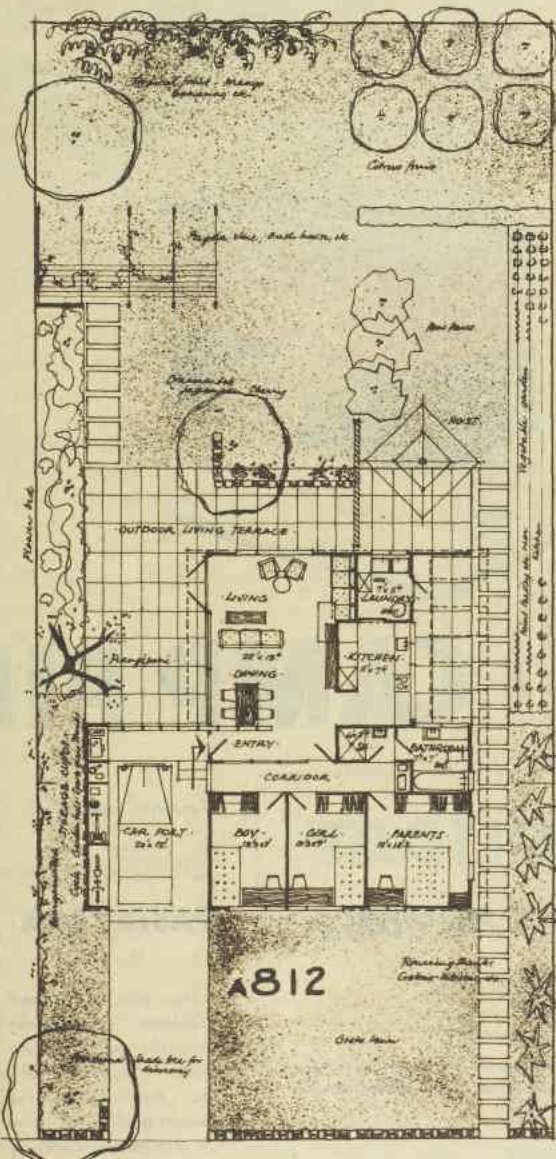
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Piggott's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.



GROUND PLAN of design. The sharp division between living and sleeping quarters is achieved by the central position of the entrance hall. Wide paved terraces flanking the house greatly extend the living areas.

LAVENDO brings GARDEN FRESHNESS to your home



Smell that LAVENDER FRAGRANCE THE PERFUMED FURNITURE POLISH

- FOR FURNITURE and FLOORS
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BEAUTY TIP by Claire Tweed: Use 'Lavendo' for perfuming bedroom furniture and the inside of linen cupboards



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Wonderful for Parties...



Merry meals call for special meat treats! Use delicious, nutritious Swift Camp Pie in salads, sandwiches and savouries!



Enjoy **Swift CAMP PIE**

## Swift **FREE GOLD COAST HOLIDAY** WIN **14** Golden Days at SURFER'S PARADISE...



**FREE**

Free return air travel from any major city in Australia to the Gold Coast by T.A.A. Super Viscount.



**FREE**

14 days' free accommodation (bed and breakfast) for 2 adults and 2 children at Golden Sun Luxury Serviced Apartments, Surfers Paradise.



**£50**

£50 spending money if 2 labels from Swift or Swift-Maxam Products are included with the winning entry.

**FREE ENTRY FORMS**

from all stores stocking **Swift-MAXAM** Quality Food Products

**HURRY!** Competition closes on **19<sup>th</sup> DEC.**



Sam Swift and Betty Bakeo say,

**Swift**

**QUALITY PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD!**

Swift Australian Co. (Pty.) Ltd., 246-267 Stanley Street, South Brisbane.  
Nation-wide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products.

Versatile, economical

**Swift-MAXAM BAKEO PASTRY MIX**



Solves your party meal problems, too! Make delightful party cheese boats, savouries, rolls, etc. Bakeo guarantees perfect pastry every time or your money back!



# NEW WILDFLOWER



**DOUBLE VARIETY** of *Boronia ledifolia* was discovered in the sandy soil of Deewhy West, a Sydney suburb, by Miss Marjorie Corkery, whose father has since propagated cuttings under glass.

- A double pink boronia, previously unknown to botanists, has been discovered in the northern Sydney suburb of Deewhy West.

THE new flower is a double variety of *Boronia ledifolia*, shell-pink in color but turning red as the blooms age. It was found by Miss Marjorie Corkery among other boronias, erios-temons, and flannel flowers, which abound in this rocky part of the N.S.W. coast.

Its discovery was kept more or less secret until Miss Corkery's father, a retired grocer, was able to propagate cuttings and supply the demand for the new flower which he believed would follow.

When news of the finding leaked out, botanists from many places went to see specimens at Mr. Corkery's home.

They included Miss Thistle Harris, author of several famous wildflower books, Mr. A. M. Blombery, also a wildflower book author, and botanists from the Herbarium, Botanic Gardens, in Sydney.

All agreed upon the flower's rarity, beauty, and peculiarity of shape. The flower has not yet been given a specific name, but probably will be known as *Boronia ledifolia flore plena*, which indicates its double form.

Searches for additional plants in the six and a half acres of land Mr. Corkery owns and over a wide area of adjoining but similar

country have not shown a single specimen of the flower.

Mr. Corkery's tiny nursery at Sarrington Avenue, Deewhy West, contains a few small sandy beds in which he raises cuttings of the new plant under glass jam jars, pickle bottles, and similar covers.

The country is typical of the Port Jackson sandstone area, the soil being sandy, but containing a lot of debris from the fast disappearing undergrowth and small timber.

## Remote parentage

The double boronia is a medium-sized shrub, rarely growing more than 3ft. 6in. to 4ft. It bears large blooms for the species, slightly reminiscent of the double form of leptospermum but less vigorous in flowering habit.

Miss Corkery found the plant growing wild in 1949, but it was not until 1954 that her father took specimens for identification to the Government Botanist at Sydney Botanic Gardens.

Its parentage is remote and may never be discovered, but enough is known by wildflower propagators to say that under cultivation this new plant may be considerably improved in size, and could possibly be used as a parent to improve other boronias.

Mr. Corkery is hoping to set out specimens of the new boronia in Stony Range Park to give the public its first view of the plant.

# THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST INSECT KILLER

in the  
**PRESS-BUTTON Kan**

**SAFE**  
for everything  
except the pests  
it kills



No fly, mosquito or other insect pest can survive Kan-Kil! That is because **ONLY KAN-KIL CONTAINS STROBANE** — the miracle ingredient that is proved the most active killer of all.

It's so easy to kill *all* insect pests in your home — just spray the rooms for 3 seconds with the Colgate Aerosol Press-button Kan. The penetrating mist of pleasant Kan-Kil floats about the rooms for hours, killing every insect that flies through it.

Buy Kan-Kil in the new 12 oz. Press-button Kan — sufficient to spray average room 100 times. — 15/11 6 oz. Press-button Kan, 8/11.



**LIQUID SUPER KAN-KIL** is also available for use with spray gun—in 10 oz. Kans at 2/6 and giant, economy 20 oz. Kans, 4/4 • **25% MORE SPRAY** than other liquid sprays **FOR THE SAME MONEY!** Buy Kan-Kil—today.



Exciting "Weekend" Christmas offer

EXTENDED PLAY RECORD of the  
**4 top tunes**

from  
**My Fair Lady**

A Collector's Item at less than half Retail Price—you can buy it only from "Weekend"

Here's something music-lovers have been waiting for — the pick of the hit songs from the hit-musical of all time — "MY FAIR LADY"! The four top tunes from the show have been specially recorded on an Extended Play record — which can be yours for only 5/11 (POST FREE). This terrific scoop by "Weekend" is something everybody will be talking about. You can't be without this wonderful record — it will provide unending entertainment for parties, dancing and record sessions.

EXTENDED PLAY — 45 R.P.M.

Each number is full length — no potted versions. The music is heaven-sent, the lyrics sparkling!

AMAZING FIDELITY REPRODUCTION

Never before such record value! The low-price has been made possible by a new method of production which produces maximum fidelity. And the record comes to you complete in an enchanting colored cover.

TOP HOLLYWOOD VOCALISTS,  
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

The four numbers selected are the top show-stoppers and the vocalists and orchestra have been specially selected for their outstanding recording qualities. The supply of these special "Weekend" recordings is necessarily limited. To get your record buy "Weekend" now for the special 5/11 Bonus coupon.

JUST THINK WHAT A LASTING CHRISTMAS GIFT IT IS!

for only

**5/11**

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HERE ARE THE SONGS

- ★ **I Could Have Danced All Night**, sung by JENNIE DEAN accompanied by the Jimmy Carroll orchestra.
- ★ **Wouldn't It Be Lovely?** sung by ANN LLOYD with Mitch Miller's orchestra.
- ★ **On the Street Where You Live**, in which Carroll accompanies ELISE RHODES.
- ★ **Get Me to the Church on Time**, with Miller supporting DICK BYRON.

NOW ON SALE

**Weekend**



Out-  
dates  
all others

New  
**MUM**

Stick  
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Checks  
Perspiration  
Too!



EXTRA PROTECTION... fully  
protects personal freshness and keeps  
under-arms dainty 24 hours a day.

EXTRA APPEAL... ice-pink, cool,  
in fashionable "young-look" pack.

EXTRA VALUE... more for your  
money... and the best. Full one  
ounce for just 6/3.

EXTRA QUALITY... non-crumblly  
to the last. Bland, safe for normal  
skins and the finest fabrics.

ICE-PINK  
**MUM**

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS

to come to the house again.  
Mr. Gilbert, I understand, does  
not wish it."

She was uncomfortably aware  
of his greedy eyes watching  
every movement as she searched  
in her purse for the two coins.

Eager to be gone she pulled  
out her watch—a thin gold  
watch on a chain, beautifully  
enamelled, which had been  
Mark's wedding gift to her—  
and looked at it. "I must be  
gone," she said. "I fear I have  
left my ride rather late. I hope  
your wife is fully restored to  
health before long."

She was suddenly intensely  
aware of Brass's expression as  
he saw the watch. Had she  
known it, it was the same look  
that had once been directed on  
the snake belt on its previous  
owner. Brass, like a magpie,  
found glittering things hard to  
resist, and the sun had lit the  
tiny diamonds outlining the  
enamelled shamrocks on the  
watch in a blaze of color.

The attack took Elizabeth  
almost—but not quite—by  
surprise. Subconsciously she  
had been expecting trouble  
and as Brass's great hands  
closed on her skirts to drag  
her from the saddle she flung  
herself sideways to keep her  
balance, swinging the mare in  
a circle as she did so, thus  
breaking the man's grip. The  
gold watch slipped to the  
ground and was crunched to  
shapelessness under Rosemary's  
hoofs. With a savage snarl  
Brass threw himself at the  
mare's head, but now Elizabeth

Continuing . . .

## The Lonely Shore

from page 66

wearily, her hand across her  
eyes. "What a sorry mess I've  
made of things."

Unlike his wife, Mark had  
had a particularly satisfying  
day. Captain Smith, his first  
objections to venturing north  
in the hurricane season having  
been overcome, was proving of  
incalculable service in the  
victualling of the expedition.  
Mark had had a busy day with  
him and it was late when he  
finally realised that it was time  
he should be going back to  
Perth.

"Why don't ye stay the  
night?" asked Captain Smith,  
who had taken a great liking  
to the young surveyor. "It's no  
trouble as ye well know."

"Thank you," said Mark.  
"But I must see Mr. Roe first  
thing in the morning. So I shall  
go back tonight." But he con-  
sented to share the substantial  
evening meal. There was always  
a cheerful atmosphere aboard  
the schooner—far more con-  
ducive to enjoyment than a  
silent meal with Elizabeth, he  
thought bitterly.

Afterwards he rode back to  
Perth with the bushman's  
pleasure in riding alone in  
silence, with the small bush  
noises of the night about him.

The house was in darkness  
as he expected when he reached  
it, seeing that it was close to

in the shadows. Only the sud-  
den change in the breathing  
warned him of the attack.

With one movement he blew  
out the candle and dropped  
to his knees, but even then he  
was caught off balance by the  
bull-like charge of the unseen  
assailant. Then they were both  
rolling on the floor, and Mark  
knew that his attacker was  
heavier and stronger than him-  
self, and that he was fighting  
for his life.

They rolled and clawed each  
other on the floor, seeking for  
a hold. Twice Mark managed  
to break the grip that threat-  
ened his throat; then with a  
sudden heave of his body the  
intruder threw them both over  
and Mark's head crashed  
against a table with a force  
that made his teeth rattle.  
Even as the table went over  
with a deafening crash and  
Mark struggled to clear his  
mind of the stunning blow, the  
great hands closed on his  
throat. He felt his throat  
crushed under the grip, the  
air held suffocatingly in his  
lungs, which felt as though  
they would burst. As his  
senses ebbed he was suddenly  
conscious of light blazing for  
a moment in the darkness—  
and then a smothered grunt  
from his assailant, while the  
terrible grip of his hands  
loosened for a moment. It was  
space enough for Mark to roll  
clear, and to see the dark hulk  
of the man leap to his feet in  
preparation for flight. Brass!  
Mark scrambled to his feet,  
dragging air into his tortured  
lungs, and started in pursuit as  
Brass headed towards the stairs.  
There was only one way to  
stop him, Mark realised, and  
threw himself into a flying  
tackle which caught Brass at  
the knees as he reached the  
head of the stairs. The man fell  
sideways, his huge bulk strik-  
ing the graceful Italian balu-  
strade with all his weight,  
backed by that of Mark's.

There was the breaking of  
wood and a shrill, terrible  
scream so unearthly that it was  
hard to believe it was torn  
from the throat of a man. Then  
Mark found himself hanging  
over the edge of a broken stair-  
case with empty hands, listen-  
ing for the sickening thud as  
Brass hit the tessellated pave-  
ment of the hall below.

Mark lay for a moment, re-  
gaining his breath, and then  
got slowly to his feet conscious  
that Elizabeth stood beside him,  
holding a heavy brass candle-  
stick in her right hand, while  
in the left the candle itself  
poured melted wax unnoticed  
over her shaking hand. It was  
the candlestick, he realised,  
which had hit Brass, making  
him loosen his grip for that  
all-important moment that en-  
abled Mark to struggle free.

There was growing light now,  
as Pearce, awakened by Brass's  
cry, came hurrying in, a candle  
in his hand and a comical figure  
in his long flannel nightshirt  
and cap.

He gave a cry as he saw the  
black heap on the floor and  
ran towards it. He bent over  
it for a moment and then looked  
up at Mark.

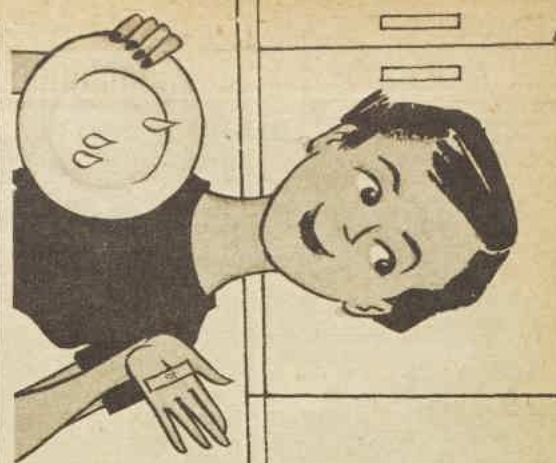
"He's dead, sir. Musta broke  
his neck when he fell."

Mark was silent, conscious of  
Elizabeth's quick-drawn sigh.

"Thank heavens you hit him  
with your candlestick," he said  
at last. "It would have gone  
ill for me otherwise."

She shivered violently and  
he doubted it was with cold, al-  
though she wore only her thin  
nightgown. Then she turned  
away from him, saying in a

To page 71



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FOR THE CHILDREN



brought her riding whip down  
with all her strength across his  
face and saw it blossom red  
with blood.

With an animal squeal he  
threw his arms across his face  
and Elizabeth slashed at the  
mare and sent her plunging  
forward in a gallop down the  
path. Then she wheeled  
around through the bush and  
came back to the path and  
without looking back galloped  
for home.

Elizabeth did not know how  
close she had looked into the  
face of death, and by the time  
she reached the house—al-  
though her heart was still beat-  
ing heavily—she was making  
excuses for the man. It had been  
criminally foolish of her to  
show him the money she car-  
ried and the watch, she  
thought. It was much too  
much to expect a man in want  
to resist such temptation. But  
she would not run such a risk  
again, she told herself. There  
would be no more attempts to  
visit his camp herself—food  
and money could be sent with  
someone else.

Pearce saw her return with  
relief, and if he noticed her  
pallor put it down to the hot  
day. She went directly to her  
room and lay down on her  
bed, the rest of the afternoon  
and evening stretching long and  
lonely before her. Her sense of  
disillusionment, blossoming  
greater with the episode with  
Brass, was heavy upon her.  
"Oh, heavens," she thought

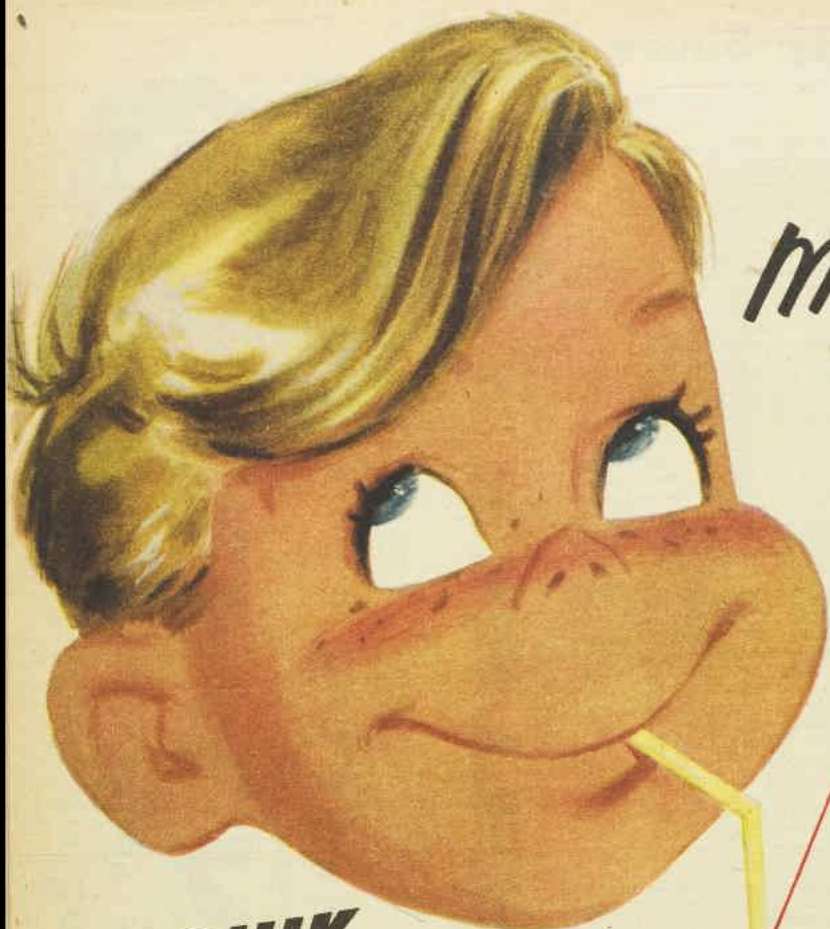
midnight. He unsaddled his  
horse and stabled it without  
waking Larry, who slept in the  
loft overhead, and then went  
to the house feeling suddenly  
weary.

Pearce had left a small lamp  
burning in the hall and this  
he took up and carried into the  
study. A cool breeze touched  
his face as he opened the door  
and he saw that there was a  
window open. Careless of  
Pearce, he thought—he must  
speak to him tomorrow.  
Pearce had been careless, too,  
in neglecting to lay out his  
night clothes. That meant go-  
ing upstairs and probably dis-  
turbance Elizabeth, although he  
knew well enough where they  
were kept.

A little irritable with tired-  
ness now, he set down the  
lighted lamp and found a  
candlestick. He lit the candle  
and started up the stairs,  
shielding it carefully against  
the stirring of draught through  
the house. At Elizabeth's door  
he paused, his hand still a  
shield about the flickering  
candle. He wondered whether  
she was asleep and whether  
she had left the door open.  
Cautiously he reached out his  
hand and started to turn the  
doorknob with silent care.

Then his hand froze. The  
flickering candle showed  
nothing, but he sensed there  
was someone there in the dark-  
ness beside him. There was  
he sensed, more than heard,  
the sound of human breathing





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low voice: "Now there is nothing left."

The summer morning was clear and sparkling as Mark rode through the bush. The sun had only just risen, and there was as yet no hint of the heat of the day to come—while the leaves of the eucalypts sparkled with dew as if newly polished.

Mark, however, took little pleasure in the morning. He had spent a sleepless night in the study, unable to rid himself of the echo of Brass' dying scream, and the thought of the broken body under the grey blanket, lying where it had fallen. As for Elizabeth—she had stood at her door later, and heard her sobbing: the first time he had known her to weep—and considered going to her. Then he had turned away.

"Now there is nothing left." Remembering the utter desolation in her voice, his heart had twisted with pity. So much she had desired to hold Jonathan to her that even so sorry a creature as Brass had been cherished by her, and his existence made justification for Jonathan's death.

When the darkness had turned to grey with the new day he had got up with only one decision clear cut in his mind. He could not leave Elizabeth now. She must come on the ship with him, for he was the only one left—whether she knew it or not—who could help her now.

Smoke already curled lazily from the rough stone chimney of the humpy thatched in the native fashion with paper bark

when he rode into the clearing. A woman was coming up from the river with a wooden pail of water weighing her heavily to one side. She was a sturdily built, highly colored creature of about Mark's own age, and her yellow hair was caught back in a neat bun on her neck. She was barefooted, and her blue dress was faded but neatly enough mended.

She put down the pail when she saw Mark and smiled, showing only a gap or two in her big even teeth.

"Good-morning, Sally," Mark said, his face sombre. He slipped from the horse and walked towards her, his hat in his hand. She saw that his eyes were dark with weariness and strain in his white face.

"Sally," he said abruptly. "I have ill news for you, I fear."

She said calmly: "What has Brass done now, Mr. Mark?"

"He is dead," he told her quietly.

She looked down at her work-roughened hands, turning a little pale.

"Well, I'd have been like to kill him myself sooner or later," she said calmly. "Tell me how it was, Mr. Mark—" and as he hesitated—"I'm no dainty lady to swoon at ill news. He was up to no good, I'll be bound."

"I fear I was responsible in part," Mark told her. "I disturbed him in my house. There was a struggle, and Brass fell from the top of the stairs, breaking his neck."

## Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

[from page 69]

"Do the police know yet?" He shook his head. "I am on my way to see them. I thought, however, to tell you first. I am deeply sorry."

"Spare your sorrow," she said abruptly. "You've been good to me, and you tried to help Brass. But no one could do that." She looked with pity on his tired, worn face. "Don't reproach yourself, Mr. Mark."

"How did you come to meet with such a man?" asked Mark.

SHE shrugged. "I dunno—it was when he first came and was still poorly. I was sorry for him then. But when he got better I was stuck with him. Funny, even then I was sorry for him betimes—but mostly for myself."

"You are a good woman, Sally," he told her. "Here is some money to carry you on and I shall leave a sum with Pearce when I am gone, enough to carry you through. Also, when your time comes, Sally—or whenever you wish—go to the house and Mrs. Pearce will see to it that you have shelter and attention."

"You are going away?"

"For a few months," he said.

"But now I must leave you—for I still have to lay information as to Brass' death. I doubt there'll be much to do about it. Do not worry, anyway, Sally. Whatever you want, remember, see Mrs. Pearce."

She thanked him, then watched him ride away before she picked up her pail of water and went into the hut.

Elizabeth received Mark's decision that she travel on the schooner with seeming indifference.

"Why do you continue to trouble about me?" she asked.

"The change will do you good," Mark said briefly. "Take light clothing—and a store of books and needlework for yourself, as there will be quite an amount of time to occupy while the land party is ashore."

He stood up to leave her—then turned back.

"It would be as well not to mention the matter," he said. "We are anxious to keep the expedition as secret as possible and I should prefer it thought that you were on a visit to your people."

She raised her eyebrows in inquiry, but Mark did not pursue the subject, and she thought when he had gone: "Well, anything will be better than this," remembering the mockery that their Christmas had been a few days gone; and possessed by a weariness that drugged her body and soul.

From that day Mark pushed the problem that Elizabeth presented to the back of his mind—an easy matter in the face of the avalanche of work that descended on him. Flour, salt, pork, firearms, ammunition, survey instruments, tents—Mark's eyes blurred with weariness as he worked far into the night over his lists of equipment and supplies.

He had asked for young Aubrey Simpson as his assistant and two servants who could be relied upon to care for the livestock—eight sturdy Timor ponies and thirty sheep being included for transport and food supplies. A soldier, Sergeant Gerrard, and two natives—Jimmy Coomal and Frying Pan, both skilled in tracking—completed the party.

Aubrey Simpson at twenty-one was a very old young man, irritating sometimes in his self-assurance, but none the less reliable. Mark, although he occasionally smiled at his foibles,

got on well with him. The two servants, Tom Deever and Samuel Snatchgood, were well known to him, both having been employed by the survey department for a number of years. Sergeant Gerrard had been His Excellency's own recommendation, and Mark welcomed him, for the sturdy Scot breathed reliability in every feature of his square, rugged face with its bristly grizzled whiskers.

And now it was the end of January and the afternoon before they were due to sail His Excellency, accompanied by the Surveyor-General, Mr. Brown, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Moore, had come down to drink wine with Mark and Captain Smith and wish them Godspeed.

Lieutenant Roe, emerging from a stem-to-stern inspection of the schooner, said: "Everything would appear to be most satisfactory, Mr. Gilbert. Captain Smith and yourself are to be congratulated on the completeness of your arrangements."

His Excellency said pleasantly: "We expect great things of you, Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Roe has sung your praises to good effect."

"Thank you, sir," said Mark. "I trust I shall prove worthy of your confidence. I am fortunate in having the co-operation of Captain Smith and Mr. Simpson."

"I am sure of that," said the Governor, smiling on young Simpson, who beamed self-consciously. His Excellency turned to Elizabeth.

"I fear you will regard us with scant favor banishing your husband so summarily," he said, charmed with Mrs. Gilbert's good looks and elegant manner. "But there is no man Mr. Roe would have more willingly chosen for the task. You have no doubt come to see he is consigned in good order."

She smiled demurely and said: "I am greatly conscious of the honor leadership of such an expedition entails, and although I shall miss Mr. Gilbert sadly I can only be grateful that Mr. Roe has seen fit to choose him."

Captain Smith concealed a smile in his great beard. He had cheerfully assented to Mark's request that Elizabeth be allowed to travel on the schooner, even though it meant relinquishing the comfort of his own cabin. Mark had been frank as to the Surveyor-General's veto on her presence, but Joshua Smith had chuckled and said: "If Mrs. Gilbert wants to come, then let her. After all, it's my ship and my concern who travels on her."

"All the same," Mark told him with a wry smile, "it would not be altogether fortunate for me should the matter be discovered."

Captain Smith had looked at him curiously but held his peace. He wondered why a young man who seemed particularly conscientious and enthralled with his work should risk his chief's disfavor apparently for the idle whim of taking his wife along for company. Perhaps there was a rival, he thought—certainly Mrs. Gilbert was a handsome young woman—but whatever it was it would seem a matter of importance to make the young surveyor so reckless.

It was with relief that Mark took leave of the official party and saw them row ashore. The Surveyor-General's eyes missed very little and the tarpaulin over Elizabeth's boxes seemed poor camouflage. It had been a mistake to bring them on board so soon, he realised. Now the time was at hand he realised it had been an insane idea to think he could smuggle Elizabeth on the ship without it becoming known in such a small

community. He felt depressed, too, at his defiance of his chief's wishes. Mark was not one who could flout orders without being troubled by an over-active conscience.

In the cabin Elizabeth was unpacking and wondering where she could put the few gowns she had brought with her. The cabin seemed small after that of the Silver Bay, though it looked snug and comfortable enough. She felt excitement stirring within her in spite of herself at the thought of the coming voyage, and later when they sat at the evening meal there was an air of celebration about the affair, Mark having brought aboard several bottles of Madeira to toast the success of the expedition.

The toast was solemnly pro-

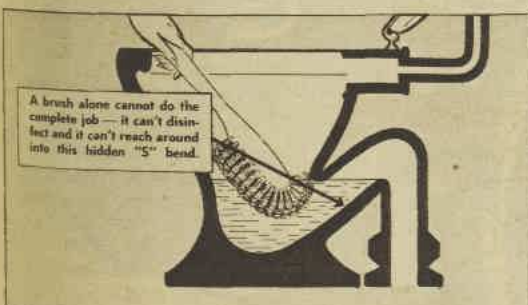
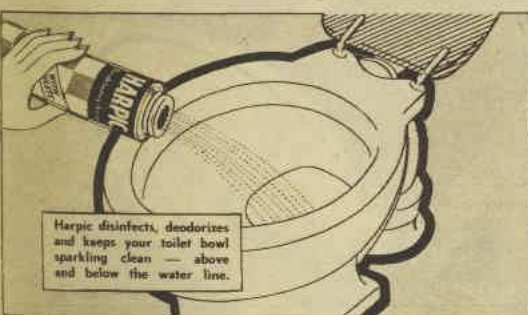
posed by Captain Smith and when it had been drunk he said with a twinkle in his eye: "And now, a toast, gentlemen, to our lady passenger, Mrs. Gilbert. May her presence bring good fortune to our journeyings."

Elizabeth, smiling and more animated than Mark had seen her, in a gown of buttercup muslin with a matching ribbon in her hair, failed to notice that amazement had made Aubrey Simpson's mouth hang most inelegantly open. He said: "I had no idea—" and then stopped short, contenting himself with drinking the toast with as much gaiety as the rest of them.

Young Starrick, the second mate, was frankly delighted at

To page 74

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the prospect of Elizabeth's presence on the voyage, and Joshua Smith watched with malicious amusement his efforts to capture her attention. However, if he anticipated an after-dinner tete-a-tete with Mrs. Gilbert, Starrick was to be disappointed, for Elizabeth, pleading fatigue, said her good-nights early.

When she undressed and finally lay in her bunk, she stayed awake for some time, listening to the low murmur of the men's voices and the restless stirrings of the ship. She felt strangely content, and drifting between waking and sleeping came the comforting fantasy that Jonathan was close at hand, that one of the voices was his, and soon he would clatter in, filling the cabin with his presence and his laughter, his hair gold-bright under the swinging lamp. Then fantasy and reality faded into sleep.

It was daylight when she awoke, and the blankets trailing from the opposite bunk indicated that Mark had already gone on deck to overlook the loading of the ponies and sheep which had been left ashore as late as possible before sailing. She turned over, determined to go to sleep again, but it was impossible when there was so much to attract her on deck.

She slipped out of the bunk and dressed quickly, to the accom-

paniment of the drumming of tiny hoofs, the bleating of sheep, the frightened neighing of the horses as they were hoisted on board; men shouting, the flap of the sails, and the creak of the windlass.

The sails were already hoisted when she went on deck and the Mary Dean pawed lightly at the swell, to the groaning of the cables that still held her. Yesterday's heat had been replaced by an overcast sky and there was the light touch of rain on her face.

"Even the heavens weep at your departure, Mrs. Gilbert," said young Starrick, coming up beside her, and she smiled a polite good-morning. She thought him rather a stupid youth and far preferred Mr. Bates, the first mate, who the previous night had hastened to show her an indifferently executed miniature of Mrs. Bates, which she had duly admired.

Starrick lingered, saying: "We shall have a fair wind, but it is inclined to be choppy. Are you a good sailor, Mrs. Gilbert?"

"Reasonably." She was inclined to be short with him, and grateful to see Captain Smith approaching deep in con-

## Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 71

versation with Mark. Starrick saw them, too, hastily excusing himself and returning to his duties.

Good-morning to ye, ma'am," Captain Smith greeted her, thinking she was a sight for sore eyes this dull morning. "I thought we'd be well away before you showed up on deck," he laughed, and Mark smiled pleasantly enough at her.

He looked amazingly well this morning — the wind had whipped his black hair into some sort of disorder and brought color to his face. Already he had deserted town dress, wearing a dark green coat over his shirt with its negligently tied neckcloth, and stout grey trousers stuffed into the tops of his boots.

"Do not make yourself too conspicuous, my dear," he warned her. "We do not wish curious eyes to see our stow-away."

**E**LIZABETH colored and said sharply, "I shall go below if you wish." Really, she thought, what an absurd idea of Mark's that her accompanying them should be such a secret business.

"Maybe it would be better if you kept under hatches until we sail," agreed Captain Smith. "And how do you like the Mary Dean, Mrs. Gilbert?"

"I like her well," said Elizabeth. She turned to Mark. "I shall take your advice and go below. No, there's no need to escort me," as Mark moved towards her. "I have already found my way about."

She went below full of rebellion, for she would have dearly loved to watch the remainder of the loading and the anchors hauled. She felt rather like a naughty child sent to stand by itself in a corner.

Now there was even more confusion above and the voice of Joshua Smith above it. The anchor came rattling up and the Mary Dean, freed now of her bonds, surged forward, lifting her dainty nose, then burying it deeply in the swell as she went cautiously through the channel out to the open sea where the guardian islands lay.

It was over an hour later when Mark came down to the cabin, his eyes sparkling with schoolboy pleasure.

"Fremantle's astern and our voyage has begun, Elizabeth. But now it's time for breakfast."

She continued to smooth out the folds of a gown without answering and he said contritely: "It is a shame that you have had to skulk below like a criminal, but it was as well to run no risks."

"It did not matter," she said stiffly, not troubling to wonder what the risks were he spoke of. But she was smiling again before breakfast was done and when Captain Smith suggested they take a last look at the colony she assented eagerly.

The rain was a tender veil about them when they stood on the deck and the waves rolled, long and grey, by the Mary Dean's side. Away to the left Rottnest Island with its jewelled lakes and little hills was no more than a smear drawn by an idle finger on a misted window pane.

To starboard the mainland stretched long and lonely, its beauties well hidden this sombre morning. Elizabeth stood between her husband and Captain Smith in silence.

Four times she had stood and looked on this lonely shore. As an excited child on the Warrior, as a bride, as a widow — and now again as a wife. So many times, she thought, and sighed.

Captain Smith turned to look at her. "Not feeling queasy already, are ye, ma'am?"

She laughed her denial and

Mark, unseen by her, looked at her quickly. How lovely she looked this morning with her cheeks whipped pink by the wind and her hair blowing unchecked and misted by the light rain. He had no doubt what her thoughts were and he, too, sighed, but not aloud. Then his spirits lifted. Here at last was his long-awaited ambition becoming fact. For him the opportunity to open the gate on new territory, and in the secret north what wonders awaited them.

Grey — narrowly escaping leaving his bones on the western coast to become successful governor of South Australia — had returned from his northern explorations with wonderful stories of great ranges and green pastures, of savage tribes, of crocodiles, and pandanus palms. Of mighty rivers and sweeping tides and of birds that danced solemn quadrilles in the reed-grown swamps. All these and more he would see for himself. He leaned forward, as though his questing gaze could pierce the mists ahead.

The tide was out and Elizabeth, with the captain's kneeboots over her own shoes and her skirts looped into her belt, gathered the glistening cowrie shells around where the schooner lay high and dry. Mr. Bates, the chief mate, called to her from the deck: "Take care where ye walk, ma'am. If you strike a soft patch you'll find yourself in a mud bath."

There was plenty of activity going on around her. The ponies had been slung over the side and walked to the shore, and now the men were unloading the stores. It was over two months since they had sailed from Fremantle and Mark had found his plans had worked even more smoothly than he expected.

Despite the flooded condition of the country they had made more than half a dozen trips inland without mishap — save for a pony being taken by a crocodile. Mark had watched the ponies graze in grass that rose over their heads and thought that herds of cattle would one day roam in these rich pastures, for even when the waters of the floods receded he knew by the fringe of pandanus and paper barks where permanent water would lie in the fertile but narrow river valleys.

It was hot and fortnightly spells of fine weather were interspersed by tropic downpours and grey days that were nothing like the grey days of the south. In the frowning ranges, with their precipices and yawning ravines, travel over the broken rocks was at times a nightmare. Mark wondered what lay behind the ranges, but time and the season were against their finding out.

He would come again, he thought, in some dry winter season, when he could accept the challenge thrown out by the ranges. But for now he was well content with what he had seen of this fertile country. Its beauty, he thought, was unbelievable — its birdlife dazzling with its jewel-colored parrots and finches that rose as they passed. Here, too, at last he had seen the broilgas dance — the stately cranes moving through their steps with the sedateness of a Government House quadrille.

Elizabeth, too, had against her will been dazzled by the glory of frowning ramparts, that in the sunset glow caught some of its glories, and the sandstone cliffs that soared straight from the sea in bold and unabashed splendor. She remembered one day as the schooner swung at anchor at full tide that she had brought her paint box with her, and had half-shamefacedly brought it up on deck and set to work to

try to capture the beauty of the land-locked sound in which they lay.

But the colors changed so rapidly, and so sun-drenched and vivid were they, she was filled with despair — for they had no connection with the subdued landscapes she had been taught to paint after the English manner — of which, at times, the rain-washed southwest provided a gentle reminder.

The rose-madder of the hills, the sickly green mangroves, and the milky emerald of the sea — how lovely they were; how difficult to capture! She was contemplating her work with some disgust when Captain Smith paused beside her.

"I'm no judge of art, Mrs. Gilbert," he said. "But to me that's a mighty pleasing picture you've made."

"I was heartily ashamed of it," she confessed. "I have not painted for so long."

Later in the evening Joshua Smith pursued the subject when Mark and his party returned to the ship.

"Mrs. Gilbert has made a right pretty picture of the sound for you," he said, and young Starrick added enthusiastically: "Yes, indeed—I've seldom seen such a well-executed piece of work."

Seeing Mark's look of puzzlement, Elizabeth said painfully:

"It is but a small and indifferent water-color. The coloring is so exquisite here I felt compelled to try to transfer it to paper—but with ill success."

"Perhaps you will show it to me."

"If you wish," she said indifferently, and Joshua Smith looked from one to the other with some curiosity. It seemed strange that young Gilbert should be so ignorant of his wife's accomplishments.

As they rose at the conclusion of the meal, Mark reminded her: "You promised to let me see your picture, Elizabeth."

"It will not look well by this light," she stammered.

But she yielded to the protests of Captain Smith and young Starrick and brought it out, saying: "The colors are so baffling, for the light changes quickly. Despite Captain Smith's kind remarks it is very poor."

Mark sat studying it for some minutes and then smiled at her. "On the contrary, it is very good."

Tears pricked behind her eyelids. It was so long since she had felt reason to be pleased about anything she had done, and she felt unaccountably touched by Mark's approval.

"I'm glad you like it."

She held out her hand to take the painting from him, but

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Mark continued to study it, saying thoughtfully: "It is indeed excellent. I should be grateful if you would do more of such work, my dear. An accurate representation of the country would be a valuable addition to the written observations we are making."

"I shall be glad to," she said.

"Plants, too," he said with rising enthusiasm. "I promised Mr. Drummond specimens of the flora here, but if you could copy such plants with such accuracy it would be of much value—dried specimens are apt to lose so much of their true coloring."

She thought with an inward smile: even my painting is only a useful accessory to his work. But she was flattered to find that she, too, could be of use, and in the days following found herself almost as busy as Mark. Not only flowers and grasses, but birds, seaweeds, shells, and even fish were brought to her by members of the shore party and by the seamen, who found pleasant diversion in searching for new and novel additions to her collection.

"I wish I had brought more water-color paper," she said to Mark as he paused beside her as she was working on the deck. It was stiflingly hot, and as she pushed her damply clinging hair back from her forehead she left a smear of green paint on her face.

"Next time," he said, "I shall make a note of it. Plenty of material for our artist."

She went back to her work, and he watched for a moment with some pleasure. Despite her dishevelled appearance, she looked more like the Elizabeth he had first known, for she had blossomed again in the moist, hot north as one of its own native blossoms. He had tried to rescue her from the slough of despondence into which she had fallen—and now it seemed that she had saved herself. She was busy and—he thought—content. What was more, her work was valuable. He told her so, and she looked up at him thoughtfully.

"Could I not come ashore with you on a short trip?" she asked wistfully. "I grow tired

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of being on board, though everyone is so kind—and if I came with you I could make sketches of some of the interior instead of being limited to coastal scenery."

He was doubtful. "Let me talk it over with the others first, Elizabeth," he said. "There are some risks about you accompanying us, you know—for although we have had no trouble with the natives so far, the chance of it is always present. Besides," he added, "would it be altogether kind to deprive Mr. Starrick of your company?"

She looked at him sharply.

ham-sized fist to let its contents run into her palm.

"I picked 'em up myself on the beach."

She stared blindly at her palm and what lay in its white curve. Blue . . . blue as the little rock pools under the northern sky! How long was it since Zeb Holly, too, had placed operculum in her hand, and she—she had promised to wear them always to remind her of an afternoon where it was always summer!

She battled for composure.



but, seeing the smile on his face, laughed and wrinkled her nose.

"He is a somewhat pathetic young man," she confided. "He hovers over me as I work until I am quite weary of him."

Never since their marriage had they been as close as they were now, but the moment was unwittingly destroyed by Captain Smith, who came along the deck looking hugely pleased with himself.

"It is a pretty offering I have for you, ma'am," he said. "I doubt whether you have seen these before."

"What may it be?" asked Elizabeth curiously.

"Hold out your hand and see," he told her, and opened a

and failed miserably, turning and fleeing as once she had turned and fled from Jonathan and Zeb Holly, with the operculum clenched in her hand.

Captain Smith stared after her in dismay. "Well, I be—! What ails Mrs. Gilbert—did she not like the shells?"

Mark shook his head. "I don't know. It could have been—". He bit his lip, then continued bravely: "Perhaps you do not know that my wife has been this way before. Her first husband was killed by a whale some way south of here."

Joshua Smith's big face reddened with chagrin.

"Well, I'm a clumsy brute—but I'd no notion. But how was a man to know?"

"How, indeed?" said Mark, but there was no sarcasm in his voice—only weariness. Seeing Joshua Smith's genuine distress, he decided to change the subject.

"Mrs. Gilbert is most desirous of going ashore. Do you think it would be over-rash if she were allowed to accompany us on a short trip?"

Joshua Smith pursed his lips in thought. "I can't see it would be any more risky than being aboard," he said at last. "There are only the natives, and so far you've avoided trouble with them. She would be exposed to as much or more danger here on board if we had a change in the weather."

He eyed the cloudless sky with some suspicion and as though he half hoped it would divulge its future plans, but Mark was too absorbed in his own plans to notice him.

The following morning, when Mark went to tell Elizabeth of his decision, he found her on deck looking towards the shore. It was steamingly hot—hotter than the preceding day—and the Mary Dean lay heavily on the glassy, windless sea.

"You could come ashore with us at Staysail Bay," he told her, trying to sound eager but failing miserably. "We should reach there tomorrow if there is sufficient wind."

"Thank you." She turned away from the side and faced him. "I must apologise for my exhibition of yesterday," she said a trifle breathlessly. "I trust that Captain Smith was not too much distressed. The operculum—" she bit her lip and her voice trailed away.

"You had seen them before—in happier circumstances?"

She dropped her eyes, full of tears.

"Don't speak of it," he told her. "There is no occasion to cause yourself needless pain."

He continued quickly. "I hope you will not find the travelling too uncomfortable. You will ride one of the ponies."

Elizabeth nodded and then

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said, "We draw near the end of the trip, are you satisfied with the results?"

"Well satisfied. We have investigated the territory thoroughly and there is no doubt that this country provides excellent grazing country, well watered and grassed — He paused and frowned.

"It is good country, but I have a fear that we shall not be here when at last civilisation finds its way here. Development must needs be slow when capital, population, and transport are lacking."

He sighed and Elizabeth said: "It is not your worry, Mark."

"Perhaps not — though I should like to feel my discoveries were going to be of the immediate benefit that His Excellency and Lieutenant Roe hope for. But explorers should not be hampered by the knowledge monetary benefits hinge on their discoveries or lack of them.

"All we want to do is to seek new worlds — to tread where no man has walked before. It is a saddening thought that the day will come when the globe will be charted as carefully as the palm of your hand and there will be no more mysteries unless man turns his eyes to the skies. But I'll not see that day! Man is a curious creature. He strives to conquer nature, but

when the battle is won there is only sadness because the cause for striving exists no more."

He fell silent and stood looking towards the shore and Elizabeth glanced at him with some interest. Jonathan, she thought, had lived for the sea. To follow the sea and the whale was all his life. But to Mark the sea was only a means of conveying him in quest of new rivers, new mountains, and new valleys. Jonathan she had never seen out of his element, but the Mark she had known in Busselton had not been the true Mark at all.

Making polite conversation in drawing-rooms, he had, probably, longed to be far away in new territory, standing in wonder on some mountaintop and thanking God that none had stood there before him. She had, she thought ruefully, married a man whose true character had been even less known to her than that of Jonathan, although she had thought she knew him so well.

First light the following morning found them at their anchorage in the snug little bay with its sheltering arm of reef and a cluster of islands outside. But Mark was less interested in the safety of their

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anchorage, which seemed to give Joshua Smith much satisfaction, as in getting the ponies ashore.

The sun had only just risen when they went ashore after an early breakfast — Elizabeth carrying her paints and papers packed securely in canvas, and wearing a stout blue stuff gown and her strongest boots, as Mark had warned her to. She was a little taken aback when Sergeant Gerrard solemnly handed her a couple of pistols.

"Must I carry these?" she asked doubtfully. "I already have my painting materials."

"Can ye use a pistol?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, indeed, but —"

"Then they'll be no unnecessary burden. Put your painting stuff in the saddle packs. It will be snug enough."

**E**LIZABETH took the pistols, a little at a loss where to stow them, but Aubrey Simpson came to her rescue.

"Here's a belt for you. They are heavy, but you'll find them easy enough to carry this way."

She buckled the belt about her waist, but found it far too big. Laughing, she watched young Simpson punch a fresh hole in the leather.

"There," she said, when it at last fitted snugly. "Do I look sufficiently ferocious, Mark?"

He turned from the girl he was adjusting and smiled. "Yes, indeed. And your steed awaits you."

The little black Timor tossed its head skittishly as Mark handed Elizabeth into the saddle, and she laughed aloud.

"Why, my feet almost trail the ground! It reminds me of the pony we had as children in England."

Sergeant Gerrard said reprovingly: "Little they may be, ma'am, but strong and stout-hearted for a' that. They'll carry you as far as you wish to go and do not object even to my weight."

The party were in the saddles now, only the two trackers going on foot. They struck inland and as the day wore on it became hotter, and after they had paused for lunch weariness so weighted Elizabeth's eyes that she found herself wishing she was back in the comparative cool of the Mary Dean's cabin.

But her pony plodded on stolidly, following the others as they scrambled over the scattered rocks spiked between with spinifex. Later in the afternoon they entered a narrow gorge full of purple pools of shadow, with the cliff faces rising sheerly on every side. Water spread a blue sheet between and as they approached flights of birds rose screechingly and a kangaroo crashed heavily away through the scrub.

Silence fell when the last cries of the birds had faded, and Elizabeth felt a sudden chill of depression. The gorge was so gloomy, even though the sun shone hotly on the trees, and she was glad when they finally reached its highest point and came out where a stream poured from the side of a rocky hill, and the wooded landscape was open and pleasant with the rocky hills as a backdrop, now lit to unbelievable color by the dying sun.

The party halted and when Mark came to assist her to dismount she said with a sigh: "We are staying here, I hope, Mark."

"Don't you fancy a trip back through the gorge at night?" he asked with a smile.

"No," she shivered. "It is a horrible place."

"I had the same feeling. But never fear — we are not retracing our steps now. The natives are building a fire — a

very sheltered one because we do not wish our presence known if we can prevent it."

"There are wild natives at hand?"

"Yes," he said, after a brief pause. "Jimmy Coomal and Frying Pan have seen traces of them. But I trust they shall not trouble us."

All the same, when he lay in his blankets, his pistols beside the saddle he was using as a pillow, he wished that he had not surrendered to Elizabeth's plea to come with them. The natives were close — Jimmy and Frying Pan, full of the fear of natives who know their life is forfeit in tribal territory other than their own, had sworn they could "smell" them.

Elizabeth, too, lay awake, full of strange excitement. Were the natives really close at hand, she wondered. The shadows had merged into the black of night and there was no moon. There seemed to be hundreds of little stirring sounds, and the stamping of the horses — even her own breathing — seemed to create an uproar that made them vulnerable to any hidden enemy.

But when the dawn came and the men moved sleepily around the camp, she could laugh at her fears, and after they had breakfasted — she snatching a few minutes to make a rough sketch and color notes of their camping place — they moved down the gorge again.

Mark and Sergeant Gerrard were riding ahead, with the uneasy native boys clinging close to their stirrup irons, and she rode a little in the lead of the two servants beside Aubrey Simpson, who was full of chatter about gay times at the Swan, though the capital seemed far enough away now.

She was grateful to him, for the gorge, as they rode deeper into it, looked gloomier than ever. After a while even young Simpson fell silent and they rode without speaking until he said at last:

"Look, Mrs. Gilbert. There is a plant that might interest Mr. Drummond. Would you like it?"

She reined in her pony and the two servants rode ahead of them as she looked in the direction in which he pointed.

She said lightly: "You have better eyes than I, Mr. Simpson. By all means get it for me," and he obediently slipped off his pony and went to where the dull green leaves of the strange plant were half hidden by a stone.

Elizabeth was not conscious of any movement, but without raising her eyes she knew they were there, crowding menacing and silent out of the trees. She said: "Mr. Simpson!" almost in a whisper, but he heard her and froze where he stood, then turned slowly towards them. Big men they were: warriors with the tribal cicatrices on their broad chests and bearded. There were only three of them, but he saw they were carrying spears and one already had his spear in the spear-thrower.

In that split second Simpson wondered how long they had been shadowed and whether they had merely waited to cut off the stragglers, for by now Deever and Snatchgood were no longer in sight and the main party had no idea he and Elizabeth had dropped behind.

Aubrey Simpson was in a dilemma. To run would be fatal. To parley may be more so, for the main party would be drawing farther and farther away without noticing their absence. By the time they realised two of the party were missing it might be too late. Spears, he thought, made little sound. If he made a grab for his pistols there was no knowing how many natives were here beside these three, and even though the shot would bring the others

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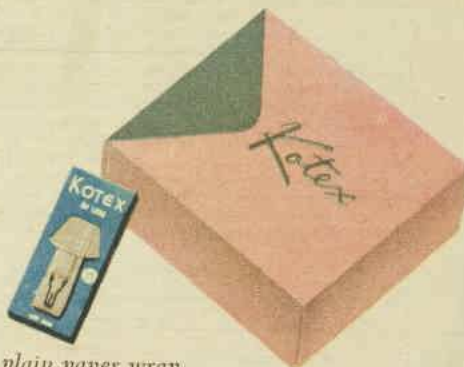


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1958



back he and Elizabeth would be dead before they came.

He drew a deep breath and spoke to the men in what he hoped sounded a friendly greeting. The three were silent, watching him sullenly, and he forced himself to walk towards them with the horse's reins over his arm, his hands outstretched so that they would know he was not reaching for the pistols in his belt.

Elizabeth watched in silence. She realised his purpose and choked back her impulse to scream wildly for help. There was a moment when the leaves seemed to hang still on the trees around them as the stone-age men and the young survivor stood face to face, then the warrior who appeared to be their leader stepped forward and Elizabeth thought with a painful plunge of the heart: "It is going to be all right."

It was at that moment the unexpected happened. Aubrey Simpson's pony, terrified by the figure moving towards them and the strange smell of bush native, reared wildly, swinging away with a snort of fright and dragging at the reins. In an instant Aubrey Simpson was thrown off balance and with that went his control of the situation.

At the sight of the white man struggling helplessly on the ground, the primitive rose and the warrior with his spear in the thrower swung back like a snake to strike. As Aubrey Simpson, hampered by the plunging pony and its reins

Continuing . . .

## The Lonely Shore

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screams still ringing in his ears, dragged the dead native from her, half-fearing he was too late.

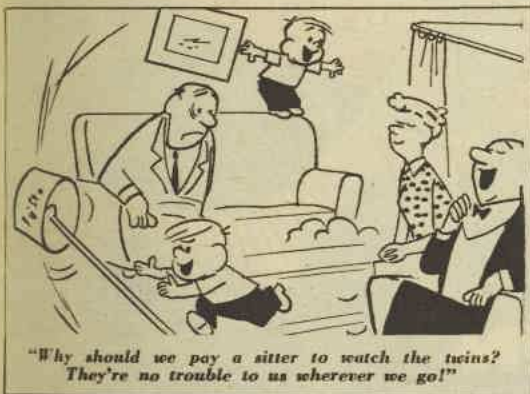
He had already noticed Elizabeth's and Simpson's absence and had started to ride back when the shot rang out. He had spurred the pony on, reaching the scene as the natives rushed Elizabeth, and had fired blindly from the hip, seeing with fierce exultation one man fall while the other raced back into the scrub.

"Elizabeth!" he cried. "Elizabeth!" The blood — was it hers or that of the man he had killed? He was conscious of Simpson trying to drag himself to his knees, still weighed down by the spear, and of the rest of the party riding through the trees.

Elizabeth started up. "Mr. Simpson!" she cried wildly. "Mark — Mr. Simpson — they speared him — he is dead!"

"He is not dead," Mark told her and felt her shudder against him. She looked at the blood that soaked her dress and shivered again. "You killed him?"

"Yes." Mark tried to move between her and the dead native, but she said: "I killed one, too, I think — it was very easy." "It was he or Simpson,"



pulling at his arm, tried to struggle to his feet, the thrown spear caught him in the chest and he went down with a choked cry.

Even as they crowded in to despatch their victim, Elizabeth was urging her pony forward, pulling at the pistol in her belt — her own safety forgotten. She fired, laughing hysterically as one of the natives threw up his arms. Then something flashed past her head and she realised it was a spear thrown by one of the others.

She screamed now, high and shrill, dragging her terrified pony in a circle as she brought up the second pistol and fired again. Her screaming set the birds up from the gorge, shrieking their terrified accompaniment, and mingled with the report of the pistol so that the cliffs echoed with an agony of sound. But the end was near and the third native ran in, even while his companion halted at the hot blast that barely singed his beard and grabbed the pony's bridle. The Timor reared, neighing shrilly, and Elizabeth, endeavoring to use the pistol as a club for the head that was out of her reach, was thrown heavily to the ground; and was struggling to rise when they came upon her.

The spears, she thought, the spears — feeling in imagination the toothed barbs and long wooden shaft tearing her flesh. Then sound crashed on her ears and a heavy weight and blackness descended on her body. But she was beyond thought then, only knowing she must be dead and that a warm stickiness was on her throat and an overpowering smell of death.

Mark, with the shots and her

Mark told her. "You had no choice."

"No," she said. "Help me up, Mark."

He helped her to her feet and she walked fairly steadily to where Aubrey Simpson lay. In spite of the pain he managed to smile up at her.

"Thank God you are safe," he said faintly.

"Thank God you are, too," she told him soberly. She noted with some relief that the spear was high under Simpson's collarbone. Deever was already cutting through the shaft with his heavy knife and Aubrey Simpson turned white and sick, lying with clenched teeth and closed eyes.

"We must leave the rest until we get back to the ship," Mark said. "We cannot delay, for one man has escaped, but we do not know how many of the tribe are near. Can you ride, Mr. Simpson?"

"I shall be all right," said Simpson with an attempt at a smile. "But my pony has gone."

Deever said: "I can walk, or perhaps we can take it in turns to ride, Mr. Gilbert."

Mark said: "We will take turns."

Deever had used his own shirt to pad Mr. Simpson's shoulder, and now they assisted the wounded man into the saddle while he choked back his groans. Elizabeth's own pony had not gone far, and when it had been led back, snorting in terror at the bodies of the two natives, Mark assisted her to mount and the little cavalcade rode down the gorge away from the scene of death where a black hand clutched but could not feel the dull green leaves

of a plant that grew half hidden by a stone.

They picked their way down the gorge at what seemed to be a snail's pace to Mark, as he took turns with Deever to ride the pony. With their slow progress, he knew that night must fall before they reached the tidal creek and the safety of the Mary Dean.

If a body of natives should overtake them now they would have little chance, despite their guns. Their party seemed pitifully small, and with three walking and one desperately wounded there was no chance of hurrying.

However, the natives they had encountered had evidently only been a hunting party, and the survivor possibly would take some time to get back to the rest of the tribe. In this, Mark knew, lay their only chance. Towards evening, however, as they were nearing the coast, Frying Pan came up beside him and said in a low voice: "Boss — blackfeller close up."

Mark did not ask him how he knew. There was an instinct as deep as the earth about these dark people. He only said: "Tell the others, Frying Pan, and tell them that if the blacks strike we must fire — but only then. We must conserve our fire, but a few shots may keep them back, for guns will be strange to them."

"Tha's right, boss," but Frying Pan's dark face betrayed his agitation as he vanished silently to carry the news to the others. He had no wish to lose his kidney fat to native medicine men on these alien tribal grounds.

Mark rode on, his face set with worry. "They will wait until dark," he thought. "It will be easier for them then. If only we can make the Mary Dean by dark!"

He edged the pony against Elizabeth's, and she turned and smiled faintly. She was white and looked desperately weary as she said: "Can we not rest awhile, Mark?"

He told her what was wrong and she was silent for a moment. Then she laughed. "In that case, perhaps I do not feel tired after all!"

"If we could only get in view of the Mary Dean before dark," Mark said, "we could make Captain Smith realise there was something amiss, and if he fired the Mary Dean's gun it should frighten them."

The dark dropped around them like a cloak while they were yet two miles from the creek. Mark toyed with the idea of sending one of the natives on ahead to the Mary Dean — but then, he thought, if they were surrounded it would be certain death to anyone who left the party. It would be safer for them to stay together. At that moment Jimmy Coomal materialised out of the darkness beside him.

"Boss — wild men plenty close now."

Mark said aloud sharply: "Fire your guns, every man of you. They are closing in now."

They drew into a solid group and the flash of their guns and the roar of them shattered the night. A spear whistled past Mark's head and he realised how close their pursuers were. Without a word from him, the party moved on again, making no attempt to move quietly now. A few minutes later, Mark again called on them to halt and fire, and this time they thought they heard a cry somewhere in the dark.

Mark said sharply: "How do you fare, Mr. Simpson?"

There was no reply from Simpson, but Deever replied out of the darkness, "Mr. Simpson

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*Always ask for Stamina Slacks*



# Lady-killer, in the grand manner

## Big, blond German reaches top after making 96 films

★ Curt Jurgens has taken no fewer than 96 films to reach stardom—but now that he's got there the big, burly blond German is one of the hottest properties in the movie world.

**M**OST of the sudden rise in Jurgens' stocks came after his performance as the German U-boat commander in "The Enemy Below." Immediately afterwards the big producers were out bidding for him.

Before then Jurgens was somewhat little more than a man in Eva Bartok's somewhat turbulent love life.

But no one can say that his rise to stardom was just a lucky accident.

Jurgens, now 42 and more attractive to women than ever, has worked solidly all his adult professional life as an actor.

For years he was stuck with run-of-the-mill jobs in which his role was to show off the screen attributes of somebody else.

But after "The Enemy Below" he was given leading roles which matched his own ability.

In America, England, and several countries of Europe, Jurgens has been making one film after the other, non-stop.

Before his recent marriage to youthful French actress Simone Bicheron he was a fantastic social success, a lady-killer in the grand manner, wherever he went.

His name was linked with Ava Gardner. Parisians were convinced that he was Darryl Zanuck's rival for the affections of tempestuous Juliette Greco.

### Devoted ex-wives

The large and amiable Curt has managed to leave behind him a trio of solidly devoted and admiring ex-wives.

Eva Bartok declared on a number of occasions, "I love him as much today as when I married him. I would marry him tomorrow if conditions were right."

The owner of a hunting lodge in Bavaria, a villa in France, a chateau in Austria, a Swiss cook, and a German secretary, Jurgens moves about the world in a style that leaves the other screen lovers looking like very small potatoes indeed.

With his ability to live in the grand manner of the old-time matinee idol, Jurgens has given Hollywood a glimpse of the dear, lost past.

The film capital, now in straitened circumstances and with an uncertain future, sighed nostalgically when Curt,

on arriving in Hollywood, immediately sent for his secretary, Baroness Renate Lazar.

The Baroness flew from Paris and began to hire servants and put the Jurgens household in running order.

From then on it was one gala party after another—all black-tie affairs—with guests that had the society columnists in ecstasy.

And when Jurgens' Continental charm really got working, he was seldom seen without one of Hollywood's most noted beauties on his arm.

After his departure one of them, Zsa Zsa Gabor, said wistfully, "He's the kind of man who makes a wonderful background for an evening dress."

"He lives like a king. Famous people from all over the world could be found at his parties. You don't find parties like that in Hollywood any more."

### Suavely strong

Jurgens is solemn, heavily masculine, suavely strong, wears beautifully tailored suits, and keeps his sense of humor for special occasions.

His impersonation of Sophia Loren getting out of a tiny sports car in a tight skirt is a wow at parties.

And he's outspoken. Of Mark Robson, who directed him and Ingrid Bergman in "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," Curt says, "I like him. He knows what he's doing and I like to work fast."

"I hate geniuses, particularly little geniuses who come up to you with some lousy farce and say: 'Let's invent the cinema all over again.'"

"I'm a professional. I like somebody who cuts out the cackle, who simply comes alongside and says, 'Curt, let's go. Let's make a film.'"

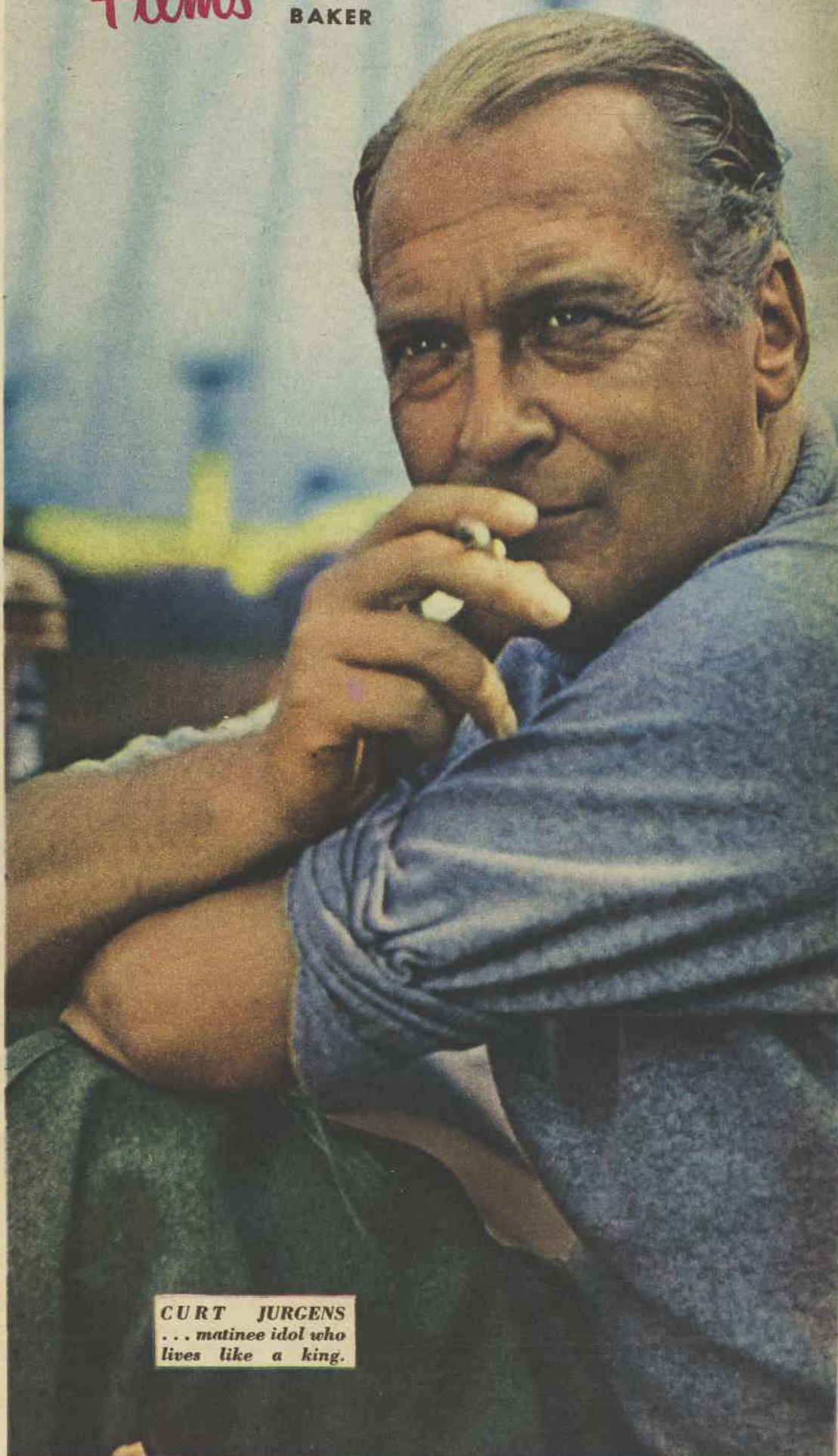
"Then I know I'm with a movie-maker who talks my language."

Among the stock of unreleased Jurgens films are "Me and the Colonel," with Danny Kaye; the German "The Devil in Silk," with Lilli Palmer; the Italian "London Calling North Pole," with Dawn Addams; and the British "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness."

The middle-aged charmer with high-powered sex appeal is currently working on Rank's "Ferry to Hongkong"—playing the role that Australia's Peter Finch thought was going to be his.

Films

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# BIG CRICKET IN YOUR HOME

## TELEVISION PARADE

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN



There'll be no great battle of TV cameras when the battle for The Ashes begins with the first Test in Brisbane on December 5—but cricket-loving viewers in Melbourne and Sydney will have a first-class coverage of the game.

THAT sounds like Irish logic, but it's really a clever piece of organising by ABC-TV, which will provide a blanket cover of films of each day's play to its own channels in both cities, to the two Sydney commercial channels, and to the B.B.C.

Only Melbourne's Channels 7 and 9 have arranged to have individual film coverage.

All six channels will screen flashes in their news services, plus a late-night film of highlights of that day's play each night of the Test.

A.B.C.-TV's ingenious system of taking the film in Brisbane, having it printed and edited in Sydney, and distributed in both Sydney and Melbourne for screening that same night really involves some fast moving and fast thinking.

In fact, the Test will probably provide fewer headaches for the cricketers than it will for those involved in recording it on TV.

And if the cricket is a fraction as fast-moving as the TV operation it should be a Test Match to remember.

Each day of the match cameramen will shoot enough film to cover every ball bowled, and this will be rushed at regular intervals by plane to Sydney to be processed and edited.

The edited version will then be printed to make copies for the commercial stations, who will add their own commentaries, and also for the B.B.C. But for Melbourne and Sydney Channels 2 the job is then really just beginning.

The film will then be "shot-listed," with editor Reg Barrett providing script-writer Norman May with a detailed description of each scene from rough notes provided by the cameraman's assistant in Brisbane.

After the script is written, the film will be taken to a re-recording suite at the A.B.C.'s Gore Hill TV studios.

In this "commentator's box," which is 650 miles from the play, sporting supervisor Dick Healey will read the script, which will be syn-

chronised to the silent film, and background noises will be added.

This system is used because it's easier — according to the experts — to edit silent film and add the noise later than it is to try to cut and patch a film with live commentary.

To the layman, however, it sounds far from easy.

All background noise, such as applause at appropriate times, is dubbed in from a magnetic tape previously recorded at a cricket match.

One man who can't afford to miss a beat while all this is going on is Hans Pomeranz, a splicer-cutter in the film editing section of ABN.

Every time bat hits ball he simulates the sound by tapping a pencil on an empty cigar-box.

This sounds almost like the old-fashioned radio days, doesn't it? But with viewers watching every stroke made, it certainly requires much more precision.

It wouldn't be an easy job if the boys at ABC-TV had a week or two to complete the job. And when you think it's finished in the same day, it's nothing short of remarkable.

WHO said TV Westerns don't leave an impression?

The scene was a house where horse operas are tops in popularity.



LONG-RANGE VIEW. Above left is Brisbane Cricket Ground, scene of the first Australia-England Test match. Above is a "commentator's box," 650 miles away at Channel 2 studios, Sydney, where sound will be dubbed in on silent cricket film. Dick Healey (centre) reads the script. Cuing him is scriptwriter Norman May (right). Hans Pomeranz taps cigar-box to simulate sound of bat striking ball.

The time was the middle of the night, and followed an evening of solid televiewing.

The husband was awakened from a deep sleep by a sharp report, which was probably just a car backfiring.

"What was that?" he shouted.

"Don't sound so startled. It was just Wild Bill Hickok shooting someone," murmured his wife in a sleep-drugged voice. "You must have dozed off."

IT'S just as well there aren't too many people like the man-I heard of recently.

He got a television set on trial and sent it back after a month because, as he told the retailer with regrets, his family had decided that they weren't really TV-prone.

But what the retailer didn't know was that his reluctant customer had for some years been an enthusiastic exponent of the "do-it-yourself" craze.

As part of his hobby, he'd built a few radios and a radio-gram, and didn't see why this

new medium should provide any problems.

So he dismantled the set he'd "borrowed," found what made it go, bought all the parts, and made his copy.

It was a tricky business, but a couple of months later he was the proudest televiewer in Sydney. The set was finished, and the pictures and sound were coming through louder and clearer than they had on the "blueprint" set.

And how much did he save? He claims to have acquired a set of more than £250 value for less than £100.

WHETHER or not you admire "The Shirley Temple Storybook" (Sydney Channel 7, Melbourne Channel 9, Sunday evenings once a month), you can't help admiring Shirley Temple for the tenacity which has kept this show going in the States.

For some time it looked as though the show would die an unlamented death, because no commercial sponsor would have a bar of it when the first contracts ended.

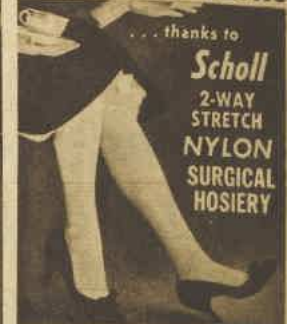
Potential customers said that putting fairy tales on TV was both too expensive and too tame for the modern audience.

Not to be defeated, Shirley hurriedly toured a dozen cities, gave interviews, signed autographs, launched a new line of dolls all based on the show's characters, and generally tried to sell everyone the fact that her storybook was the answer to most televiewers' prayers.

As a result, the series was rebuked by its two old sponsors.

This says much for the personal charm of Shirley Temple, but doesn't really prove a thing about the show itself, for Shirley unfortunately is still just playing the sweet-faced, unruffled hostess with only a split-second appearance before the cameras.

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You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.



## A variety scoop

YOU'D have to be extremely hard to please in the entertainment field to find yourself bored or blasé about the widely varied, topline fare offered on Australian TV today.

It was pretty good when it started two years ago. It's improved since. And it's getting better all the time.

Latest scoop by Channel 9 promises to be by far the biggest and best series of variety spectacles yet seen by Sydney viewers.

Filmed in London's famous Palladium Theatre, the monthly one-hour shows will feature the world's top names in variety.

The first of the series—to be screened at 10 p.m. on Saturday, December 13—will star Johnnie Ray, and the next three big names scheduled to take their bow are Sarah Vaughan, Tony Bennett, and Dickie Valentine.

This is the "something special" viewers have been waiting for in Saturday night light entertainment.



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is about done for, Mr. Gilbert. I am having to hold him in the saddle."

Elizabeth said coolly: "Attend to your gun, Deever. I shall ride beside Mr. Simpson and support him."

In the darkness she took hold of the pony's bridle, which Deever thankfully relinquished, and as she rode close in to the other pony she could hear the labored breathing of the wounded man as he clung speechlessly to the saddle.

They were almost to the creek now, and the thickening mangroves impeded their movements. The shouts of their pursuers were close at hand, but they seemed to come from so many directions that it was impossible to tell where they were.

Then into the little group of fugitives hurtled a flaming bundle of grass, and as the light of it flared up, casting them into vivid relief, spears whistled amongst them and Simpson's pony reared, screaming, then dragged the reins from Elizabeth's hands and raced off into the dark, leaving Simpson lying unconscious on the ground.

Mark was beside them in an instant while the other men fired into the darkness. He pulled the unconscious man to his feet and with an effort hoisted him on to his own pony so that the wounded man lay limply across the saddle.

"Take the reins, Elizabeth," he ordered sharply, and she again rode forward, leading the other pony. She knew now as well as Mark did that they would be lucky to reach the ship alive.

Her pony stumbled and fell to his knees in the mud, and at the same instant the night was seared with a flash of light and a cannon shot rolled across the creek.

"The ship!" she cried. "The ship — they have heard our fire!"

Again shot spattered behind them and the cannon roared. There were cries and then silence.

"Elizabeth," said Mark gladly, "we are safe! Ride boldly down into the creek. I trust the tide is not before us. I shall be close behind you to

see Mr. Simpson does not fall from the pony."

There was a faint flicker of light like a will-o'-the-wisp ahead and Sergeant Gerrard said gruffly: "The gud Lord be praised! They are coming ashore for us."

Again there was a flash and the roar of cannon and Mark said with satisfaction: "Captain Smith is taking no chances. We have nothing to fear now."

Joshua Smith, carrying a lantern, hailed them from out of the dark and his face shone reassuringly behind the light as he held it up to see them better.

"Ye've been striking trouble, I take it," he commented. "I thought I'd take no chances and give 'em a taste of the Mary Dean's fire just to show 'em what the old lady can do when her back is up."

"You saved us by so doing," Mark told him. "We indeed struck trouble. Mr. Simpson hurt—we know not how badly—and two of the ponies gone."

**JOSHUA SMITH** whistled and said: "We'll have to see Mr. Simpson on the ship. Hurry — for ye'll be lucky to get aboard without having a good wetting to add to your troubles."

He was right, for the water swished to their knees as they reached the ship with the hissing murmur of the incoming tide, and it was with difficulty they kept the terrified ponies from being swept away before they could hoist them on deck. Even as they stood dripping water dismally about them on the deck beside Aubrey Simpson, who lay with his head supported by a piece of folded canvas, there was the slight bump and jerk which told them that the Mary Dean was afloat.

"Mr. Simpson must be attended to without delay," said Mark. "I shall extract the spear. Get some hot water from the galley, Deever, if you will."

"I shall fetch clean linen,"

## Continuing . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 79

volunteered Elizabeth, but Captain Smith protested: "Surely, Mrs. Gilbert, you should retire to your cabin. You have suffered more than enough today."

"No!" She shook her head stubbornly. "I have helped extract a spearhead before."

But when she returned from the cabin with the lawn petticoat she had torn into strips Mark had already extracted the spearhead and blood was oozing darkly from the hole.

She bathed the wound carefully, and as she was bandaging the linen pad closely against it Aubrey Simpson regained consciousness with a groan.

"Hush," she said gently. "You will be all right now."

He managed a wan smile, and she finished her bandaging, saying as she wiped a hand across her wet face, "Take Mr. Simpson to his cabin and give him hot black coffee, laced with a little brandy if he can drink it."

She rose to her feet and Mark took her arm, firmly saying: "Coffee laced with brandy sounds an excellent prescription for us all."

"Food, too," said Joshua Smith. "Fool that I was—I forgot you are likely to be near to starving."

"If you wish, Elizabeth," Mark told her, "I'll bring you supper in your cabin."

"Thank you," she said. "But someone must keep an eye on Mr. Simpson."

"Someone shall," promised Joshua Smith.

In the cabin she undressed hastily, and was almost asleep when Mark brought her coffee. She drank it gratefully, but choked at the brandy with which Mark had laced it liberally.

"You make a strong brew," she smiled up at him. He stood looking at her gravely.

"You feel all right, Elizabeth?"

"Yes — only very tired," she said.

"Then go to sleep. I shall try not to disturb you when I come down."

It was a long time later, however, that he was able to leave the captain and the two mates. They were anxious to have a full account of the day's adventure, which Mark gave them over a bottle of wine. Then there was Aubrey Simpson to be visited. Mark found him semi-conscious and muttering fitfully. His head was hot when Mark touched it and he stood looking down at his assistant with a worried frown.

If Simpson did not improve in the next few days further expeditions would have to be cancelled and they would be forced to make with all possible speed south. He said to the seaman, sitting patiently beside the bunk: "Let me know immediately if Mr. Simpson seems less well," and went thoughtfully back to his cabin.

He found it stiflingly hot after the cooler air of the deck, but Elizabeth was fast asleep. He stood for a moment beside her, she looked very young now with the long dark lashes resting on her cheeks and her lips a little parted. He rather envied Elizabeth her ability to sleep. He felt widely awake tonight, his brain still churning over the events of the day.

However, there was plenty to do — including writing the day's journey up in his journal. He noticed with surprise that Elizabeth had managed to retain the small bundle of sketches and notes wrapped carefully around her paint box and still intact. He opened out the bundle and pressed them flat with his hands and sat looking at them. They were good — there was one of the gorge that she must have done from memory the preceding evening that was particularly effective in catching its brooding quality. He sighed. Her brains, her beauty, and her courage were not for him — and the less he thought about her the better.

When at length he lay in his

To page 89

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## ★ HARRY BLACK AND THE TIGER

Fox African drama, with Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush, Anthony Steel. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

QUITE a lot of pleasant surprises are in store with this more or less unheralded film, made on location in the Indian back country.

The scenery itself is vastly rewarding, and the tiger-hunting sequences vividly and excitingly handled.

Granger could win himself a new generation of fans with his showing as the professional tiger hunter who meets the old love he has never been able to forget.

This part is played with a fair degree of sincerity by Barbara Rush, whose natural pet plumpness makes her not too ideally cast for the role.

Quite commendable, though, is Steel, as her dependent, soft-cored husband, who twice in a crisis lets down Granger, the man whose approbation he craves.

A highly effective piece of work as Granger's faithful companion is contributed by Indian actor-director-writer I. S. Johar, playing in his first non-Asian film.

In a word . . . ATTRACTIVE.

## ★ HAPPY IS THE BRIDE

Lion International romantic comedy, with Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott, Cecil Parker. Mayfair, Sydney.

ANOTHER homely, pleasant little story from the British studios, with some sly observations

## New Film Releases

on the behaviour of the relatives of those about to be married.

What with fussiness, officiousness, and generally well-meant helpfulness, the pressure on the poor bride (Janette Scott) becomes so great that she runs away from the wedding rehearsal, having first soundly slapped the face of the prospective bridegroom (Carmichael).

Though a bit coy, the ensuing events are not without their amusing moments, and culminate in the late arrival at church of a blushing bride.

It would be nice to see something more inventive from Carmichael, whose reactions to young-man-in-a-pre-dicament roles are now largely automatic.

Hugely at home on a film set, Parker, as the much-put-upon father, makes the outstanding impression.

Support comes from such stalwarts as Joyce Grenfell and Terry-Thomas.

The same Esther McCracken story was made into a film many years ago, using the name of the play on which it was based, "Quiet Wedding."

In a word . . . PLEASANT.

## ★ THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Rank Organisation P.O.W. escape drama, with Hardy Kruger. State, Sydney.

HERE is the usual escape story in reverse. The escapee P.O.W. is a Luftwaffe pilot shot down during the Battle of Britain.

As the real-life Franz von

Werra, who escaped three times from Allied hands, young German star Hardy Kruger makes an excellent impression.

But realism is carried to extremes. A true story which, if handled with just a dash of boldness and imagination, could have been a real thriller, is reconstructed so painstakingly that its excitement is frequently swamped in detail.

As it is, the film is notable chiefly for the sense of British fair play, which presents its own countrymen in a generally far from flattering light, and for the vigorous new personality of its star.

In a word . . . DOCUMENTARY.

## ★ RODAN

Japanese science-fiction drama, with English dialogue. In Technicolor. St. James, Sydney.

SHOCKS are mixed with unintentional comedy in this enthusiastic entry into the horror field by the Japanese film industry.

Two winged monsters create havoc, first in a simple mining community and then on an international level, as scientists and Service chiefs seek to overcome this menace to civilisation.

For all its absurdities and repetitions, there are a few crudely effective moments. But the Japanese-accented English dialogue would spell doom to even a less lurid warning on the perils of unlimited atomic explosion.

In a word . . . CRUDE.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★★ Average  
★ No stars—below average

## RAW WIND IN EDEN

Universal - International romantic adventure, with Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler. In Eastman Color. Victory, Sydney.

AS an actress Esther Williams makes a very good swimmer—and unfortunately there's only one short swimming sequence.

None of the players, with the exception of young Rossana Podesta, brings any realism to the film, and although the advertising promises the "romantic backdrop of ancient Rome" and "the wild and beautiful Tyrrhenian Sea" the film could have been made in any studio with the minimum number of backdrops.

Jeff Chandler, as the rich playboy who tries to forget his former life by exiling himself to an island occupied by an old caretaker and his young daughter, Rossana Podesta, is only slightly better than Carlos Thompson, as the rich businessman whose plane, carrying himself and Esther Williams, crashes on the island.

Jeff Chandler so underplays his emotions that he gives the impression of feeling nothing at all; Carlos Thompson overplays to the extent that he is ludicrous.

The plot is easy to guess. Both men fall in love with Esther Williams, and Jeff Chandler wins her in the end. — A.M.B.

In a word . . . IMMATURE.



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Usually indigestion is caused by excess stomach acidity. For relief, you must neutralize this acidity. The scientifically balanced DeWitt's Antacid Powder formula quickly does this, and ensures prolonged relief by spreading a soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is all that's necessary. Get fast relief—get DeWitt's Antacid Powder from your chemist or storekeeper today.

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See the Remington Portables . . . Quiet-riter (illustrated) in 4 pastel shades—Letter-riter or the ALL NEW Travel-riter. Try them! Ask your retailer about the special easy payments. You'll discover that an easy-to-type-on Remington is also remarkably easy to own!

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AND  
PERFORMANCE  
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**Remington Rand**  
MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST TYPEWRITERS

\* Write for informative Digest article.





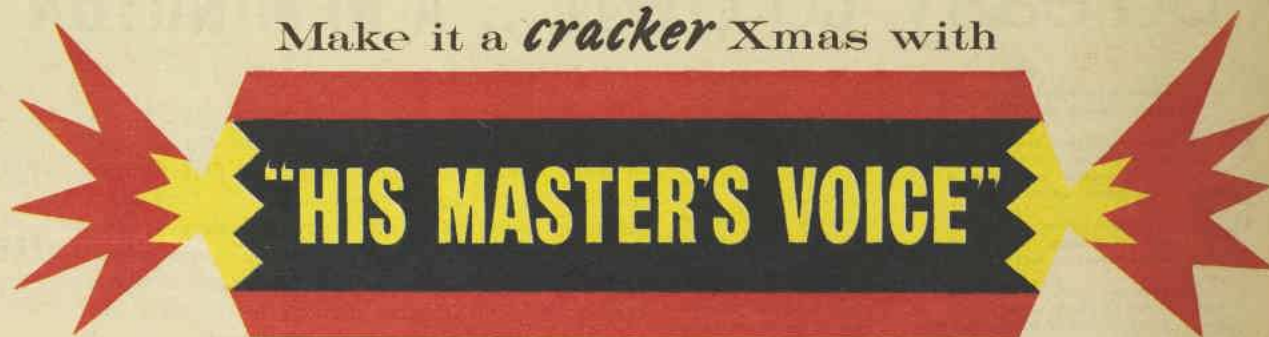
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## FILM PREVIEW

★  
BEFORE they begin a cattle drive, Davy Hackett, the only member of his family to treat Indians like human beings, exchanges greetings with the brothers of half-Sioux Cleo Chouard (Kathryn Grant).



# GUNMAN'S WALK

JAMES DARREN, as the gentle son, Davy.

TAB HUNTER, as the antagonistic son, Ed.

VAN HEFLIN, as the father, Lee Hackett.



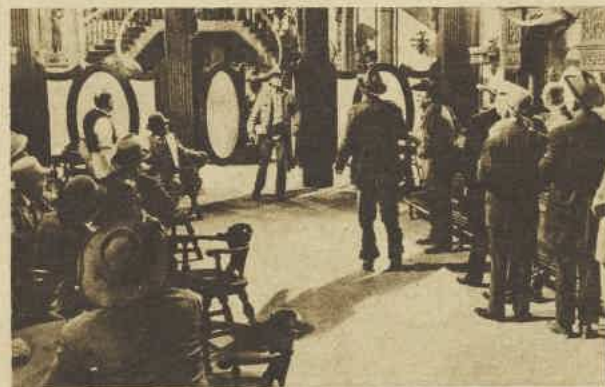
... seeking to make men of his sons, a father breeds a pacifist and a killer.

### THE STORY

IN a West where law and order has supplanted the old rough justice, a pioneer cattle baron finds that neither his money nor power are any longer capable of protecting the son he has brought up according to the rules of his own wild youth.

An adult Western in Technicolor CinemaScope, Columbia's "Gunman's Walk" mixes dramatic action with a story of strong human emotions.

It was directed by Phil Karlson and produced by Fred Kohlmar.



STILL believing in the power of his money, Lee Hackett attempts to buy the wild Ed off a possible murder charge.

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A new 10.4 c.ft. sealed unit refrigerator to make your kitchen a dream. A refrigerator with every wanted feature plus some you've never known before. Most important, it's an Electrolux... the name world famous for quality... efficiency... and life-time service. You'll find the new "built-in" styling so livable... you'll find the door colour panel choice a new exciting idea that keeps your kitchen modern whenever you wish a change.

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**189 GUINEAS**

*Slightly higher in certain country areas.*

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bunk sleep was still a long time coming, for it was so hot the bunk seemed to radiate heat beneath him and his skin was moist with sweat.

Although he did not realise it he must have finally dozed, but it seemed only a few seconds before he heard Elizabeth cry out: "Mark!" with such terror in her voice that he went suddenly cold. His hands fumbled with a candlestick and it seemed a long time before he found matches with which to light it, but when the candle shed a dim light in the cabin he found her sitting up on the bunk, her face covered by her hands. As he padded across the deck to her side he asked anxiously: "What is it, Elizabeth?"

She lifted her head and looked at him puzzled, her eyes still heavy with sleep.

"What is it, Mark?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"I heard you cry out," he told her. "You must have been dreaming."

"Yes, I was dreaming," she said apologetically. "I'm sorry I disturbed you. Were you asleep?"

"I think I must have dozed a little."

"Poor Mark!" She gave an uncertain laugh. "It was a horrid dream — about the natives. Did I cry out very loudly?"

"Not very. You just said, 'Mark!' like that."

"I'm so sorry."

"Are you sure you are all right, my dear?" he asked. "I should have never allowed you to go ashore."

"Don't say that, Mark. I was longing to go — and all that grieves me is that Mr. Simpson sustained hurt because he was trying to get a plant for me when the natives caught us."

"They would have probably attacked sooner or later, in any case," he comforted her.

"I killed a man, too," she said miserably. "I can't forget that. That poor native — after all, we were trespassing in his country."

"Yes," he said soberly. "I know, Elizabeth. But that is going to happen many more times than this if this country is to be opened up by the white man. If you had not killed him, he would have killed Simpson — and you."

"It doesn't make it any more right, though — life is so unfair."

"Life is unfair," he agreed. "That's why man looks beyond it for the perfection he cannot find here."

"If one does find perfection on earth it doesn't last," she said bitterly.

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Continuing . . .

## The Lonely Shore

from page 84

"Perhaps we are only allowed to glimpse perfection so we have a hint of what immortality shall be."

"Perhaps." She moved her shoulders restlessly. "I don't know, Mark. I don't know what to believe any more."

"Well, don't think about it now." He moved away a little. "Go to sleep, Elizabeth."

She said suddenly: "Don't go, Mark — unless you are weary. I feel so wide awake now."

She looked up at him, seeing him dimly in the candlelight, and noticing how much he had changed in the last few months and the harder curve of his mouth. He looked so much older. She remembered him boyish and eager, as he had been one day long ago when she had slipped into his arms from her horse, and had felt she had come to a safe haven. To-night she felt that same sense of security with him beside her, and she said impulsively: "You make me feel so safe, Mark."

**M**ARK laughed shortly. "Safe." She was in a mood that was difficult to fathom — almost, he thought, a provocative one. "Why should you think that, Elizabeth?"

"I don't know. It was just how I felt. I remembered the day when you asked me to marry you first. Remember when I fell into your arms off Prince? I felt the same that day as now — safe, somehow."

"Only safety was not enough."

She said slowly: "I have been ungrateful, Mark. I possessed so much happiness, and because it was lost I became bitter. I feel a coward beside you."

"What one has never had one cannot miss," he said coolly. "I desired your love — but who could blame you if you had already given it elsewhere?"

"Yet," she said in a low voice, "you still desired marriage with me."

"Man is an eternal optimist — I thought perhaps you could still love me. Not as much as I loved you, but enough."

"How can you forgive me?"

He stirred restlessly. "There is no question of forgiveness, my dear — it is all done and over. When we return to the Swan we shall discuss this further and seek your freedom for you."

"You no longer love me?" Childishly, she was dismayed at the ease with which the once devoted Mark could sit there

and coolly discuss their coming parting with her.

"Is not that what you have long wished to happen?" She said stumbingly: "I — you seem such a stranger to me now, Mark. Sometimes I think that on this trip I have just begun to know you —"

"Am I so different from what you imagined me?"

"So different, Mark. I did not know you were full of courage and resource. That you could set your private concerns aside to pursue adventure as ardently on land as Jonathan did on sea."

He said lightly: "What a poor creature you must have thought me! Yet I can hardly blame you — you never saw me far from a drawing-room at the Vase. All men are adventurous, Elizabeth — but only the fortunate few — Jonathan and myself for two — can realise their dreams."

There was silence and then he said: "And now I insist on your sleeping. Before I turn in again I must see how Mr. Simpson is."

She said in a voice so low he could scarcely hear her: "Do not leave me, Mark," and she laid her hand on his bare shoulder and felt his flesh flinch away from her touch.

"Do not let any mistaken ideas of remorse or imagined gratitude lead you to gestures you will regret," he said — and his voice was suddenly harsh.

"No, no, Mark — it is not that!" She could not understand herself. She scarcely knew herself what she wanted, but somewhere in her mind was the thought that if Mark left her now and if she let him go all chance of happiness would go with him.

Watchful and considering, he remained aloof from her and the undertow of emotion that dragged at him; knowing a slow anger, too, that even now she was so sure of him that she thought she had but to reach out a hand to him and he would come.

The night clung to them stifling as a blanket, and Elizabeth's pale face and her parted lips swam before him. Pity, loneliness, or desire — what was it that was driving her on, he wondered bitterly.

She heard him draw his breath sharply and, obeying an impulse she hardly recognised as her own, slipped her arms about him and pulled him down to her.

To be concluded

## Your own Cream-smooth Mayonnaise in two minutes



you simply use  
Mustard, Vinegar  
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**ECONOMY MAYONNAISE** . . . deliciously different dressing to balance summer budgets:  $\frac{1}{2}$  tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar; 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Mix thoroughly Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen.

Your own cream-smooth mayonnaise in two minutes!

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boom! And a furnace to keep as warm in case the air turns chilly!"

They moved in the next day. Familiarity, however, did not reconcile Mrs. Hollins either to the California climate, which remained unseasonably cloudy, or to the house. Although soundly built, it was undeniably damp.

"You'll have to start that furnace you're so proud of, Andrew," she said abruptly a few evenings later. "I'm getting a chill. This house will be the death of both of us; I know it will."

"It seems quite comfortable to me, my pet," Mr. Hollins answered from behind his newspaper. "But I'll light a little fire if it'll make you feel better. Perhaps it is the teeniest bit damp, now that you call my attention to it."

"It isn't just the dampness," Mrs. Hollins said darkly. "There's something wrong with this house. At night as I lie awake I can feel it. Something we don't know about."

"Tut, tut," chirped Mr. Hollins as he rose to go down to the cellar. "Mustn't let your imagination get the better of you. Perhaps you'd better give up those mysteries for a while."

Once in the cellar, Mr. Hollins set about making a fire, and soon had the furnace roaring merrily. He peered for a while into the cherry-red fire-box, as if thinking. Then he took a turn about the cellar, absently kicking the dirt floor with his toe. After some thought he fetched a spade and proceeded to dig rather a large hole in the corner behind the furnace. It did help, principally by concentrating all the moisture in one place. He continued until Jocasta called down to inquire what was keeping him. Then he put away the spade, rolled down his sleeves, and went back upstairs to his paper.

The next day the sun came out at last. But, curiously, neither sunlight nor warmth altered the atmosphere of the house, at least for Mrs. Hollins.

"Andrew," she said again next evening, "I do not like this house. We must move."

"But we've signed a lease, pet," Mr. Hollins murmured, studying the baseball news. "Six months."

"We'll get out of it. Trust me to find a way. We can break it. I shall find an excuse. I really believe I will write Mrs. Wilson, the owner's wife, and ask her about the history of this house. I'm sure there's something discreditable about it, and, of course, he would never tell us. If I'm right, it'll be excuse enough to break the lease. Did that

## Continuing . . . Change of Address

from page 27

real-estate agent say she was living in Texas now?"

And off she went to her writing-desk.

The next afternoon Mr. Hollins drove to the village to inquire if Mr. Smiley had heard from the owner.

"Any day now," Mr. Smiley rubbed his hands. "Any day now. Like the place, do you?"

"My nerves are much better already," Mr. Hollins said. "But Mrs. Hollins does not seem to care for Villa Vista. She keeps threatening to go back to Philadelphia."

"Been saying around town she didn't like it," Mr. Smiley agreed. "Came in this morning wanting the address of Mrs. Wilson, the owner's wife. Should have heard her when I said I didn't know it." He shook his head. "Women!" he said.

Mr. Hollins nodded and they both smiled.

The next morning Mr. Hollins went down into the cellar to inspect his drainage hole. After some thought he deepened it a bit. When he had finished, he called his wife down to see.

"I do believe the water's draining away down into the hole," he said. "I think I hit a crevice that is carrying it away."

Mrs. Hollins peered into the excavation.

"Just imagination, Andrew. In any case, I repeat, we are not staying here. You'll see. Now fill the hole up again. The odor is quite nasty."

"Very well," Mr. Hollins agreed. "I'll fill it up."

And, having raised the spade above his head, he brought it down with considerable force.

Into the hole tumbled Mrs. Hollins. For a moment her toes beat a brief tattoo; then with a final quiver she was still. She made no outcry, not a sound, not a murmur. And if she had, who was there to hear? The waves, the seagulls, the pebbles on the beach?

An hour later Mr. Hollins had the hole filled up. He stamped the earth down firmly. Previously he had mixed a small amount of cement with it, and in a short time the ground was almost as firm as rock.

He washed the tools and put them away. Then he packed Mrs. Hollins' trunks, carefully including everything, even her jewellery. Finally he took the trunks into the village in his car and at the railroad station arranged to send them back to Philadelphia.

The address on the tags, however, was that of a large storage warehouse. He had already written to arrange for indefinite storage.

Next he dropped in on Mr. Smiley.

"She's gone," he said. "Couldn't talk her out of it. We had rather a quarrel and she left me. I doubt if we shall ever make it up."

Mr. Smiley shook his head.

"Women just don't like that house."

"Perhaps the house just doesn't like women," Mr. Hollins suggested rather wittily.

Pleased with the remark, he returned to Villa Vista and prepared supper for himself. Then he enjoyed an excellent night's sleep.

Next day Mr. Smiley appeared while Mr. Hollins was finishing lunch.

"Got a phone call from the owner," Mr. Smiley said. "Just



an hour ago. He's willing to sell now. For cash. Seems he's in a little legal trouble and needs the money for counsel fees."

He mentioned a price. Humming to himself, Mr. Hollins signed the purchase papers and made out a cheque.

When the real-estate agent had gone Mr. Hollins went happily to his writing-desk. He got out paper and pen and began to write.

"Dearest Snookums: I have wonderful news for you. Jocasta and I have quarrelled, and she has left me. She is going to get a divorce. Soon you and I will be together

again in the dearest, most charming little house by the ocean that ever you saw. While I wait for Jocasta to divorce me I shall fix it up in apple-pie order. A new cement floor in the cellar, a coat of paint, and it will be the most delightful little lovenest where we can bill and coo to our hearts' content . . ."

The letter ran on in this manner for quite some length. When at last Mr. Hollins sealed and addressed it, it was tea-time. He strolled to the village to post it, watching the waves, the gulls. On the way back he skimmed pebbles into the briny water and rescued a small fish that had become stranded on the beach.

When he reached the house he paused.

The sheriff and two burly assistants were waiting for him, with pickaxes and shovels.

"Didn't want to break in, Mr. Hollins," the sheriff said. "Not having a warrant. Guess you'll let us in, though? Won't stand in the way of the law?"

"No," Mr. Hollins said, after a long moment. "No." He unlocked the door. "Come in, sheriff."

"C'm in, boys . . . This the way to the cellar?"

"No, that's the coat closet. This is the door."

"Go ahead, boys. You know where to dig."

They disappeared. Presently from below came the thud-thud of pickaxes.

"Perhaps you'll tell me how you knew?" Mr. Hollins asked then. "I really can't imagine how—"

"Your wife. Great little head on her. She told us yesterday."

"My wife—told you yesterday?"

"At first we thought it was just a woman's imagination. You how women are, get a notion in their heads and get all worked up over nothing." The sheriff chuckled. "That's what we thought she'd done at first."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Mr. Hollins' face was pale.

"She didn't tell you? Why, she tried to write to Mrs. Wilson — you know, the owner's wife, used to live here."

"Yes — yes, I know."

"Well, she couldn't find any change of address for Mrs. Wilson at the post office. She was supposed to be in Texas — but all mail was forwarded to Mr. Wilson in Seattle, regardless."

"No change of address? But what —" Mr. Hollins began.

"What of it? That's what we said. And your wife lit into us." Another chuckle. "Yes, sir! She said any fool would know that a woman who left her husband wouldn't let him get her mail — she'd put in a change of address so she could get it herself. That proved, she said, Mrs. Wilson was dead. And if she was dead, Mr. Wilson must have killed her and made up the story about her leaving him."

"Wilson!" The word came from Mr. Hollins like a great cry.

"That's right. Like I say, your wife kept after us until, by George, she convinced us. I wired Seattle last night and the police went out to question Wilson. He thought we'd found the body, so he broke down and admitted everything. He killed his wife all right and buried her right in this cellar, good and deep in the corner behind the furnace . . . Where is Mrs. Hollins, anyway? I want to congratulate her."

## Make these delicious dishes with Kellogg's Corn Flakes

Cut cooking time and expense by half — and double the compliments you receive at meal times! Those crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes add flavour and food value to your cooking — save you time, money!



So simple — so good!

### Mallow-Flake Tarts

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter or margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. marshmallows,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

METHOD: Combine the butter and marshmallows and cook over very low heat until syrupy, beating thoroughly. Place the Corn Flakes in a

basin and pour on the marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into greased patty tins or paper containers. Chill till firm, then turn out and fill with ice-cream or with thick custard or whipped cream — and top with fruit.



Chewy, crunchy

### Peanut Specials

Whites of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup of peanuts, 4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes,  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup coconut, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter.

METHOD: Beat egg whites stiffly,

then gradually beat in the sugar and vanilla. Fold in the melted butter with the dry ingredients. Drop spoonfuls on to greased oven trays. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a slow oven.

Quick topping for cake before it goes into oven.

Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each sugar and melted butter with a teaspoon of cinnamon and a big cup of lightly-crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and sprinkle evenly over cake batter. Another time, replace the cinnamon with orange rind or chocolate pieces.

Pie shell in minutes!

No time to make pastry for a pie shell? Measure 4 cups of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, crush them finely and combine with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup melted butter. Press this mixture evenly round base and sides of pie plate. Bake slowly 10 minutes — or refrigerator.

Always have Kellogg's Corn Flakes handy in your home — for the richest-tasting, most sustaining breakfast in the mornings . . . and to use in delicious recipes like these.

## Kellogg's Corn Flakes

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## THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

MY three-year-old granddaughter was watching me whip some cream with a rotary egg-beater.

I asked her if she would like to lick the beater.

"Yes," she replied.

Then I asked: "Does Mummy let you lick the beater when she whips cream?"

"No," replied granddaughter. "Mummy washes hers."

£2/2/- to Mrs. G. Flack, Botany, N.S.W.

I HADN'T been to a dance for years, and while on holiday was taken to a ball at a local hall.

I was feeling young again and thinking how lovely it was to be dancing, when my partner said, in the middle of a quickstep:

"Gee, doesn't this play up with the rheumatism!"

£2/2/- to Mrs. E. D. Hoult, Highett, Vic.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4022, G.P.O., Sydney.



# RICHEST-TASTING... MOST SUSTAINING breakfast cereal of all



Corn is the richest grain...Did you know that corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain? Those sweet, tender ears of corn are plump with sunshine goodness — just waiting to become the richest-tasting breakfast cereal of all...Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

IT'S GREAT TO GET RIGHT IN CLOSE TO THOSE CRISP, GOLDEN KELLOGG'S® CORN FLAKES! To take a whiff of their toasty goodness... their fresh, tantalizing, straight-from-the-ovens aroma! Then... wonderful moment!... to taste a mouthful! No doubt about it! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the richest-tasting breakfast cereal of all! Rustle them into your plate tomorrow! Enjoy them every morning for better, brighter breakfasts!

NOW FOR THE WINNING SHOT! You need plenty of energy to stay on top of the game... you need a breakfast with staying power! Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Did you know that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk, sugar and toast supplies one third of your daily food needs... gives you as much energy value as five sausages! Kellogg's Corn Flakes — the most sustaining breakfast cereal of all!



**Kellogg's**  
**CORN FLAKES**

Made by The Greatest Name in Cereals

MESSY POTS AND PANS WORRY YOU? Not with Kellogg's Corn Flakes around! Only seconds from packet to plate — and no greasy pots and plates to wash up! Even you busy mothers can sit down and enjoy crisp, sustaining Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

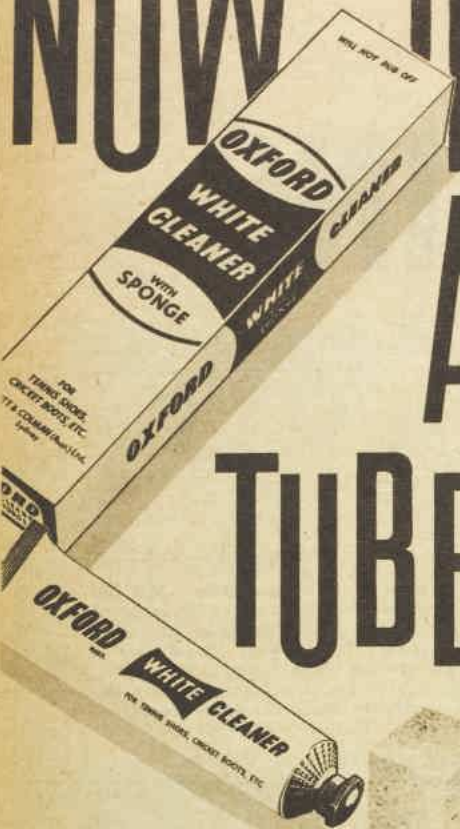


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ALSO IN BOTTLE WITH SPONGE



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**OXFORD WHITE CLEANER**

**FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS  
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thanks to MENTHOLS**



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"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthoids. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me. I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Menthoids."  
(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

**SEE WHAT MENTHOLS WILL DO FOR YOU!**

The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids rids the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flushes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

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7/- or 5/- EVERYWHERE



## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD  
For week beginning December 8



**ARIES**

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in many errands.

★ Your home may have to run itself. You scramble through essential work, but haven't time to worry over details. Groups you belong to are winding up with parties, or you are organizing a community event. If in love, plans involving the one-and-only occupy your thoughts. You hesitate over a suitable gift. A temporary job leads to more.



**TAURUS**

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, orange.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in your own abilities.

★ Don't fret because you can't give expensive presents to your loved ones. Originality counts. An intelligent compromise will be received as joyfully as a gift beyond your means. Exploit any talent you have. A home-made Christmas cake, for instance, would be welcomed by one who lives alone. If romance has faded, a touch of sentiment will help.



**GEMINI**

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in partnerships.

★ If you are playing a game of hearts to gratify your vanity the other person may rebuke this and turn away in disappointment. Be fair, listen to plans, hopes, show enthusiasm and interest. Keep a romantic attitude, but don't expect to win at high dramatic tension all the time. Don't grow bossy or possessive; a sense of humor will work wonders.



**CANCER**

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, orange.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in carrying out plans.

★ You have so much to do, details to settle, possibilities to explore that concentration suffers. Leaving anything to the last minute, or to chance, will be no solution. If asked your opinion, give it freely, or people may think you are indifferent. If a parent, choose a very special present for a child. A group to which you belong holds a break-up.



**LEO**

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in your own heart.

★ If you are giving it will be pure joy. If you are receiving you'll be thankful. A surprise waiting for you. If fancy free, that tall, handsome stranger will come into your life, or the man in your life will slip a ring on your finger. There's romance for Leos. If long married, you find your partner growing sentimental, bringing you a special gift.



**VIRGO**

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
★ Luck through and for elders.

★ An older person may bring you much happiness, help you to achieve an ambition, or you may experience joy through an old romance revived or a new one blossoming. Obeywise, a desire to gather family and friends around you will make you the centre of intense activity. An important promise made now will be kept in the New Year.



**LIBRA**

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a communication.

★ A matter concerned with documents reaches a climax, and you receive confirmation. You may have been seeking a job, or trying to conclude a business deal. Sign on the dotted line only after reading carefully. Make sure you understand every point. For some, holiday plans will be finalised, probably involving a temporary change of residence.



**SCORPIO**

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck on a busy footpath.

★ You may find a lost article and receive a reward. You may be a witness of an incident, or help to identify a person sought by the law. Excitement added to an otherwise thrilling day could make you front-page news. If in love, you give an important present. Money may be spent recklessly, but holiday plans and the joy of giving will thrill you.



**SAGITTARIUS**

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in attaining an old dream.

★ Everybody has a wish that could come true with determination. Yours may be at hand, but you need to make just one more effort. The possibility is there. Set out to maintain happy, serene relationships with family, friends, associates, guard finances, concentrate on what you desire most, and you may grasp it soon. This is a happy time for lovers.



**CAPRICORN**

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, red.  
★ Gambling colors, red, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in helping others.

★ You're sure to bring joy to someone. You think ahead, spare others time and energy. This unselfishness brings admiration, appreciation, love. Whether for your family or for the community you expend your services wisely. An unusual experience could bring out your rarely perceived mysticism, philosophy.



**AQUARIUS**

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, blue.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in group activities.

★ You're a clever organiser, full of ideas for summer pleasures. Perhaps a houseparty at the beach over the weekend could spark a new, wonderful scheme. For many there's a good-bye in the background. A certain amount of nervous tension may result from attempting too much: try to relax. Middle-aged folk find renewed youth.



**PISCES**

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in action.

★ Opportunity does not knock forever. If you are taken up with trifles, turbulent emotions, vague desires, it will pass you by. Don't be too proud to accept a small responsibility—it will lead to a greater one. Scrap sensitiveness, hesitancy. Be bolder, watch for chances to be useful. If in love, create the right setting for glamor and romance.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

You'll love new Cutex

... the way it looks  
... the way it wears  
... the economical way it lasts



**LOOKS so luxurious!** CUTEX jewels your fingertips to perfection... stays bright and beautiful from one manicure to the next!

**WEARS so well!** CUTEX glides on and stays on at the touch of the nylon brush! It's made with Enamelon to resist chipping, peeling, cracking. Out-wears any nail polish at any price!

**LASTS so long!** CUTEX saves you money because CUTEX gives you a manicure that lasts so much longer. Try it... choose your CUTEX fashion color today. It's one luxury you can easily afford!

And for matching lips, wear CUTEX Stay Fast Lipstick... it's extra creamy, extra rich in sheer Lanolin. Keeps lips truly radiant with color—all day, all evening, even after a kiss!

For lasting beauty...

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**SPECIAL HEINZ OFFER!**

New way to teach your child to drink



**SPILLPROOF  
BABY TUMBLER**

Perfect, for HEINZ ORANGE JUICE  
Milk, water and other liquids

SAFE, HYGIENIC, CAN BE BOILED



A rage overseas, Heinz Baby Tumbler now answers a real need in your home. Baby learns to drink correctly, there's no dribbling, no mess—and you're sure he receives an adequate amount. Boilproof, unbreakable, spillproof, hygienic. 3/- value for 2/-!

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**HEINZ STRAINED ORANGE JUICE**  
the sure way to guarantee Baby's daily Vitamin C needs.



**POST THIS COUPON TODAY!**

Enclose 2/- in stamps or Postal Note and send to:  
"BABY TUMBLER", H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.  
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NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Please indicate colour desired

PINK ☐ BLUE ☐

1013

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1958





## SURE

stops perspiration

Right through active summer days, Sure keeps you fresh and safe. This amazing new anti-perspirant deodorant stick by Goya really does stop perspiration as well as odour, gives you double safety. You'll never be guilty of unpleasant underarm odour if you use Sure every day. There's no mess, no bother with Sure's pretty push-up case. It strokes on in seconds. Use Sure and be sure every day.



7/9



Thanks to  
**FORD PILLS**

Over the years I've found Ford Pills, marvellous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 4/- and 3/6 everywhere.

**FORD PILLS**

## Sculpt Your Face

Your nose too big... chin too prominent or too small... mouth could be a better shape... face too round or too long? It is easy to correct beauty faults. Just remember this simple rule: "Dark conceals, light reveals." So go to it and experiment. Example: For the too wide nose, lighten down the centre and darken at the sides with your tint. To ensure natural-looking blending, smooth the whole face over with oil of uian. This will emphasise the highlights and hold your final pinky toned powder to beautify the whole effect... Margaret Merrill.

Buy the "Practical Householder," the magazine for the handy man. It costs 2/6 per copy, is on sale at all newsagents, and it can save you pounds.

F5077.—Slender one-piece designed with a softly bloused bodice-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



## Fashion PATTERNS

F3700.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make men's shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. waist. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F5135.—Prettily styled five o'clock dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5131.—Attractively tailored bedjacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. quilted material. Price 3/-.

F3779.—Figure-flattering one-piece dress is front-buttoned from neck to hemline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5134.—Slender sheath dress features an empire-line bodice-top. The dress can be made with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, design with long sleeves 3yds. 54in. material; design with short sleeves 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 849.—FRONT-BUTTONED ONE-PIECE  
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pretty floral printed cambric. The color choice includes lilac and white printed on aqua; pale pink and lemon on pale green; and dark blue and white on light blue. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/6, 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 850.—POTHOLDERS  
Three novelty potholders are obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white and green and white. Price 1/6 each, set of three 4/3. Postage 6d extra.

No. 851.—DUCHESE SET  
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a Victorian-lady motif. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 852.—MATEYNTY DRESS  
Chemise-style maternity dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron poplin. The color choice includes rose-pink, lemon, lilac, kelly-green, and pale pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 55/6, 36 and 38in. bust 57/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



\* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 648 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 96-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 618, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Proud Little Ladies and gentlemen WEAR



exquisitely  
**HAND EMBROIDERED**  
**Baby Wear**  
MADE IN MADEIRA, PORTUGAL  
Smartly styled  
and inexpensive



15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET  
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.  
Get a tube of concentrated Carlypet—squeeze Carlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Carlypet for 4/10 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

## UNWANTED HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment  
Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalizing treatment. "VANIX" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX"

is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swifts Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail orders (9/- including postage) from above, or direct from The "VANIX" Co. (Dept. W.3), Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Service apartments and Motel. Private swimming-pool. Tariff from 25/- per day, including breakfast in bed. Photos and brochures write Norm Seivers, "Surf and Sun," Surfers' Paradise. X2481.



for  
**Her**



Imagine! With Gossamer it takes but five magical seconds to give yourself the *spray set* that American women love! From morn to midnight, Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place . . . no wandering wisps, no straggly ends. Gossamer makes even a brand-new perm behave—yet there's no heavy lacquer look. And you'll love the exciting fragrance of Gossamer!

only  
**12/6**  
at all cosmetic  
counters

also **21/-**  
"Salon" size  
(more than twice  
as much)

**GOSSAMER**

*Invisible Net*



**CRISPER CURLS.  
DEEPER WAVES**  
—and Gossamer keeps your  
hair lustrous and full o' life.

**LASTS ALL DAY, ALL EVENING**

—hour after hour Gossamer will keep  
your hair immaculate—no droopiness,  
no fuzz, no straggles.



**NO OVERNIGHT "PIN-UPS"**  
—Gossamer's magical 5-second set  
means you can "spray-set" your  
hair anytime . . . even before a "last-  
minute" date.

**GOSSAMER**

made in Australia by  
The Pressure-Pak Company,  
a Division of  
Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician,  
and  
**LOTHAR,** his giant Nubian  
servant, have left **PRINCESS  
NARDA** at the base of the  
forbidden Mesa, and, dis-  
guised as Indians, they climb  
the rocky outcrop. Indian  
tribes living nearby believe  
the Mesa to be haunted by a  
"Thundergod," who has the

power to destroy any mortal  
trespassing on his sacred  
ground. As Mandrake and  
Lothar approach the top of  
the hill a booming voice calls  
out a warning that the god's  
commands have been ignored,  
so the two men will die!  
Hastily they take shelter be-  
hind a boulder as an explosion  
occurs. **NOW READ ON:**



ON THE FORBIDDEN MESA  
OF THE THUNDERGOD...

A VERY  
MODERN  
THUNDERGOD,  
LOTHAR, USES  
DYNAMITE.  
SMELL IT?



--IS HEAP BIG FAKE!  
GO AROUND THE SIDE  
--I'LL GO THIS WAY.  
MEET ON TOP



THAT EXPLOSION--WHAT  
HAPPENED--? ON THERE'S  
MANDRAKE, HE SEEMS  
TO BE ALL RIGHT--



SO--THUNDERGOD HAS A  
PISTOL HANDY--IN  
CASE HE RUNS OUT OF  
THUNDERBOLTS--

WHY--YOU'RE  
NO INDIAN--



AND YOU'RE NO  
THUNDERGOD?

MANDRAKE SEIZES  
THE STRANGE FIGURE  
SEEMS TO BE SUSPENDED  
IN MID-AIR.



WHY'S JOE TALKIN' TO  
THAT INDIAN?

MAYBE  
HIS GUN IS  
JAMMED.

TAKE CAREFUL  
AIM SO YOU DON'T  
HIT JOE.

THE WATCHERS ABOVE SEE THE  
"THUNDERGOD" AS HE REALLY IS--  
THEY'RE NOT UNDER MANDRAKE'S  
HYPNOTIC SPELL--

TO BE CONTINUED

**IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY**



DID YOUR BOSS AGREE TO GIVE  
YOU THE RAISE TODAY?

YES, DEAR!



OH GOOD! WHEN  
DOES IT START?



WELL, HE ESTIMATED SOMETIME  
IN THE NEXT TEN YEARS!!!

By **RUD**

for  
**Him**



Like to give "HIM" a pleasant  
surprise? Then buy him Smoothex--  
the sensational "push button"  
shave cream.

He'll **ENJOY**  
shaving  
with  
**Smoothex**

Months of Luxury  
shaving  
for only **8/6**



One can of  
Smoothex  
makes  
enough  
creamy,  
smooth lather  
for more than  
70 shaves.  
With Smoothex,  
there's no "drag," no  
scrape. It's brushless,  
too.

Best of all, Smoothex  
contains its own  
built-in after-  
shave lotion . . .  
it leaves the  
skin cool, supple  
and refreshed.  
(P.S. You try Smoothex as a hand  
cream--it's terrific!)

**SMOOTHEX** . . . made in Australia  
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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

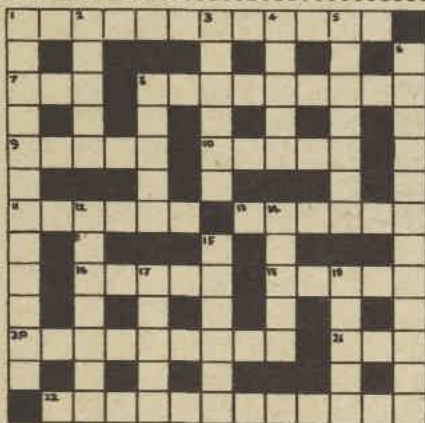
### ACROSS

1. Though seemingly ecclesiastical, this medicine would not heal the soul (6, 6).
7. Projection in a calico gala dress (3).
8. I pour port in a musical medley (9).
9. Add not quite all for comprising the whole (5).
10. Correct with end where it belongs (5).
11. Lay bare without attitude put on for effect (6).
13. It is behind the bore and a pair of them is on the legs (6).
16. Early rodent he follows (5).
18. Unripe color (5).
20. Time it via counterfeit (9).
21. A woman must be married to have this in her name (3).

22. For these parts of cheques you can get four nice lots (12).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Done by the director of an orchestra and by a criminal on his trial (4, 3, 5).
2. Cast metal made to gin (5).
3. Make a fuss, finally with her (6).
4. Miss nothing inside to get unfastened (5).
5. Shorten a card game (7).
6. They would never use what is left (5-7).
8. They can be found behind the Iron Curtain and at both ends of the world (5).
12. Cop riot (Anagr., 7).
14. Vicious wild animal or a knave, but not in a pack of cards (5).
15. Catlike though outwardly fine (6).
17. Aim in rat (5).
19. Mental weariness here and in Paris (5).

See your skin  
improve on Rexona's health  
and beauty diet

Riding over the golden downs brings a youthful, sparkling glow to the clear, "rose-in-bloom" complexion of lovely teenager Karen Rasmus, of Killara. But days in the warm sunshine and rushing winds call for extra special complexion care at home. Like her pretty mother, Karen trusts her fresh, young complexion only to the mild, gentle beauty care of Rexona soap.



Bring out  
your natural loveliness  
with Rexona Soap

MEDICATED WITH CADYL

Give your skin a health and beauty treatment every time you bathe. Cadyl, the special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils — oils of cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth — in Rexona Soap, flows deep into your skin where blemishes begin... healing, nourishing. This formula is exclusive to Rexona Soap, so every time you smooth the silky Rexona lather over your face, neck, arms, all of you, your skin blooms with new health and life. And day by day, you reveal your natural loveliness. Why, Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment! Such a lovely, fresh perfume, like the faint whiff of honeysuckle on the morning air.

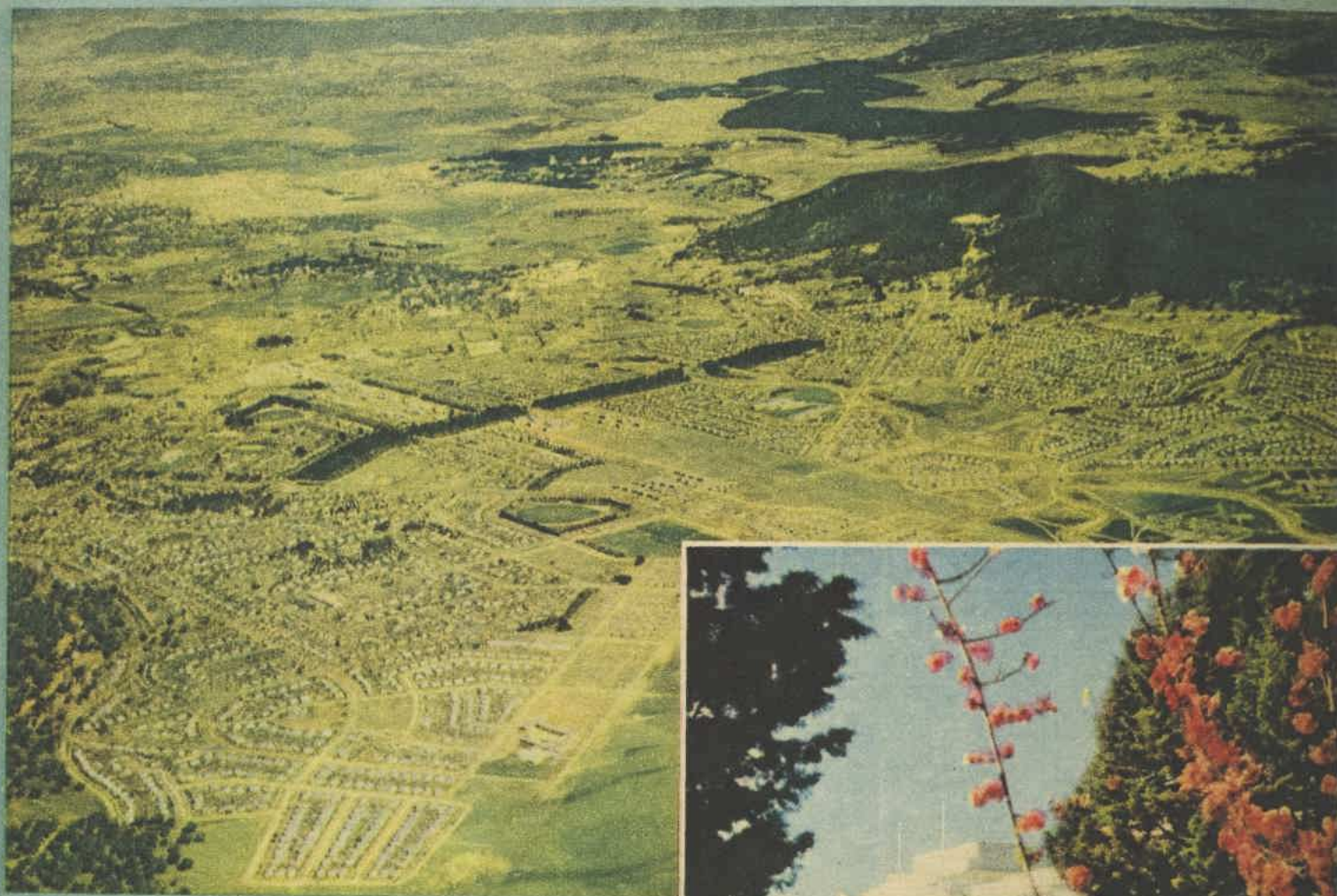


X148 WW143c

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# Our Federal Capital CANBERRA



*Canberra From The Air—Arnott Photo.*

Our Australian Capital Territory comprises 940 square miles. Canberra is a centre of culture and scientific research and is the seat of our National University. Located on a site of great natural beauty, it is being systematically developed according to a carefully designed plan for an ultimate population of 100,000.

Embassies and Ministers of English, Commonwealth and Foreign Countries are established and Diplomatic Corps are an important section of the Community. It is also the place of residence of the Governor-General and the Prime Minister.



*Federal Parliament Houses, Canberra. Photo Courtesy of Capt. Frank Hurley.*

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**Arnott's**  
make  
**Sao Biscuits**



*There is no Substitute for Quality*